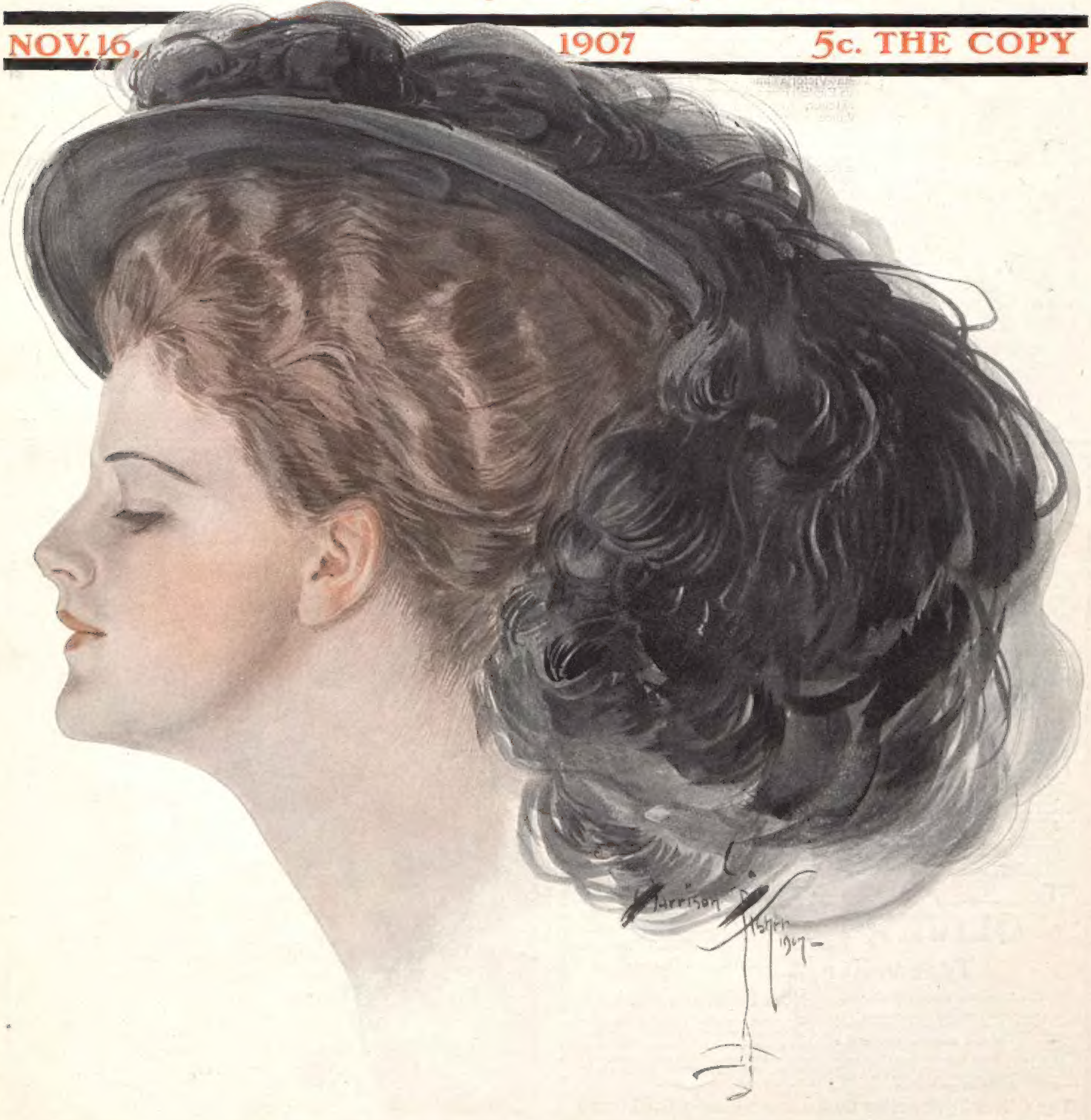
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

NOV. 16, 1907 5c. THE COPY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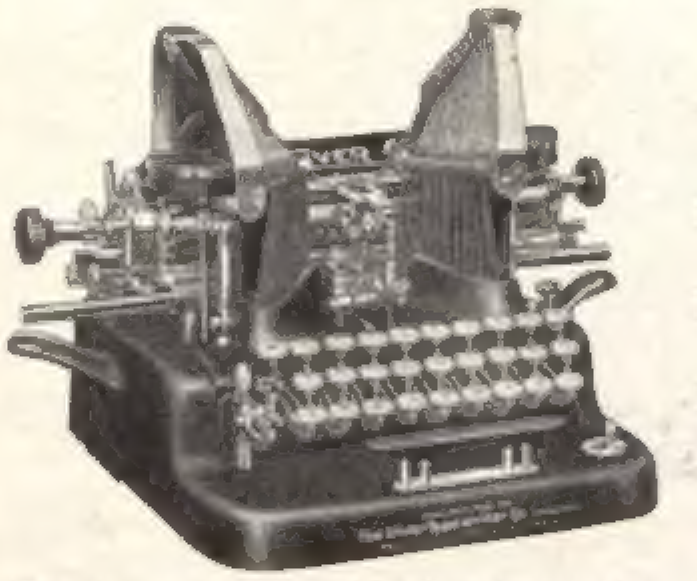

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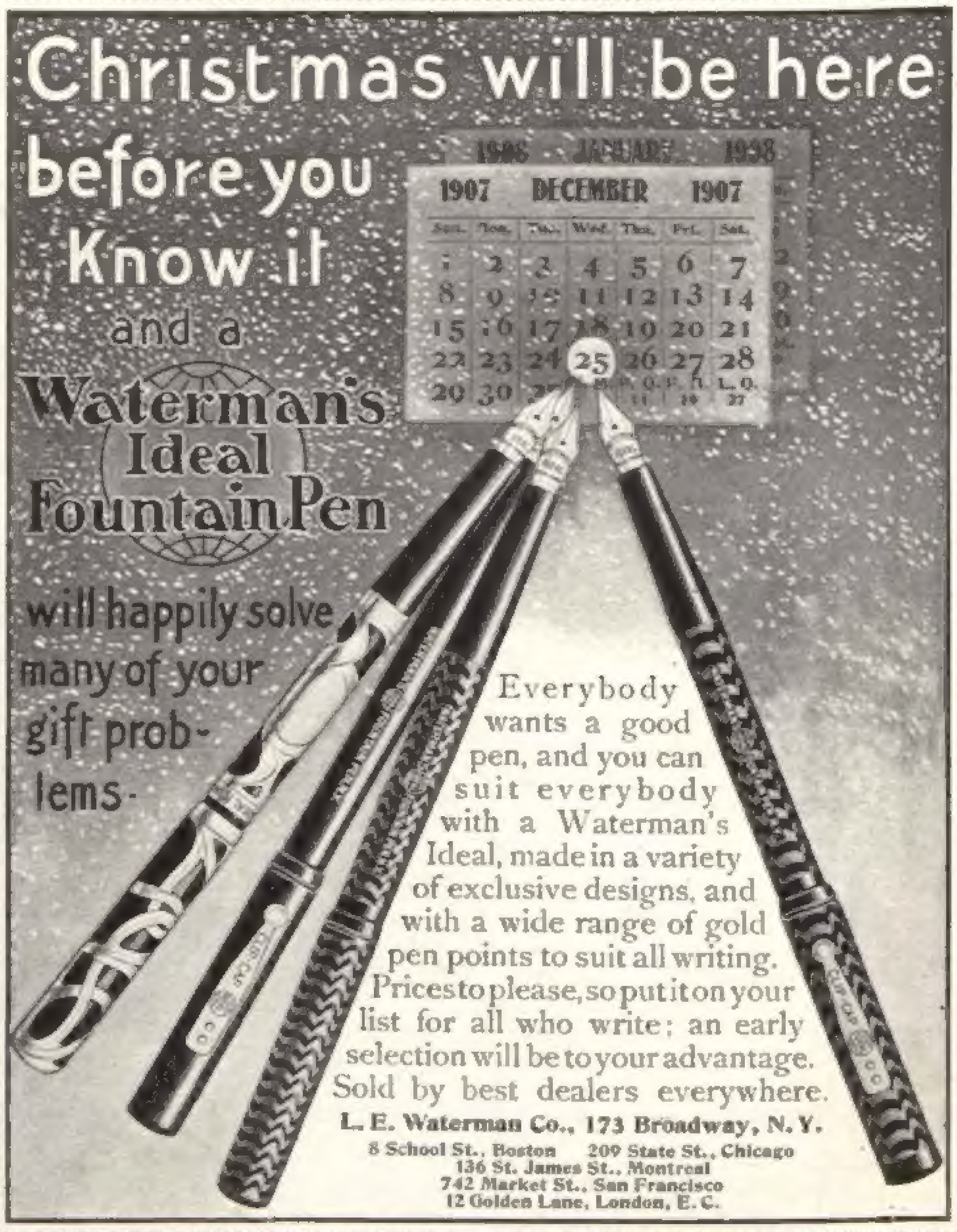
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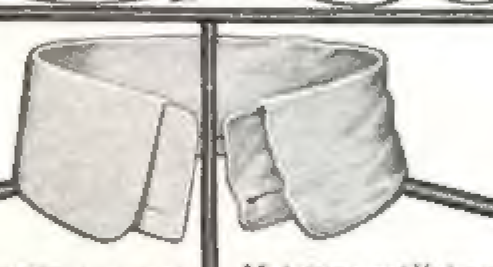
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The Editor's Column

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British Army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The best of these letters, those which most clearly, reasonably and forcibly present the views of their writers, on either side of the question, we shall be glad to publish and to pay for at our regular rates.

In answering this question please be guided by the following rules:

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Second — We don't want guesses or opinions unsupported by reasons. If you believe that President Roosevelt is a menace to business, you must support your opinion by specific instances cited from his acts, or direct quotations from his speeches.

Third — If you do not believe that President Roosevelt is the cause of unsettled conditions in the business world, especially in Wall Street, we shall be glad to have you state what, in your opinion, are the reasons for them.

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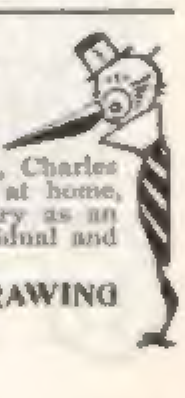
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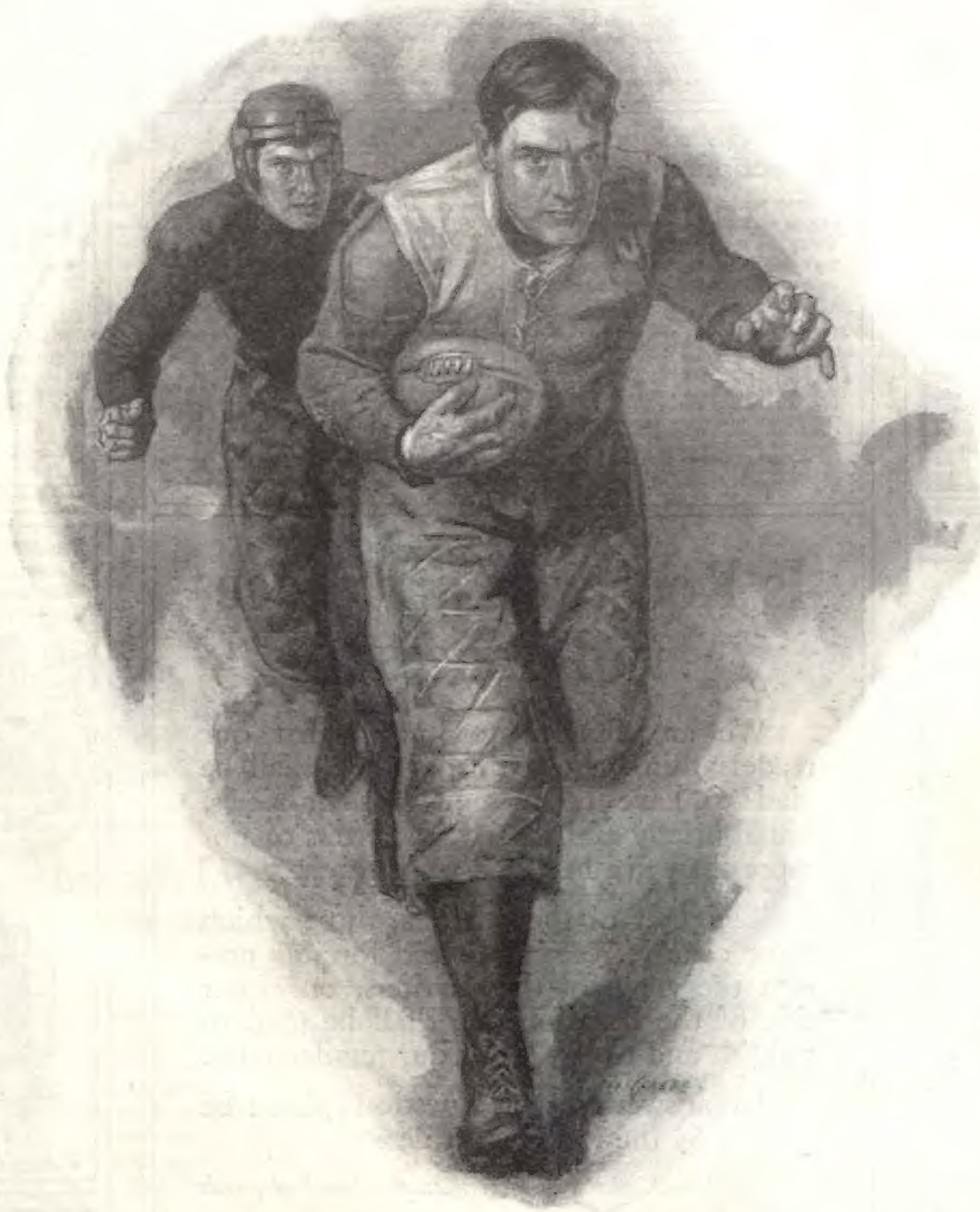

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A TWENTIETH-CENTURY STATE CONSTITUTION

PHOTO. BY [illegible], OKLAHOMA CITY

R. E. Stafford, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Editor Oklahoman

By Frederick Upham Adams

THE almost superstitious reverence of constitutions is an attribute distinctively American. Our veneration for the Federal Constitution is equaled only by our lack of knowledge of its provisions. We were compelled to read it in school, but have not done so since, and most of us have it mixed in a vague way with the immortal Declaration of Independence; but all of us doff our hats and swallow our disappointment when some judge of a higher or lower court nullifies our favorite act of legislation by scrawling across it that awesome and omnipotent word, "unconstitutional." We do not know just why it is unconstitutional—and possibly the judge doesn't; but we do know that a thing cannot be right if it is unconstitutional, and we regard the excommunicated enactment as a rock on which our ship of state would have been wrecked had not the judicial pilot read his chart aright. We also believe—at least, most of us do—that constitution making is a lost art. It is the popular belief that our national greatness is due to the fact that constructive statecraft reached its zenith in 1789, and that it was decreed that a few men should meet in secret session and mould a document perfectly fitted for a civilization of which the most imaginative of the founders had not the faintest vision. We are fond of believing—why, I do not know—that the men of a century and a quarter ago knew more of our needs than we do ourselves, and that it is unpatriotic to hint anything to the contrary.

This is hardly true of State constitutions. I have never met a man who pretended to know anything about his State constitution, or who really cared what it contained. As citizens of a State it is sufficient for us to know that in some remote period when there were no railroads, electric lights, telephones, trusts, combinations, Chinese immigrants and other factors and issues which now interest and disturb us—it is enough for us to know that in that dim past certain forgotten individuals met in solemn session and promulgated a set of State rules for us to follow, but whether we do or not is a question I have never heard discussed.

A State Document as Long as a Novel

HENCE it is that for a year past we have watched the attempt of the people of Oklahoma to draft a constitution, and our feelings have been a mingling of incredulity, surprise and indignation. It now seems as out of place to write a constitution as it would to plan a new crusade. We of the older States, who are blessed with constitutions written by men who never saw open plumbing or dodged an automobile, instinctively feel that we would have no more respect for a brand-new constitution than we would have for a new railway time-table, and we resent the insolence of the people of Oklahoma in drafting one. They have not only done this, but they have absolutely ignored most of the conventions adhered to in the mouldy documents hidden in our various State archives.

Seventeen years ago there was no Oklahoma. Now the State of that name boasts a population of 1,500,000 and a constitution about the length of a popular novel, and fully as interesting.

It was about a year ago that Oklahoma was so sure of Statehood that the delegates elected to draft a constitution began to gather in Guthrie. It was originally planned that Guthrie should be the capital and metropolis of the coming State, but it is beyond the power of men to designate metropolises, and forty miles to the south lies the wonderful City of Oklahoma, far in the lead with her 45,000 population, and confident that a few years will place her in the proud list of cities above the hundred-thousand mark. However, the city hall of Guthrie will be known for all time as the birthplace of the Oklahoma constitution, and we can look forward to a day when grandchildren ten generations remote will stand with uncovered heads and gaze about the crumbling interior of the room in which their inspired forefathers penned the immortal document which bequeathed them all of their wonderful prosperity. Doubtless there will be handed down to them tales of the ridicule and obloquy which was heaped on these pioneers who dared build a ship of state with turbine engines instead of masts and sails, and doubtless they will believe that all of wisdom perished with the men who happened to draft their constitution. Since we must worship something, constitutions serve most admirably. Surely there will be a marble statue of the Honorable William H. Murray, chairman of the Constitutional Convention, and conspicuous as one of its founders. There is no figure in Revolutionary days more picturesque than "Bill" Murray, as his constituents affectionately call him. He is the most handsome man in a State which has a right to boast of its men. He is a "squaw man," with a dash of Indian blood in his own veins—enough to give his straight figure a certain lithe grace, and to lend black lustre to his locks. He is a man of wealth, as men are rated in Oklahoma, and you would pick him out of a crowd and make no mistake in esteeming him one of the natural leaders of men.

PHOTO. [illegible] STUDIO, ALVA, OKLAHOMA

Jesse J. Dunn, Alva, Oklahoma. Probable Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Oklahoma

Tales for the Future Schoolbook Historian

HOW the school histories of 2107 will be thumbed on pages which picture the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention of 1906–7! The children will read of a time when railroads and trusts were all-powerful in the United States. There will be held up to them the story of how tens of thousands of their impoverished ancestors were massed on the Cherokee line that memorable noon hour of the twenty-second of April, 1889, when at the signal of the crack of cavalry carbines the land-hungry horde swept over the border and founded a commonwealth in a day. The children of the future will see Guthrie, Oklahoma City and other great municipalities arise in a night, and they will thrill at the tale of the struggles of their forefathers against the combined terrors of the wilderness and the exactions of grasping, merciless and tyrannical corporations. Certain railroad names now familiar to Wall Street will probably have the same significance to the schoolchildren of 2107 as do the names of George III and Benedict Arnold to the pupils of to-day.

The story of their Constitutional Convention will not suffer by comparison with the gatherings which we now reverence. It was not merely the birth of a new State: it was the birth of a new kind of a State—its founders claim that it is the first real democracy, the pioneer in the experiment of a true form of republican government. Its detractors assert that the visionaries and radicals from all other States poured into Oklahoma, and that the more rabid of them met and consolidated their theories into a hodgepodge which is certain to result in everlasting ruin; but I am of the opinion that it will take more than a freak constitution to hold Oklahoma back. She has done very well without any constitution, and I regret that she didn't try the experiment of continually doing without one. However, that is outside the subject.

Let me contribute one picture for the future schoolbook historian: Scene, Guthrie; time, the spring of 1907; location, the city hall, from the tower of which one can look out on a sea of undulating hills and prairies checkerboarded with fields of cotton and corn, and dotted to the horizon with herds of cattle. Within the hall are met the stalwart farmers who are forming the new constitution. Hovering about them are the lawyers and lobbyists who are there to represent the corporations and other "vested interests." It is only a resetting of the world-old picture of the battle of the masses against fortified power, save that the latter has been stripped of the weapons of force. The delegates are gathering. It is the day when there shall be decided the question of whether the "initiative and the referendum" be incorporated in the constitution. There are rumors that money has been used to advantage with delegates pledged for this radical reform. Excited farmers discuss this possibility, and glare at the well-groomed attorneys who are arguing with the delegates.

Chairman Bill Murray mounts the platform and sweeps the hall with his piercing glance. Down comes his gavel with repeated crashes on his table. The tumult ceases.

A Convention Opened with a Hymn

"THE convention will come to order!" Murray shouts, with a final blow of the gavel. "Delegates will take their seats, loafers and lobbyists will get out! We will begin by singing that grand old hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,'" and as every delegate arises to his feet the powerful voice of the chairman rings out with words which all know and sing:

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
  That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
  The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
  My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
  Nearer to Thee!

Governor C. N. Haskell, of Oklahoma, Wife and Children

If an attempt was made to use money to sway the votes of the men who met in Guthrie it had as little effect as it would on Cromwell's Covenanters. The only human document of which they stood in awe was the Constitution of the United States, and the only human being who influenced their decisions was President Roosevelt, the reason for which I shall explain later. The lobbyist is out of his depth in a place where men open their proceedings with "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and scores of times when the Oklahoma delegates met in that Guthrie hall its walls shook with the chorus of men who attempted to vote as they sang.

A reading of the names signed to the constitution as finally adopted furnishes convincing proof that, whatever the merits or demerits of this document, its American parentage cannot be called into question. Almost all the names are such as are found on the roster of the Mayflower, and the remaining four—Ledbetter, Lasater, Liedtke and Leahy—long since became native by adoption. Posterity will find in the list such old-fashioned New England names as Cobb, Henshaw, Jones, Hill, Rice, Littlejohn, Baker, Moore, Newell, Turner, Wood, Harrison, Johnston, Ramsey, Rogers, Williams, King, Banks, Allen, Tracy, Berry, Parker, Norton and Kane, all of which confirms a theory I long have held, namely: that a community is radical and inclined to political experiments and social innovations just about in proportion to the ascendency of its New England element.

The convention was organized on November 21, 1906, and was in almost continuous session until April 19, 1907, on which date the delegates signed the instrument and adjourned, thinking their duties ended. In this they were mistaken. Oklahoma had not yet been admitted as a State, though Congress had passed the act providing for such admission. The enemies of the constitution, as then submitted, threatened to attack it on the ground that it did not conform to the Federal Constitution, asserting that the initiative and referendum features were antagonistic to "a republican form of government." Since the Federal Constitution does not define what constitutes a republican form of government, and since the Supreme Court has never passed on that delicate question, it is to be regretted that Oklahoma did not stand pat and enable all of us to ascertain just how much power the people of a community can exercise without evoluting from a republic into a democracy.

At all events, delegation after delegation representing timid money went to Washington and filed objections with the Attorney-General and President Roosevelt. It is difficult to learn whether or not the latter gave the objectors real encouragement, but certain of them returned and circulated reports to the effect that he would issue no proclamation admitting the new State until important changes were made in the constitution as it came from its Guthrie framers. Just what the President has to do with determining whether or not a new State shall be admitted into the Union is a secret not contained in any copy of our National Constitution to which I have had access, and a fairly accurate one now before me dismisses the entire subject with these clauses of Article IV: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislatures of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress." Also the last section of the same article: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government."

There is nothing in these provisions giving the President power to override Congress and the people of a Territory petitioning for Statehood, but Oklahoma wanted to get in, and the leaders of the men who met in Guthrie feared that possibly Mr. Roosevelt might proceed to exercise a power carelessly omitted by the forefathers. Of course, so they argued, he had no right to keep Oklahoma out, and very likely would not attempt to do so, but suppose he did? What would happen then? Who would overrule the President? The Supreme Court?

Now that it is all over, and the President has issued the proclamation which was mandatory and a mere formality, I violate no confidence in saying that the lawyers and corporation officials who journeyed to Washington and importuned Attorney-General Bonaparte and President Roosevelt to thwart the wishes of the overwhelming majority of the most distinctively American community in the United States would have saved themselves a heritage of trouble by remaining at home. It is as easy to amend the Oklahoma constitution as it is to get signatures to a prohibition petition in a Methodist church, and the clauses stricken out will be reinserted with new and sharper sets of teeth.

The Constitution an Easy Winner

THE work of amending the constitution, so as to escape possible Executive and court pitfalls, was completed on July 16 of this year, and was submitted to the voters of Oklahoma and Indian Territory in the following month, at which time there was held a general election of State officers, a legislature, Congressmen, members of the Supreme Court and all other officials required for the administration of affairs, provided a majority voted for the proposed constitution. The line between "the masses and the classes" was sharply drawn. The corporate interests campaigned and voted against the constitution and for the Republican ticket; the Democrats and Populists combined and voted for the constitution and a ticket headed by C. N. Haskell, the fusion candidate for Governor. The issue was complicated by the fact that the election included a referendum to decide whether or not there should be inserted in the constitution a State-wide prohibition restriction.

The result was an overwhelming victory for the constitutionalists and the Democratic-Populist allies. Out of a total vote of 257,482 the enemies of the constitution cast only 73,059, and were routed by a large popular majority. Governor Frantz was the Republican candidate, and had the powerful support of President Roosevelt, in whose regiment Frantz had been a conspicuous Rough Rider, but Governor Haskell defeated him by nearly 30,000 majority. The Fusionists carried the State Senate by 39 to 5, and the first House of Representatives of Oklahoma will contain 119 Democrats and a pitiful minority of 17 Republicans. This means that two new Democratic Senators will take their seats in Washington, and it also means that the Administration was in error when it assumed that the Northern settlers of the new State brought their political allegiance with them. Incidentally, it removed the last lingering fear that Washington would attempt to quibble over the Oklahoma constitution.

Oklahoma Plays Delighted Dog

FOR a generation New Zealand has been the social and political experimental station of the world, and the success of her innovations has startled the conservatives of all the old and staid governments. Since it is necessary to try new political medicine on the dog, Oklahoma is delighted to be that canine, and it remains to be seen what fraction will do the howling when the first allopathic dose begins to take effect. Let us briefly consider some of the ingredients of the prescription.

The first section consists of the soothing assurance that the "State of Oklahoma is an inseparable part of the Federal Union, and the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land."

Polygamous or plural marriages are prohibited, and the State shall never enact any law restricting the right of suffrage on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, but separate schools must be provided for negro children, and the first legislature will certainly submit an amendment, which the people will ratify, compelling transportation corporations to provide separate accommodations for persons of negro blood. Make no mistake, Oklahoma is of the South, and though the colored brother may vote—if he cares to—he must keep his place. For twenty-one years Oklahoma will be prohibition. Intoxicating liquors cannot be manufactured, sold, bartered or given away, except under rigid control for medicinal purposes, and any physician who gives a prescription to a person not entitled to it will go to jail on conviction. The clause is too long to quote, but a reading of it and a knowledge of the temper of the men in power will convince most liquor dealers that they had better go elsewhere; and whisky can be bought cheaper in Oklahoma at this writing than anywhere else in the United States.

Imprisonment for debt is prohibited, except for the non-payment of fines imposed for violation of the law. In passing I will note that Oklahoma is the only State in the Union not provided with a penitentiary or a Statehouse.

In all civil cases, and in criminal cases less than felonies, three-fourths of a jury have the power to render a verdict in Oklahoma. This reform was instituted by Utah, and obtains in a modified form in Missouri.

Here is a provision which will interest owners of newspaper property: "In all criminal prosecutions for libel, the truth of the matter alleged to be libelous may be given in evidence to the jury, and if it appears to the jury that the matter charged as libelous be true, and was written or published with good motives and for justifiable ends, the party shall be acquitted." This is a wide departure from the common rule that "the greater the truth, the greater the libel."

Thus far nothing destructive has been cited, but here is a section which sent protesting delegations to Washington:

> The records, books and files of all corporations shall be, at all times, liable and subject to the full visitorial and inquisitorial powers of the State, notwithstanding the immunities and privileges in this bill of rights.

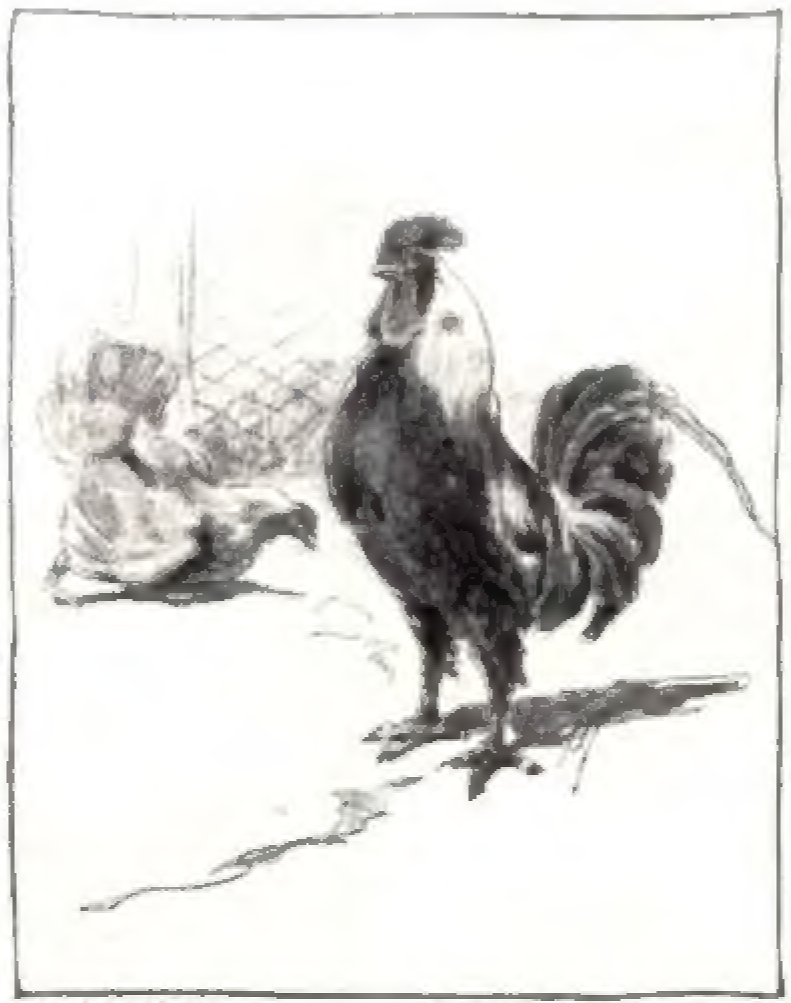
Keep in mind that these are not laws passed by a legislature and subject to nullification by a court, but these clauses are a part of the organic law of Oklahoma, and cannot be repealed except by the hazardous expedient of amendment. It does not require a special legislative committee to probe into the suspicious affairs of a corporation; their records are open at all times to the officials of the commonwealth. Here is a provision which enables

(Concluded on Page 25)

THE POLITEST NATION

A Comparison of the World's Various Brands of Chivalry

By André Charedoq



"The Fighting Hen Would Modestly Advance"

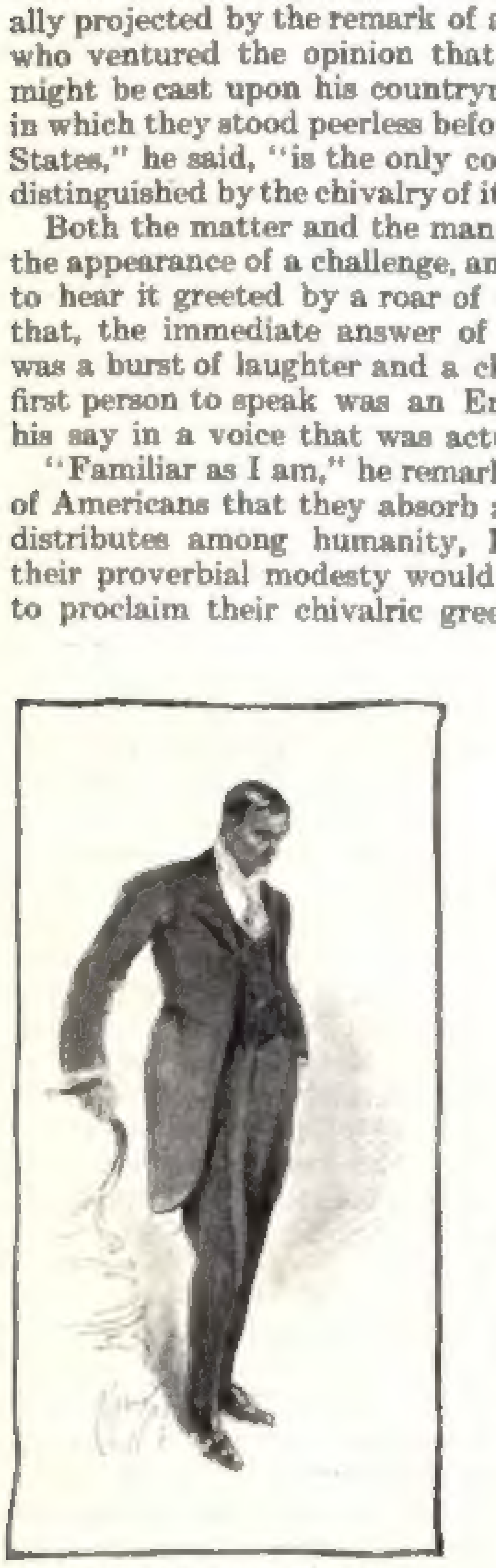
TIMES have changed. When Burns sighed for the power for man to see himself as others see him, he did not dream that by now there would be such a thing as a Temple of Frankness, where every one who entered would feel constrained to talk with utter bluntness about every one else's country. If he had lived until to-day he could have found such a temple in the smoking-room of any of the great trans-Atlantic liners, and his longing soul would have reveled in the exuberant gratification of his wish.

A big steamer that came into the port of New York the other morning, had on its passenger-list such an amazing convocation of cosmopolitans as chance rarely manages to gather together from the different corners of the earth, and on the first night out, in the smoking-room, Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Poles, Irish, Italians and Spanish-Americans were involved in the debate, a high-voiced little Japanese student from Oxford intermittently emitting lightning-like flashes that made everybody sit up and take notice.

The inflammatory element had been quietly but emphatically projected by the remark of a square-chinned American, who ventured the opinion that, whatever other aspersion might be cast upon his countrymen, there was one respect in which they stood peerless before the world. "The United States," he said, "is the only country in the world that is distinguished by the chivalry of its men toward womankind."

Both the matter and the manner of the assertion gave it the appearance of a challenge, and one might have expected to hear it greeted by a roar of dissent. Instead of that, the immediate answer of the non-Americans was a burst of laughter and a chorus of jeers. The first person to speak was an Englishman, who said his say in a voice that was actually vibrant with irony.

"Familiar as I am," he remarked, "with the pretension of Americans that they absorb all the chivalry that God distributes among humanity, I somehow fancied that their proverbial modesty would not permit any of them to proclaim their chivalric greediness before this ship's company. But you see, gentlemen, I was mistaken, and that their chivalry, being an even more dominant national trait than their modesty, they could not stifle it."



A Tall Man from Boston Headed the Sortie

"Chivalry and Americanism," sneered a German, "are like oil and water. No matter how you mix them up, they never stay together."

"*Sacré tonnerre!*" muttered a Frenchman. "I hear this talk of American chivalry for the first time. I know your United States very well from end to end, and I find everything from Europe that money can buy. But politeness is a thing I never can find anywhere in your country. And surely no race can be chivalrous that is not polite. Is it not that the American gentleman here is making his little joke?"

"That's what one might expect from a Frenchman," put in another American. "In France and Italy woman is a toy, so it's natural they talk of chivalry as a joke."

A Human Vesuvius

"*CORPO di Bacco!*" roared a deep bass voice. It was that of a Neapolitan, who had previously been quiet through all the sessions, but who had now risen from his seat, and was glowering at the last speaker. Every one felt that something was coming, for all the world knows that every Neapolitan is a Vesuvius unto himself, and when he is in eruption it is an interesting spectacle to the beholder.

The eyes of all the company were focused on the man who had risen in wrath to denounce the offender of his country and countrymen. "Sir," he shouted, facing the man who had last spoken, "true chivalry is no joke to any Latin, for it had its birth among our races, and ours are the nations by which it is cherished as a most sacred religion. To us it is so serious an attribute that we can scarcely bring ourselves to join with other nations in the laughter with which they regard your silly country coddling its ugly baby, and cooing and giggling so noisily about it that all the world has to hear you, whether it wants to or not. You will permit me to say to you, sir, and to all you other Americans, that the little brat you are hugging so ostentatiously is a spurious infant, without a single drop of true chivalry in its veins."

"Good! Good!" chorused the non-Americans.

"My countrymen," spoke up an American, "are proud to admit that our chivalry is native to our own land, and is not even remotely related to its European namesake."

"Your pride is like that of a haughty street-lamp repudiating kinship with the moon," sneered the Neapolitan. "We Europeans would like it better if you Americans would also find a different name for a characteristic that has nothing in common with chivalry as we understand it."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," pleaded an elderly man, a well-known judge from New York, "these little skirmishes may be magnificent, but they are not war. Instead of hurling the *tu quoque* from one to another, why not make your respective arraignments in categorical shape? Let us conduct these proceedings in an orderly manner. The assertion has been made that America is the only country in the world that is distinguished by man's chivalry toward woman. Whatever this allegation may lack in tact and courtesy, it is at least specific. As such, it is entitled to a specific reply. Several of you gentlemen greeted the assertion with a laughing protest; which of you is ready to put that protest into the form of a categorical denial?"

The sneering Englishman who had already spoken replied. "I shall be only too glad," he said, "to give my reasons for believing that there is less true chivalry in America than in any country in Europe. We have all heard this boast over and over again, and it is always coupled with the assertion that woman in America has been placed on a towering pedestal, while the woman of Europe is the pedestal herself, on the lofty pinnacle of which stands sovereign man. I am willing to admit that the American woman occupies an unusually exalted position, but I hold that it is not owing to man's chivalry that this is so. She put herself there. She knocked him down and climbed over him. The case is simply a survival of the fittest. In America man is an inferior animal, and it is natural that he should be supplanted by his superior. All of you who are familiar with the United States must know that this is the fact.

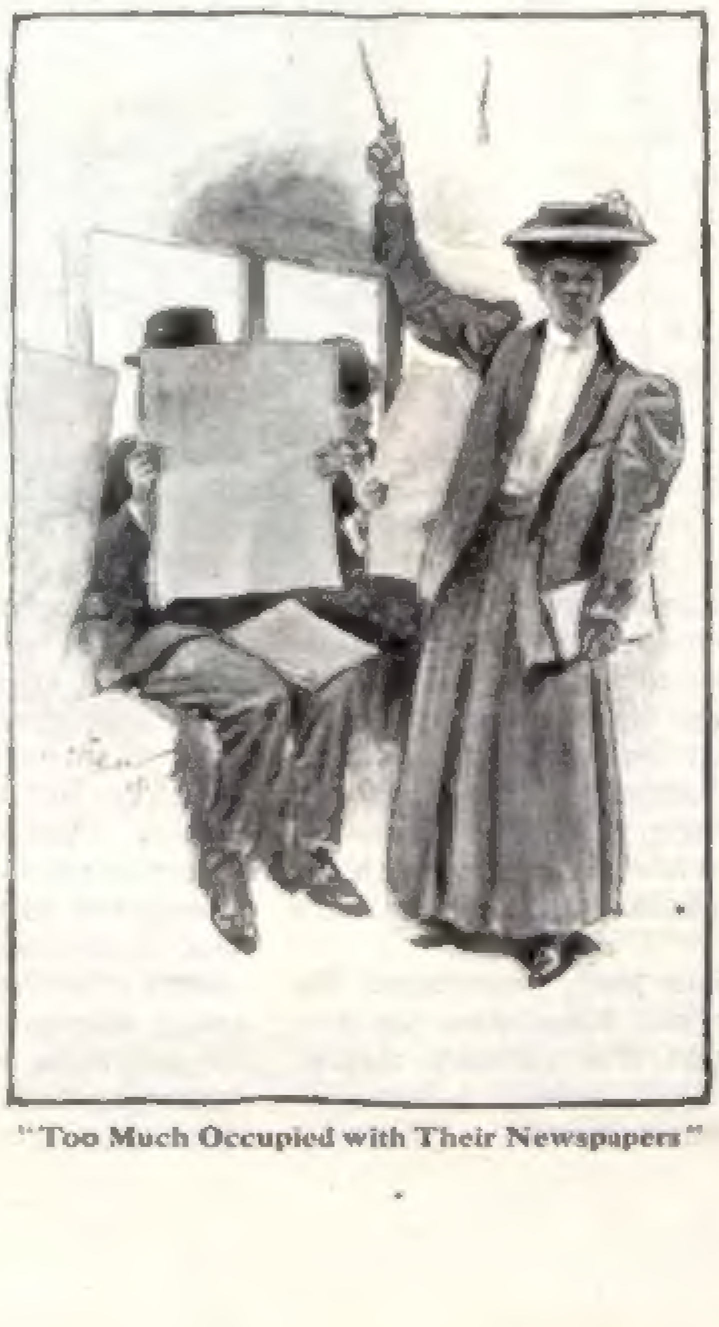
"When I was a boy we used to have on our farm in Devonshire a hen that could whip any cock in the whole countryside. On special occasions, whenever we had any friends staying with us, my father would have a new rooster brought to the place and dropped into the poultry-yard. Our guests would hide themselves to see the fun. The newcomer would strut for a minute or so up and down the place, like a sultan visiting his harem, and would then begin to make himself pretty, preliminary to starting around on his conquests. While he was at his toilet the fighting hen would modestly advance from among her sisters, as if she had been appointed to deliver the speech of welcome. Observing her approach, the haughty rooster would lift his head high, so that she and the other hens should behold the flash of authority in his eye, and instantly recognize him as master. Thus off his guard, the sudden onslaught of the female champion sent him sprawling. When she finished with him, not only his dignity was jarred and his beauty marred, but his body was sore and his spirit was broken forever. It was the same with every cock that ever went coquetting in that neighborhood. He never knew but all other hens were the same kind of fighters; so he became a paragon of chivalry, and went around eternally crowing about it.

"Well, the men of America are just like those roosters. They are courteous in their home coops, simply because they do not dare to be otherwise. When they are outside, however, their masculinity is more coarsely asserted toward the other sex than you could see anywhere else in the world. For proof, you have only to go down to the Brooklyn Bridge at the rush hour any afternoon, or stand on a platform of the elevated railroad in New York at the same time of day, and you will see the gentler sex mauled and pushed by the men in a way that is quite typical of American chivalry."

What the Frenchman had to Say

"BEDAD! I should call that shovel-ry," remarked an Irishman.

"I will tell you where you will see more of the same kind of American *preux chevaliers*," interrupted the Frenchman. "You will find them sitting down in all the public conveyances, while women are standing up all around them. They are too much occupied with their newspapers to notice that many of these women are aged, ill or tired, but they have an eye always open for the door of the car, and if a pretty woman or girl enters they are always envious of the other man who is first able to offer her his seat. And you will see, as I see often myself, colored women standing in public vehicles, because the men who are sitting will not even take the trouble to move up a little to make room for one more. In France, our instinctive respect for our mother's sex never draws distinctions against plainness of physiognomy, humbleness of attire or color of skin."



"Too Much Occupied with Their Newspapers"

Here a Russian ventured this observation: "I, too, have noticed many instances of men's impoliteness to women in America. One particular form of discourtesy that twice happened in my presence would be impossible in any European country. On the two occasions in question I accompanied a lady to business offices in one of the largest cities of the United States. The man on whom we were calling was sitting in his shirt sleeves by his desk, with his feet cocked up on it, a cigar in his mouth. Instead of instantly rising to his feet, donning his coat and hiding his cigar, he never budged from the position in which we had found him, and maintained the same attitude throughout all the interview. I am told that manners of this sort are general in America, so it is naturally difficult for me to reconcile this with what I hear to-night of the chivalry with which women are treated there."

"That for your American chivalry!" shouted the Neapolitan, springing into the debate again, and he emphasized his words with a resounding clack of his fingers that promised well for another Vesuvian outburst from his quarter. "I will tell you the kind of chivalry I found there. Not the kind that floods straight from the soul, as you see in our country, but the kind that coldly stops to consider the consequences, or whether it is prudent or not to practice it. I saw many samples of it when I was last in America, and any of you Europeans can discover the same kind of chivalry the day you land, if you stroll up Fifth Avenue."

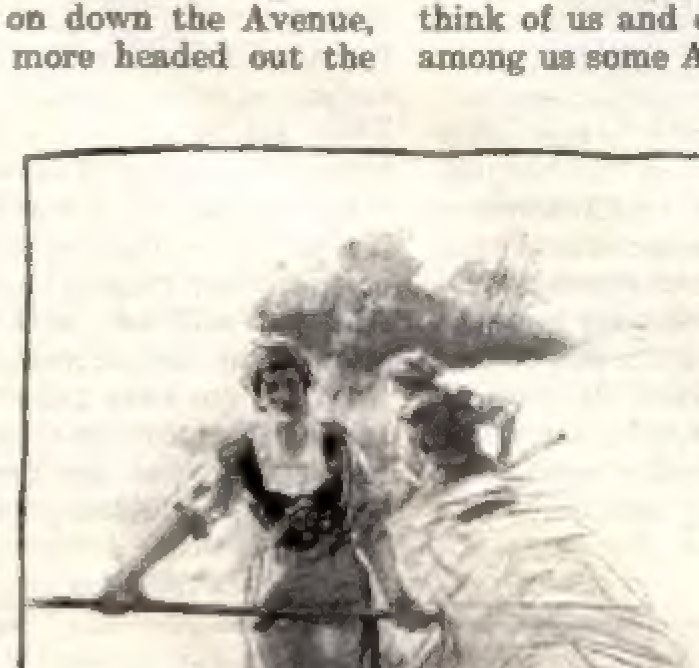
When the Escort is Not Present

"ONE day when I was walking along that street I saw two beautiful girls, so beautiful that as I passed them I could not take my eyes from their faces, and while I was looking I could not repress the utterance of my admiration. After they had passed me I turned around and followed them at a respectful distance, for it was a feast for my soul to gaze at them. On the way down the Avenue I noticed that the two glorious young women attracted the attention of every man that passed, but that not one of these men had stared at the girls as I had done. Like me, however, most of them stopped dead on the street, after the ladies had passed, and looking back, just as I had done, paid some enthusiastic compliment to the bewitching duo.

"For a time I kept thinking how odd it was that these American men, so obviously fascinated, could content themselves with a hasty glance, but no more, when they were abreast of the ladies, instead of intoxicating their eyes with the vision, as I had been so greedy to do. Then it occurred to me that this must be the American chivalry, of which I had heard so much, and that the innate delicacy of these men, incapable of offending the sensibility of the beautiful women, had restrained their natural impulse to stare. I assure you, gentlemen, it made a deep impression upon me, and I involuntarily paid my silent tribute of admiration to what I assumed was the splendid national quality.

"It was only a few minutes later, however, that I had a very sudden awakening from my delusion. At the corner of a street, still only a short distance ahead of me, the two beauties stopped to say good-by to the man who was accompanying them. It was then, for the first time, that I really noticed their escort at all. He was a glorious young giant, built like a Samson. After the exchange of a few parting words he continued on down the Avenue, while the girls turned, and once more headed out the street toward the Park. And, gentlemen, you may believe me, the scene changed entirely. Being no longer escorted—or, rather, I should say, protected—the ladies were stared out of countenance by every man they passed. I recognized many of the same well-dressed men whose previous conduct had so edified me. They were like another breed of humanity. This time they made not only no pretense at concealing their admiration, but used every effort to force it upon the beautiful women, who were finally so harassed by the persistent rudeness of the scoundrels that they called a passing cab, and were glad to escape from further insolence.

"I had been wrong. Not the former conduct, but the latter, was the real American chivalry, of which I have seen similar demonstrations all over the United States. Therefore, I contend that it is cowardice, and not nobility, that is the fountain-source from which this vaunted attribute springs. When American men are courteous to women on the street, it is only to protected women. To those without escort they are coarse, vulgar boors."


"In Germany She is Merely a Chattel"

The Europeans gathered about applauded the speaker, while several Americans were angrily clamoring for a chance to answer the gentleman from Naples. "I have not finished yet," cried the latter, while a German, with his arm fondly clasped about the Italian, kept saying, "He still has the floor."

"While I loathe this American trait," continued the Signor, "I cannot help pitying you Americans, for it is not in your blood to know what true chivalry means. For that you must go to the Latin races." (Here the German edged slightly away from the orator.) "With us, our deference for women is a religion. She is something sacred in our racial philosophy. With us she is a bridge between divinity and humanity, and as such is entitled not only to our earthly admiration, but to our idolatry. The same worship of woman, as akin to the angels, runs through every line of Dante, and all our poets breathe this spirit of semi-reverent adulation. Your Shakespeare, too, goes to Italy for his Romeos, his Othellos, and his other heroes of chivalry, while from Northern lands he borrows his maudlin Hamlets, his treacherous Macbeths and his cowardly Falstaffs. Chivalry belongs to our Latin lands of romance and poetry, and it cannot be grown among your coarse Anglo-Saxon races."

Here the German snorted a loud monosyllabic grunt of dissent, but the impetuous Neapolitan went on without noticing it. He argued that there were no divorces in Italy, because, the nation being chivalrous, no man could ever be so low as to brand his wife in a public court, no matter what her offense. He said that no woman criminal could be executed in Italy, because the nation would not permit it; that there were no laws against wife-beating in Latin countries, because no Latin ever beats his wife; that there were no laws imposing penalties on husbands for non-support, for husbands never abandoned their wives in penury.

"These things," he concluded, "belong to that country which we are told to-night is the only one in the world where men are distinguished by their chivalry toward women."

"And toward their fellow-men, as shown by their lynching entertainments," put in the satirical Britisher.

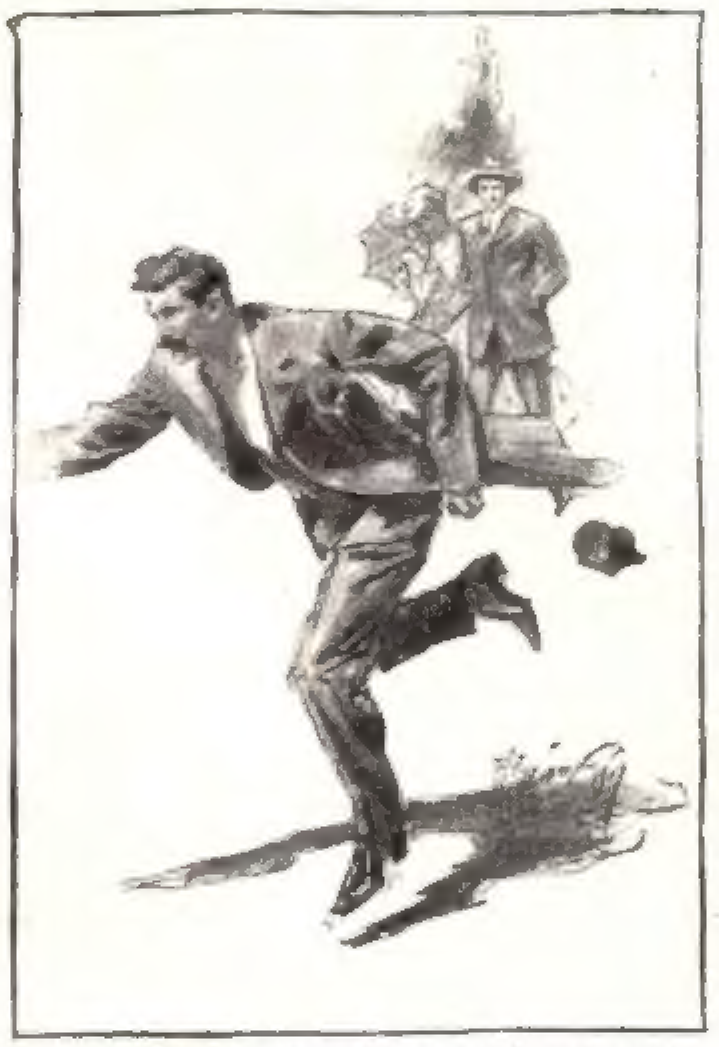
"Or as seen on a baseball field," added the German, "when thousands of men mob the umpire or assault the visiting players."

The German Bully and Women

THE siege upon American chivalry having by this time worn itself out, the angry Americans rallied for a counter attack. A tall man from Boston headed the sortie. "We have heard," he began, "what our European brothers think of us and our national chivalry. There are surely among us some Americans who are quite as familiar with the manners of European countries as these gentlemen claim to be with our social customs in the United States. There is nothing to be gained by a general or specific denial on our part of the comments directed against us, or the instances that have been used to support their allegations. If we offer no defense to the accusations made against us, it is not because we admit their accuracy, but simply because we must naturally despair of convincing our adversaries that the isolated cases, upon which their unfavorable views of us were founded, cannot rightfully be regarded as typical of our whole country. We Americans know that chivalry is a racial characteristic with us, and, from our acquaintance with the principal European countries, we consider we have the right to declare that no other country in the world is our peer in that respect.

"My personal experience is chiefly restricted to Germany, where I have been spending several years. From what I saw there of the absolute brutality of men toward women, I am amazed that any resident of that country should have the temerity to intrude his voice into this international council of critics.

"I unhesitatingly declare that the Germans, in their treatment of the weaker sex, are a race of unspeakable bullies. This spirit of sexual tyranny runs through all classes of the population. As an example of its prevalence among the better classes, I need only refer to one phase that is immediately obvious to every visitor. On the streets of any city in the Empire you may constantly see young officers of the army vulgarly crowding women from the sidewalk, as if they were some loathsome species of humanity with whom it were pollution to come into the most casual contact. In the drawing-rooms of higher society the same spirit of vainglorious superiority is also manifested, though naturally in a manner less pronounced. In the great middle-class of Germany woman bears herself as if she recognized that she is merely a chattel, and in the lower classes, all over the country, she is treated as the drudge who has to bear all the burdens that elsewhere are carried by men. And not only in the social scheme is woman made to feel that she is man's inferior, but the same lesson is taught in all the many-sided phases of existence. While in our country she is the militant factor of life, in Germany she is regarded, and is treated, as if she were, by birth, a serf."


"When He Got Up I Wasn't Quick Enough to Catch Him"

"That is false!" "It's absurd!" cried the Germans, but they were not allowed to enter into any further exposition of their opinions.

"I'm an American who lives in this gentleman's country," said a young Southerner, pointing to the cynical Englishman who had already aired his views about the United States and its ways. "I have been there for years, and I expect to return there immediately after this hasty trip home. I like England and its people for many things, but I can never accustom myself, with my American ideas, to the ungallantry of Englishmen toward women. The very first day I arrived in London I saw on the streets an occurrence that would be impossible in America. A drunken woman was making a spectacle of herself in a variety of ways. She was surrounded by a score of tough men and boys, who were alternately kicking or punching her, 'just for a bit o' sport, ye know,' while the onlooking crowd, comprising many well-dressed persons, was laughing at the fun. Along came two policemen and took the woman into custody, and as they marched her off to the station they belabored her with their fists. Vile as the creature was, she was at least a woman, and my American blood boiled at her being struck by a man.

"Often, after that, I saw similar sights in London streets, until I became almost as accustomed as an Englishman to the thought of women—Englishwomen, I mean—being beaten. True, they grow over there a hideous type of female that discounts the lowest of the low that any other country could produce. Perhaps the nation as a whole is not responsible for this, but it seems to me the natural consequence of the national lack of what we Americans call chivalry. The police regulations permit men and women of the lowest classes to mingle together in what they call "pubs," or drinking dives. You find more drunken women in a single section of London than you could possibly discover in our entire country. To the foreign observer the inference is natural that Englishmen cannot have the exalted regard for the sex that characterizes us Americans."

The Manners of the Male Britisher

"MY OBSERVATION convinces me that that courteous consideration for womankind that is instinctive in an American is more or less absent from the make-up of Englishmen of every grade. Wife-beating is one of the most common crimes in England, and is restricted to no class of society. It is simply the manifestation of the autocratic family characteristics of the male Britisher. The story that we have heard to-night of the fighting hen had for its moral that Americans are courteous toward women simply because women have got the men scared. It is natural that an Englishman should draw that impression from our American chivalry, for, with his race traditions, and his hereditary habit of dominating women by brute force, no other explanation satisfies him. However, liking England as I do, I should be glad to see the race acquire even this sort of enforced or coercive chivalry, which would surely be better than none at all.

"If the women of England could learn from their American sisters how to exercise this so-called terrorizing influence over their men, England would be the distinct gainer. But I fear that condition will never come, because Englishmen are exponents of muscular, not moral, suasion. You had the proof only a short time ago. Tired with the social tyranny to which they had been subjected, a lot of British women suffragists invaded the House of Commons with their petition for fair play. Do you remember what happened? They were not removed with the gentleness that their sex entitled them to, but were thrown bodily, bruised and disheveled, into the street.

"Thus perished the hope that woman in England would gain the lofty eminence that is hers in America; or that Englishmen would ever be able to cultivate that spirit of chivalry toward womankind of which we Americans are so justly proud."

Here another American announced that he wished to say a brief word in answer to the statement that Americans were courteous to their wives simply because their wives dominated the household. "This," he began, "is preposterous. In our country we are proud and glad to admit women to an absolute equality with men, but it is because we are born with an instinct of chivalry toward woman. We recognize her as the weaker vessel, but we should be worse than cowards if we kept telling her always that we thought so. In my household I am the supreme master, and I propose to remain so. And I believe it is the same with all American husbands. The man who declares that our wives hold us in bondage is both ignorant and a ——"

At this point the speaker halted in his remarks, for he had been tapped on the shoulder by the smoking-room steward, who said: "Excuse me, Mr. Ellison, but Mrs. Ellison is in the companionway, and she insists upon your coming to her at once."

"I'll be there in a minute," the gentleman replied, and he was about to resume his interrupted discourse when a woman's shrill voice rang out from the doorway: "Come this instant, do you hear? I told you you were not to spend the whole night in that vile place."

"Harken to the weaker vessel," murmured the Englishman, as the embarrassed Mr. Ellison made his hasty exit.

"This talk we've heard to-night from our Italian friend makes me weary," remarked a robust Westerner, who had not previously taken part in the discussion. "I'm just back from his country, and I'm going to tell you all something about the kind of thing you're everlastingly bumping up against over there. You heard what he said about chivalry being indigenous, so to speak, to his soil, and that you couldn't get the thing to grow right anywhere else. Italy's the place for it. In our country we have laws against that kind of chivalry.

"Perhaps some of you noticed by the papers that the New York police had been arresting dagoes by the dozens this summer. For what offense? Why, for chivalry, Italian chivalry; the kind Shakespeare went to Italy looking for, and Dante let loose by the bookful. Only the police didn't call it by that name. They put it down as disorderly conduct, a violation of public morals, or some such thing. The papers were full of it. They called it the crime-wave, and warned respectable women and girls not to leave the house without male protection. It appears that our Italian fellow-citizens were getting gay, and were trying on in America the same thing that nearly every Italian does at home. What was it? Why, addressing strange women in the street. Speaking to every nice-looking female that passed, telling her in choice Italian how pretty she was. They got the whole town frightened to death.

"I seem to be familiar with the game, don't I? Well, I am, for I spent nearly a month in Italy. I saw enough in the first three days to get wise to Italian manners. All the rest of the time it was simply rubbing it in. I believe this champion of Latin chivalry comes from Naples. Well, whether he does or not, I want to say that that town is the vilest place in the world. There are more respectable women insulted there in the streets in one hour than in all the rest of the world in a month. You have only to stroll along the Chiaia or the Toledo any afternoon to see the show. They are particularly keen on fair foreigners. The Neapolitan will spot the stranger at once. If she is the least bit good-looking she is pestered continually from one end of her promenade to the other. She has hardly left her hotel before some brute accosts her."

Italian Ways with Womenkind

"'*BUON giorno, simpaticissima signora mia,*' he says, leering at her with a regular Mephistopheles smile.

"If she is at all new to Italian ways she innocently imagines he is asking some simple question, is telling her something important, or else may be some chance acquaintance of the hotel. But when she gets her second breath, and analyzes the fellow's leer, she instantly realizes that this is Italian chivalry. Blushing, she hurries away from him, and has to run the gauntlet of other well-dressed loafers, each of whom laughs at her embarrassment and pays her some insulting compliment.

"I had only been in Naples one day when I had my first view of that kind of chivalry. It was in the Public Gardens, away up at the farther end, where there were not many people passing. I wasn't thinking of such a thing, when I heard a woman's voice crying, 'Oh, I wish there were an American man here!' That was enough for me. I sprang forward to where two ladies, countrywomen of mine, were standing facing a black-mustached dandy. I understood the situation at a glance, then crying 'Here's one!' sailed into him. I landed him a right-handed hook on his neck, and down he went. I waited for him to get up and come for me, but when he got up I wasn't quick enough to catch him, for he sprinted across the garden, crossed the street outside, and disappeared on a run.

"That was so easy, I hungered for more of it. I didn't have to wait long. You never do in Naples. That same afternoon I saw an English lady, walking with a little girl along the shopping street, saluted by a man who would not let her alone, despite her tearful protests. 'Can I be of service to you?' I asked. 'Oh! thank you, sir,' she replied. 'Please, save us from this ruffian.' With that I turned on the brute, grabbed him by the collar, shook him until he was nearly strangled, then threw him in a heap on the pavement.

"Still lying there he screamed for help. In a twinkling a crowd gathered, and a policeman pushed his way through. In short, I was arrested. When they took me before the police commissary, I supposed all I had to do was to state the case to be honorably discharged.

"'And you assaulted this gentleman for that?' asked the official, when I had described my provocation. 'Well, this is too much. You could not have treated him more cruelly if he had committed a crime. You must be a dangerous person, so you will stay in jail until we look up your record.'

"If it had not been for the American Consul I should probably have been there still, or else committed to an insane asylum, for everybody around that police-station seemed to think I was crazy for beating a man who had simply insulted a woman.

"Well, the Consul warned me that the consequences would be serious if I repeated my offense, so the only thing I could do was to get out of Naples, for if my life depended on it I could not resist thumping somebody every time I saw a woman insulted.

"All over Italy the same thing happened. I was arrested once in Rome, once in Venice and twice in Florence—Dante's town, you know. Between you and me, I haven't the slightest doubt old Dante himself used to walk through the streets of Florence ogling all the women

(*Concluded on Page 26*)

The Great Pancake Record

Hungry Smeed Chalks His Name on Fame's Wall

By OWEN JOHNSON

LITTLE Smeed stood apart, in the obscure shelter of the station, waiting to take his place on the stage which would carry him to the great new boarding-school. He was frail and undersized, with a long, pointed nose and vacant eyes that stupidly assisted the wide mouth to make up a famished face. The scarred bag in his hand hung from one clasp, the premature trousers were at half-mast, while pink polka-dots blazed from the cuffs of his nervous sleeves.

By the wheels of the stage "Fire Crackers" Glendenning and "Jock" Hasbrouck, veterans of the Kennedy House, sporting the 'varsity initials on their sweaters and caps, were busily engaged in cross-examining the new boys who clambered timidly to their places on top. Presently, Fire Crackers, perceiving Smeed, hailed him.

"Hello, over there—what's your name?"

"Smeed, sir."

"Smeed what?"

"Johnnie Smeed."

The questioner looked him over with disfavor and said aggressively:

"You're not for the Kennedy?"

"No, sir."

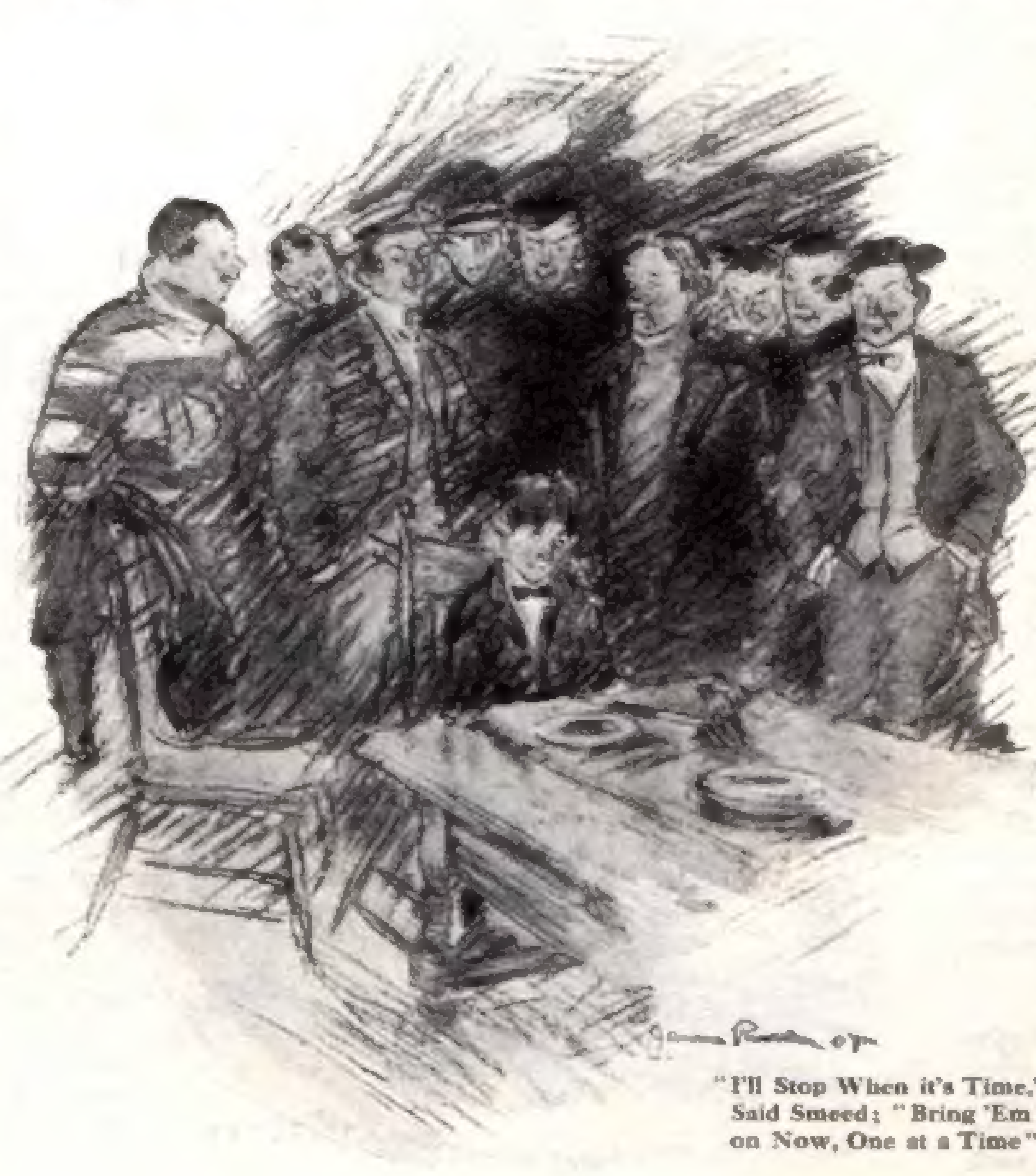
"What house?"

"The Dickinson, sir."

"The Dickinson, eh? That's a good one," said Fire Crackers with a laugh, and turning to his companion he added: "Say, Jock, won't the old Turkey be wild when he gets this one?"

Little Smeed, uncomprehending of the judgment that had been passed, stowed his bag inside and clambered up to a place on the top. Jimmy, at the reins, gave a warning shout. The horses, stirred by the whip, churned obediently through the sideways of Trenton.

Lounging on the stage were half a dozen newcomers, six well-assorted types, from the well-groomed stripling of the city to the aggressive, big-limbed animal from the West, all profoundly under the sway of the two old boys who sat on the box with Jimmy and rattled on with quiet superiority. The coach left the outskirts of the city and rolled into the white highway that leads to Lawrenceville. The known world departed for Smeed. He gazed fearfully ahead, waiting the first glimpse of the new continent.


"I'll Stop When it's Time," Said Smeed; "Bring 'Em on Now, One at a Time"

Suddenly Fire Crackers turned and, scanning the embarrassed group, singled out the strong Westerner with an approving glance.

"You're for the Kennedy?"

The boy, stirring uneasily, blurted out:

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Tom Walsh."

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and seventy."

"Stripped?"

"What? Oh, no, sir—regular way."

"You've played a good deal of football?"

"Yes, sir."

Hasbrouck took up the questioning with a critical appreciation.

"What position?"

"Guard and tackle."

"You know Bill Stevens?"

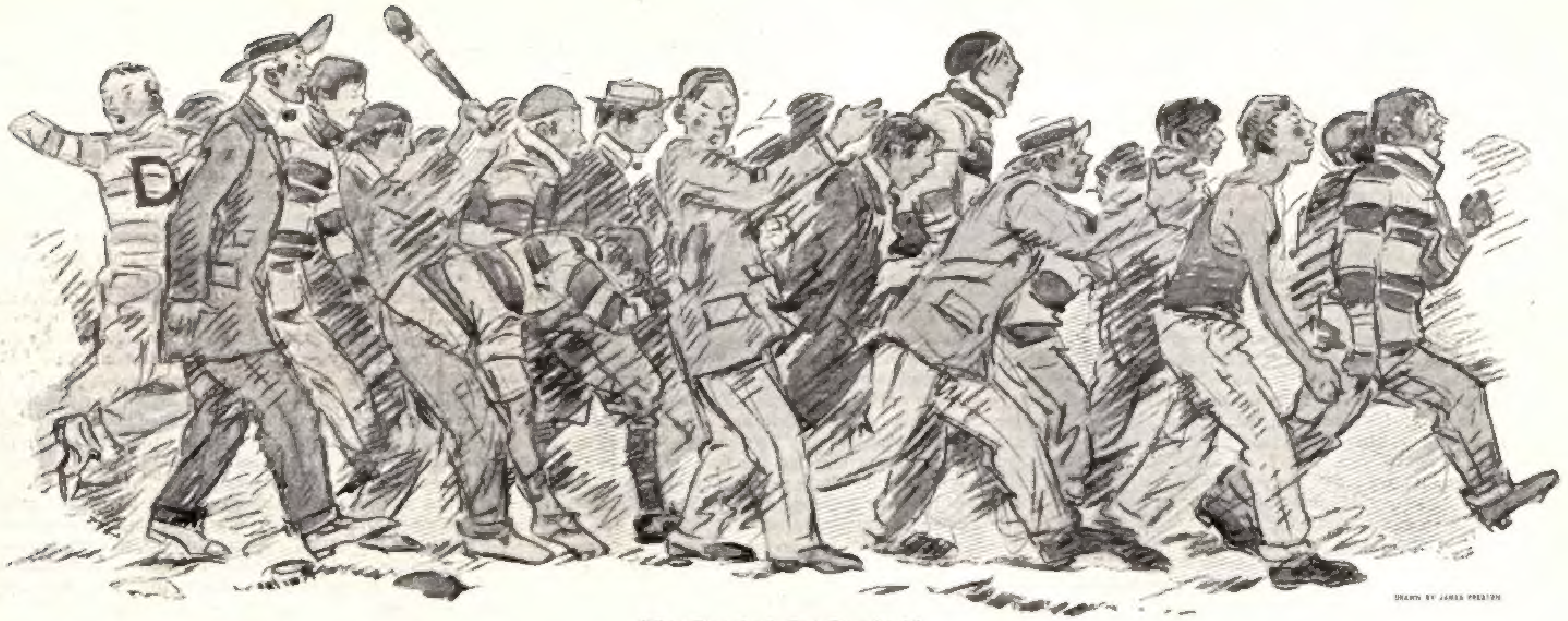
"Yes, sir."

"He spoke about you; said you played on the Military Academy. You'll try for the 'varsity?"

"I guess so."

Hasbrouck turned to Fire Crackers in solemn conclave.

"He ought to stand up against Turkey if he knows anything about the game. If we get a good end we ought to give that Dickinson crowd the fight of their lives."



"Free Pancakes! Free Pancakes!"

"There's a fellow came from Montclair they say is pretty good," Fire Crackers said, with solicitous gravity. "The line'll be all right if we can get some good halves. That's where the Dickinson has it on us."

Smeed listened in awe to the two statesmen studying out the chances of the Kennedy eleven for the house championship, realizing suddenly that there were strange and sacred purposes about his new life of which he had no conception. Then, absorbed by the fantasy of the trip and the strange unfolding world into which he was jogging, he forgot the lords of the Kennedy, forgot his fellows in ignorance, forgot that he didn't play football and was only a stripling, forgot everything but the fascination of awaiting the moment when the great school would rise out of the distance and fix itself indelibly in his memory.

"There's the water-tower," said Jimmy, extending the whip; "you'll see the school from the top of the hill."

Little Smeed craned forward with a sudden thumping of his heart. In the distance, a mile away, a cluster of brick and tile sprang out of the green, like a herd of red deer surprised in the forest. Groups of boys began to show on the roadside. Strange greetings were flung back and forth.

"Hello-oo, Fire Crackers!"

"How-de-do, Saphead!"

"Oh, there, Jock Hasbrouck!"

"Oh, you Morning Glory!"

"Oh, you Kennedys, we're going to lick you!"

"Yes you are, Dickinson!"

The coach passed down the shaded vault of the village street, turned into the campus, passed the ivy-clad house of the head master and rolled around a circle of well-trimmed lawn, past the long, low Upper House where the Fourth Form gazed at them in senior superiority; past the great brown masses of Memorial Hall and the pointed chapel, around to where the houses were ranged in red, extended bodies. Little Smeed felt an abject sinking of the heart at this sudden exposure to the thousand eyes fastened upon him from the wide esplanade of the Upper, from the steps of Memorial, from house, windows and stoops, from the shade of apple trees and along the road.

All at once the stage stopped and Jimmy cried:

"Dickinson."

At one end of the red-brick building, overrun with cool vines, a group of boys were lolling in flannels and light jerseys. A chorus went up.

"Hello, Fire Crackers!"

"Hello, Jock!"

"Hello, you Hickey boy!"

"Hello, Turkey; see what we've brought you!"

Smeed dropped to the ground amid a sudden hush.

"Fare," said Jimmy aggressively.

Smeed dug into his pocket and tendered the necessary coin. The coach squeaked away, while from the top Fire Cracker's exulting voice returned in insolent exultation:

"Hard luck, Dickinson! Hard luck you, Turkey!"

Little Smeed, his hat askew, his collar rolled up, his bag at his feet, stood in the road, alone in the world, miserable and thoroughly frightened. One path led to the silent, hostile group on the steps, another went in safety to the master's entrance. He picked up his bag hastily.

"Hello, you—over there!"

Smeed understood it was a command. He turned submissively and approached with embarrassed steps. Face to face with these superior beings, tanned and muscular, stretched in Olympian attitudes, he realized all at once the hopelessness of his ever hoping to associate with such demi-gods. Still he stood, shifting from foot to foot, eying the steps, waiting for the solemn ordeal of examination and classification to be over.

"Well, Hungry—what's your name?"

Smeed comprehended that the future was decided, and that to the grave he would go down as "Hungry" Smeed. With a sigh of relief he answered:

"Smeed—John Smeed."

"Sir!"

"Sir."

"How old?"

"Fifteen."

"Sir!!"

"Sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and six—sir!"

A grim silence succeeded this depressing information. Then some one in the back, as a mere matter of form, asked:

"Never played football?"

"No, sir."

"Baseball?"

"No, sir."

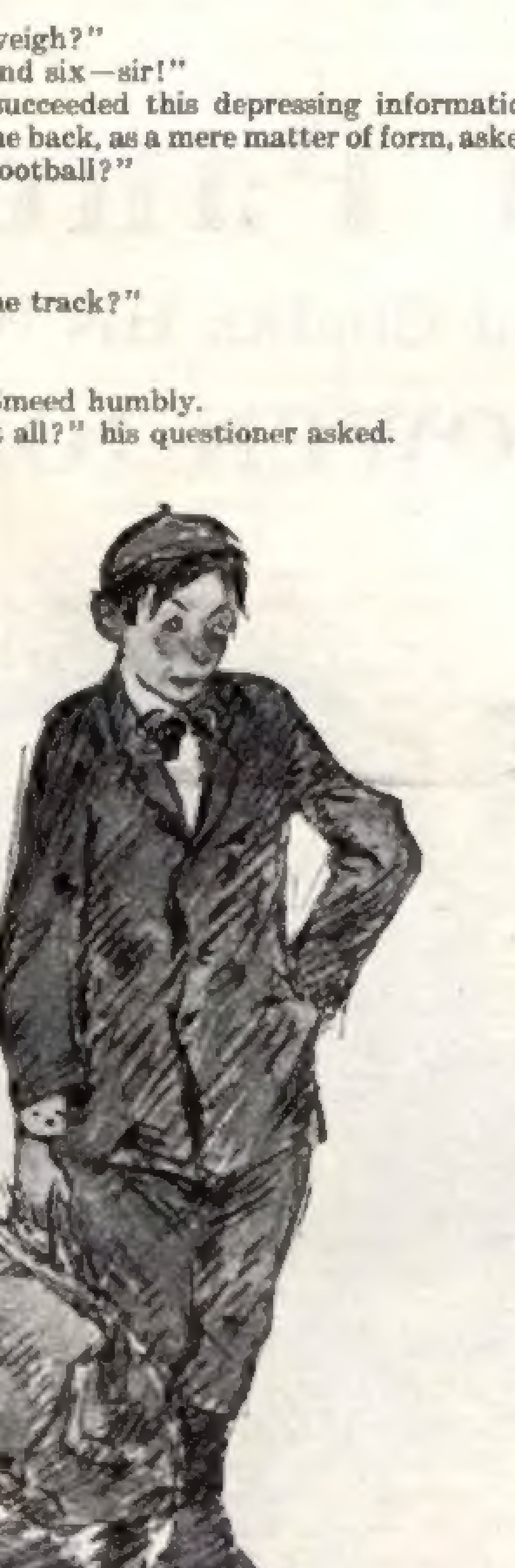
"Anything on the track?"

"No, sir."

"Sing?"

"No, sir," said Smeed humbly.

"Do anything at all?" his questioner asked.



"Smeed, Sir"

Little Smeed glanced at the eaves where the swallows were swaying and then down at the soft couch of green at his feet and answered faintly:

"No, sir—I'm afraid not."

Another silence came, then some one said, in a voice of deepest conviction:

"A dead loss!"

Smeed went sadly into the house.

At the door he lingered long enough to hear the chorus burst out:

"A fine football team we'll have!"

"It's a put-up job!"

"They don't want us to win the championship again—that's it!"

"I say, we ought to kick."

Then, after a little, the same deep voice:

"A dead loss!"

II

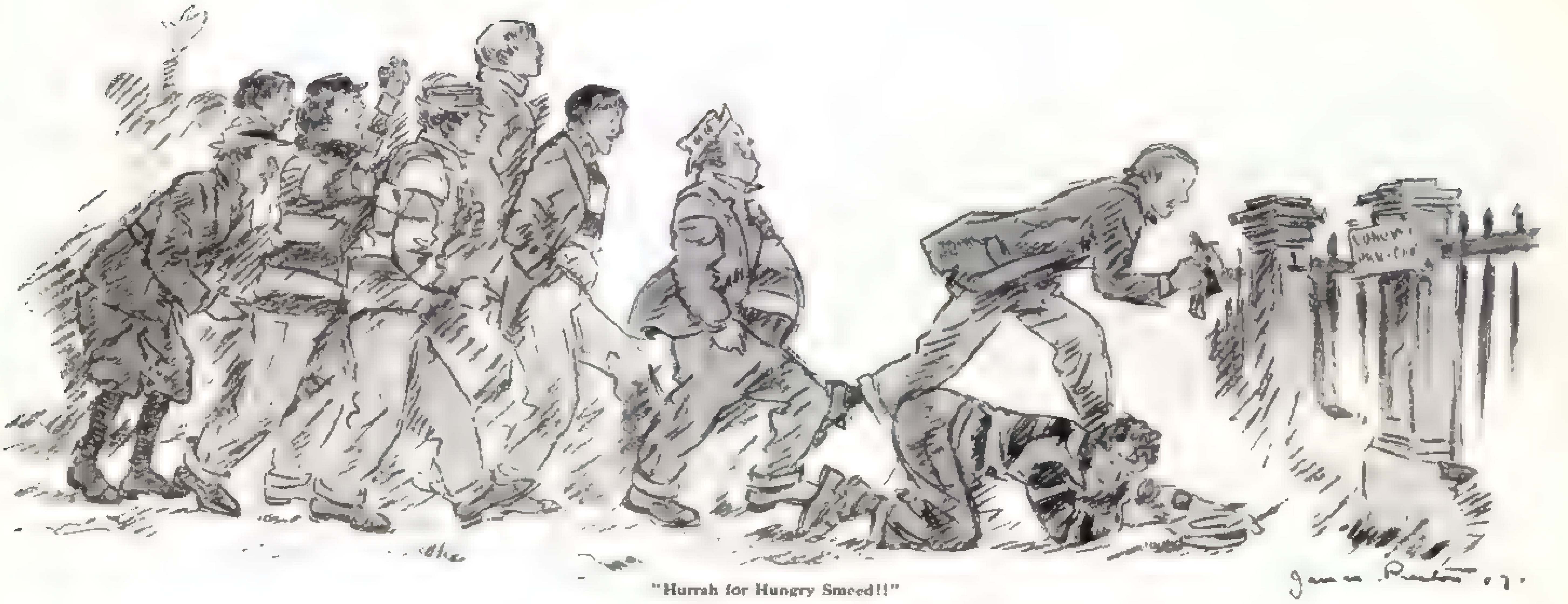
WITH each succeeding week "Hungry" Smeed comprehended more fully the enormity of his offense in doing nothing and weighing one hundred and six pounds. He saw the new boys arrive, pass through the fire of christening, give respectable weights and go forth to the gridiron to be whipped into shape by Turkey and the Butcher, who played on the school eleven. Smeed humbly and thankfully went down each afternoon to the practice, carrying the sweaters and shin-guards, like the grateful little beast of burden that he was. He watched his juniors, Spider and Red Dog, rolling in the mud or flung gloriously under an avalanche of bodies; but then, they weighed over one hundred and thirty, while he was still at one hundred and six—a dead loss! The fever of house loyalty invaded him; he even came to look with resentment on the Faculty and to repeat secretly to himself that they never would have unloaded him on the Dickinson if they hadn't been willing to stoop to any methods to prevent the House again securing the championship.

The fact that the Dickinson, in an extraordinary manner, finally won by the closest of margins, consoled Smeed but a little while. There were no more sweaters to carry, or pails of barley water to fetch, or guard to be mounted on the old rail-fence, to make certain that the spies from the Davis and Kennedy did not surprise the secret plays which Hickey and Slugger Jones had craftily evolved.

With the long winter months he felt more keenly his obscurity and the hopelessness of ever leaving a mark on the great desert of school life that would bring honor to the Dickinson. He resented even the lack of the mild hazing the other boys received—he was too insignificant to be so honored. He was only a "dead loss," good for nothing but to squeeze through his recitations, to sleep enormously, and to eat like a glutton with a hunger that could never be satisfied, little suspecting the future that lay in this famine of his stomach.

For it was written in the inscrutable fates that "Hungry" Smeed should leave a name that would go down imperishably to decades of schoolboys, when Dibbles' touchdown against Princeton and Kofer's home run should be only tinkling sounds. So it happened, and the agent of this divine destiny was Hickey.

The president of the House, by virtue of muscle and the necessary authority to suppress all insubordination, was Turkey Reiter, broad of shoulder, freckled and battling of face, but the spirit of the Dickinson was Hickey. Hickey it was, lank of figure and keen of feature, bustling



"Hurrah for Hungry Smeed!!"

of gait and drawling of speech, with face as innocent as a choir-boy's, who planned the revolts against the masters, organized the midnight feasts and the painting of water-towers. His genius lived in the nicknames of the Egghead, Beauty Sawtelle, Morning Glory, Red Dog, Wash Simmons and the Coffee Cooler, which he had bestowed on his comrades with unfailing felicity.

It so happened that, examinations being still in the threatening distance, Hickey's fertile brain was unoccupied with methods of facilitating his scholarly progress by homely inventions that allowed formulas and dates to be concealed in the palm and disappear obligingly up the sleeve on the approach of the Natural Enemy. Moreover, Hickey and Hickey's friends were in straitened circumstances, with all credit gone at the Jigger Shop, and the appetite for jiggers in an acute stage of deprivation.

In this keenly sensitive, famished state of his imagination, Hickey suddenly became aware of a fact fraught with possibilities. Hungry Smeed had an appetite distinguished and remarkable even in that company of aching voids.

No sooner had this pregnant idea become his property than Hickey confided his hopes to "Doc" Macnooder, his chum and partner in plans that were dark and mysterious. Macnooder saw in a flash the glorious and lucrative possibilities. A very short series of tests sufficed to convince the twain that in little Smeed they had a phenomenon who needed only to be properly launched to pass into history.

Accordingly, on a certain muddy morning in March, Hickey and Doc Macnooder, with Smeed in tow, stole into the Jigger Shop at an hour in defiance of regulations and fraught with delightful risks of detection.

Half drug-store, half confectioner's, the Jigger Shop was the property of Doctor Furnell, whose chief interest in life consisted in a devotion to the theory of the millennium, to the lengthy expounding of which an impoverished boy would sometimes listen in the vain hope of establishing a larger credit. On every-day occasions the shop was under the charge of "Al," a creature without heart or pity, who knew the exact financial status of each of the four hundred odd boys, even to the amount and date of his allowance. Al made no errors, his sympathies were deaf to the call, and he never (like the doctor) committed the mistake of returning too much change.

This watch-dog of the jigger was tilted back, near a farther window, the parted tow hair falling doglike over his eyes, absorbed in the reading of Spenser's Faerie Queen, an abnormal taste which made him absolutely incomprehensible to the boyish mind. At the sound of the stolen entrance, Al put down the volume and started mechanically to rise. Then, recognizing his visitors, he returned to his chair, saying wearily:

"Nothing doing, Hickey."

"Guess again," said Hickey cheerily. "We're not asking you to hang us up this time, Al."

"You haven't got any money," said Al, the recorder of allowances; "not unless you stole it."

"Al, we don't come to take your hard-earned money, but to do you good," put in Macnooder impudently. "We're bringing you a little sporting proposition."

"Have you come to pay up that account of yours?" said Al. "If not, run along, you Macnooder; don't waste my time with your wildcat schemes."

"Al, this is a sporting proposition," took up Hickey.

"Has *he* any money?" said Al, who suddenly remembered that Smeed was not yet under suspicion.

"See here, Al," said Macnooder, "we'll back Smeed to eat the jiggers against you—for the crowd!"

"Where's your money?"

"Here," said Hickey; "this goes up if we lose." He produced a gold watch of Smeed's, and was about to tender it when he withdrew it with a sudden caution. "On the condition, if we win I get it back and you won't hold it up against my account."

"All right. Let's see it."

The watch was given to Al, who looked it over, grunted in approval and then looked at little Smeed.

"Now, Al," said Macnooder softly, "give us a gambling chance; he's only a runt."

Al considered, and Al was wise. The proposition came often and he had never lost. A jigger is unlike any other ice cream; it is dipped from the creamy tin by a cone-shaped scoop called a jigger, which gives it an unusual and peculiar flavor. Since those days the original jigger has been contaminated and made ridiculous by offensive alliances with upstart syrups, meringues and macaroons with absurd titles; but then the boy went to the simple jigger as the sturdy Roman went to the cold waters of the Tiber. A double jigger fills a large soda-glass when ten cents has been laid on the counter, and two such glasses quench all desire in the normal appetite.

"If he can eat twelve double jiggers," Al said slowly, "I'll set them up and the jiggers for youse. Otherwise, I'll hold the watch."

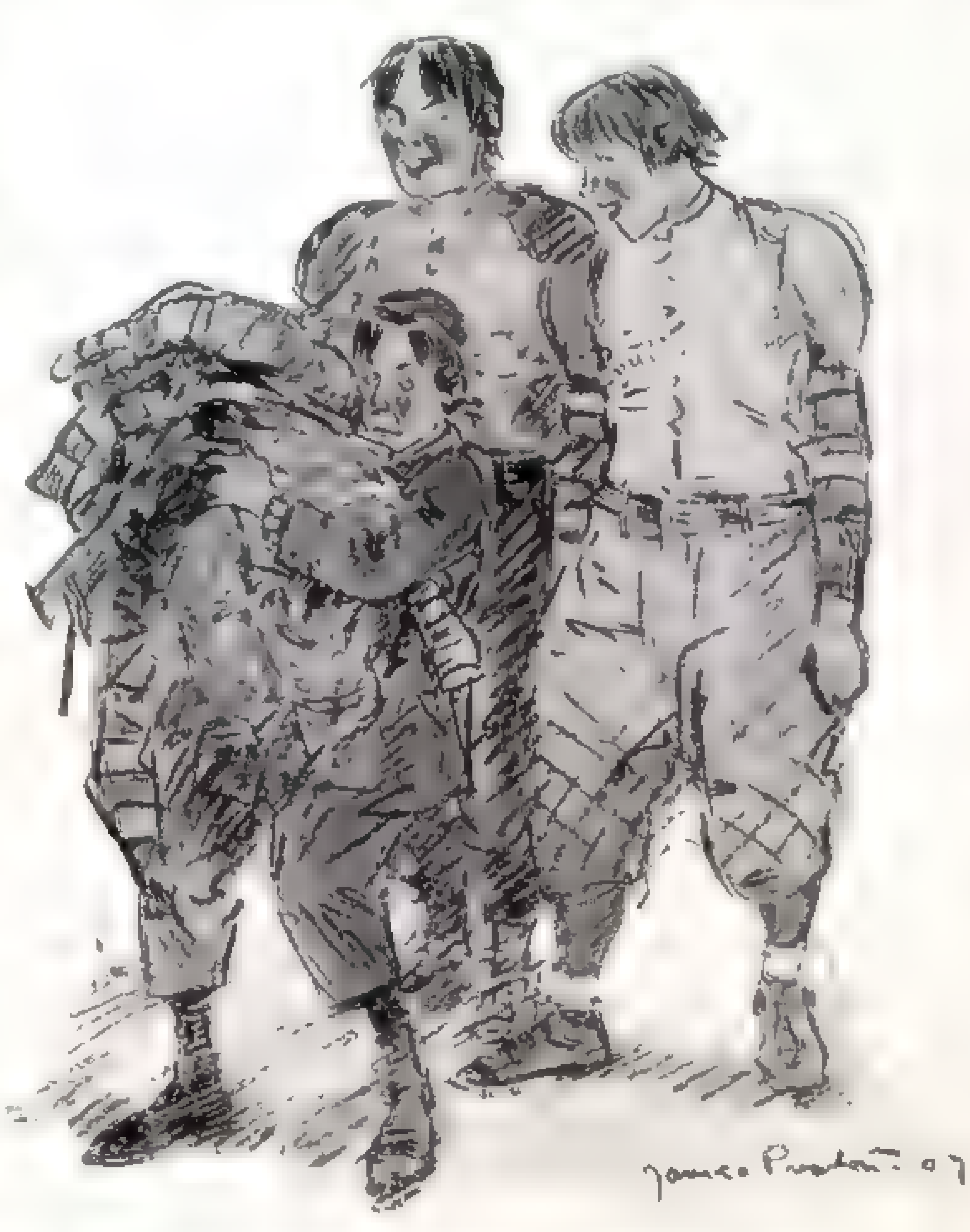
At this there was a protest from the backers of the champion, with the result that the limit was reduced to ten.

"Is it a go?" Al said, turning to Smeed, who had waited modestly in the background.

"Sure," he answered with calm certainty.

"You've got nerve, you have," said Al with a scornful smile, scooping up the first jiggers and shoving the glass to him. "Ten doubles is the record in these parts, young fellow!"

Then little Smeed, methodically, and without apparent pain, ate the ten doubles.



Like the Grateful Little Beast of Burden that He Was

III

CONOVER'S was not in the catalogue that anxious parents study, but then catalogues are like epitaphs in a cemetery. Next to the Jigger Shop, Conover's was quite the most important institution in the school. In a little white, Colonial cottage, Conover, veteran of the late war, and Mrs. Conover, still in active service, supplied pancakes and maple syrup on a cash basis, two dollars credit to second-year boys in good repute. Conover's, too, had its traditions. Twenty-six pancakes, large and thick, in one continuous sitting, was the record, five years old, standing to the credit of Guzzler Wilkins, which succeeding classes had attacked in vain. Wily Conover, to stimulate such profitable tests, had solemnly pledged himself to the delivery of free pancakes to all comers during that day on which any boy, at one continuous sitting, unaided, should succeed in swallowing the awful number of thirty-two. Conover was not considered a prodigal.

This deed of heroic accomplishment and public benefaction was the true goal of Hickey's planning. The test of the Jigger Shop was but a preliminary trying out. With medical caution, Doc Macnooder refused to permit Smeed to go beyond the ten doubles, holding very wisely that the jigger record could wait for a further day. The amazed Al was sworn to secrecy.

It was Wednesday, and the following Saturday was decided upon for the supreme test at Conover's. Smeed at once was subjected to a graduated system of starvation. Thursday he was hungry, but Friday he was so ravenous that a watch was instituted on all his movements.

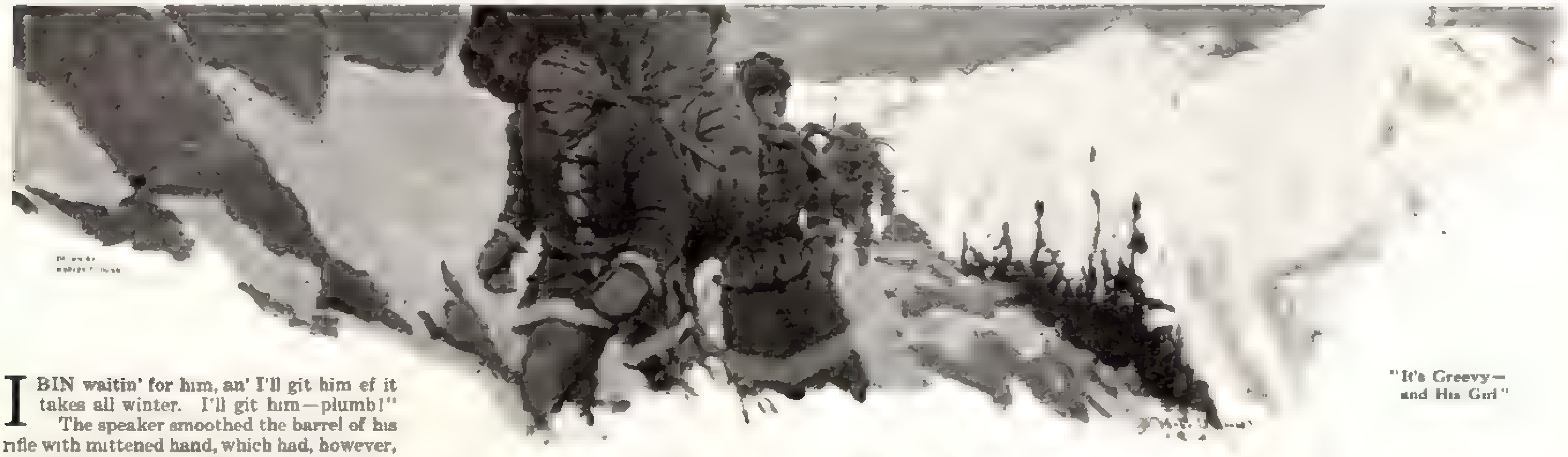
The next morning the Dickinson House, let into the secret, accompanied Smeed to Conover's. If there was even a possibility of free pancakes, the House intended to be satisfied before the deluge broke. Great was the astonishment at Conover's at the arrival of the procession.

"Mr. Conover," said Hickey in the quality of manager, "we're going after that pancake record."

"Mr. Wilkins' record?" said Conover, seeking vainly the champion in the crowd.

(*Concluded on Page 21*)

BUCKMASTER'S BOY



"It's Greevy— and His Girl"

By Gilbert Parker

I BIN waitin' for him, an' I'll git him ef it takes all winter. I'll git him—plumb!"

The speaker smoothed the barrel of his rifle with mittened hand, which had, however, a trigger-finger free. With black eyebrows twitching over sunken gray eyes, he looked doggedly down the frosty valley from the ledge of high rock where he sat. The face was rough and weather-beaten, with the deep tan got in the open life of a land of much sun and little cloud, and he had a beard which, untrimmed and growing wild, made him look ten years older than he was.

"I bin waitin' a durn while," the mountain man added, and got to his feet slowly, drawing himself out to six and a half feet of burly manhood. The shoulders were, however, a little stooped, and the head was thrust forward with an eager, watchful look—a habit become a physical characteristic.

Presently he caught sight of a hawk sailing southward along the peaks of the white, ice-bound mountains above, on which the sun shone with such sharp insistence, making sky and mountain of a piece in deep purity and serene stillness.

"That hawk's seen him, mebbe," he said after a moment. "I bet it went up higher when it got him in its eye. Ef it'd only speak and tell me where he is—ef he's a day or two days or ten days north."

Suddenly his eyes blazed, and his mouth opened in superstitious amazement, for the hawk stopped almost directly overhead at a great height, and swept round in a circle many times, waveringly, uncertainly. At last it resumed its flight southward, sliding down the mountains.

The mountaineer watched it with a dazed expression for a moment longer, then both hands clutched the rifle and half-swung it to position involuntarily.

"It's seen him, and it stopped to say so. It's seen him, I tell you, an' I'll git him. Ef it's an hour or a day or a week, it's all the same. I'm here watchin', waitin', dead on to him—the poison skunk!"

The person to whom he had been speaking now rose from the pile of cedar boughs where he had been sitting, stretched his arms up, then shook himself into place, as does a dog after sleep. He stood for a minute looking at the mountaineer with a reflective, yet a furtively sardonic, look. He was not more than five feet nine inches, and he was slim and neat; and, though his buckskin coat and breeches were worn and even frayed in spots, he had an air of some distinction and of concentrated force. It was a face that men turned to look at twice, and shook their heads in doubt afterward—a handsome, worn, secretive face, in as perfect control as the strings of an instrument under the bow of a great artist. It was the face of a man without purpose in life beyond the moment—watchful, careful, remorselessly determined—an adventurer's asset, the dial-plate of a hidden machinery.

Now he took from his mouth the handsome meerschaum pipe from which he had been puffing smoke slowly, and said in a cold, yet quiet voice: "How long you been waitin', Buck?"

A Secretive Face

"A month. He's overdue near that. He always comes down to winter at Fort o' Comfort, with his string of half-breeds an' Injuns an' the dogs."

"No chance to get him at the Fort?"

"It ain't so certain. They'd guess what I was doin' there. It's surer here. He's got to come down the trail, an' when I spot him by the juniper clump"—he jerked an arm toward a spot almost a mile farther up the valley—"I kin scoot up the underbrush a bit and git him—plumb! I could do it from here, sure, but I don't want no mistake. Onct only, jest one shot; that's all I want, Sinnet!"

He bit off a small piece of tobacco from a black plug Sinnet offered him and chewed it with nervous fierceness, his eyebrows working as he looked at the other eagerly. Deadly as his purpose was, and grim and unvarying as his vigil had been, the loneliness had told on him, and he had grown hungry for a human face and human companionship. Why Sinnet had come he had not thought to inquire. Why Sinnet should be going north instead of south had not occurred to him. He only realized that Sinnet was not the man he was waiting for with murder in his heart, and all that mattered to him in life was the coming of his victim down the trail. He had welcomed Sinnet with a sullen eagerness, and had told him in short, detached sentences the dark story of a wrong and a waiting revenge which brought a slight flush to Sinnet's pale face and awakened a curious light in his eyes.

"Is that your shack—that where you shake down?" Sinnet said, pointing toward a lean-to in the fir-trees to the right.

"That's it. I sleep there. It's straight on to the juniper clump, the front door is." He laughed viciously, grimly. "Outside or inside, I'm on to the juniper clump. Walk into the parlor?" he added and drew open a rough-made door, so covered with green cedar boughs that it seemed of a piece with the surrounding underbrush and trees. Indeed, the little hut was so constructed that it could not be distinguished from the woods, even a short distance away.

"Can't have a fire, I suppose?" Sinnet asked.

"Smoke'd give me away if he suspicioned me," answered the mountaineer. "I don't take no chances. Never can tell. Nobody's ever lived here, and 'tain't a likely place to camp."

"Water?" asked Sinnet, as though interested in the surroundings, while all the time he was eying the mountaineer furtively, as it were, prying to the inner man or measuring the strength of the outer man. He lighted a fresh pipe and seated himself on a rough bench beside the table in the middle of the room and leaned on his elbows, watching.

The mountaineer laughed. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. "Listen," he said. "You bin a long time out West. You bin in the mountains a good while. Listen."

There was silence. Sinnet listened intently. He heard the faint drip, drip, drip of water, and looked steadily at the back wall of the room.

"There—rock!" he said, and jerked his head toward the sound.

"You got good ears," answered the other, and drew aside a blanket that hung on the back wall of the room. A wooden trough was disclosed hanging under a ledge of rock, and water dripped into it softly, slowly.

"Almost providential, that rock," remarked Sinnet. "You've got your well at your back door. Food—but you can't go far and keep your eye on the Bend, too." He nodded toward the door beyond which lay the frost-touched valley in the early morning light of autumn.

"Plenty of black squirrels and pigeons come here on account of the springs like this one, and I git 'em with a bow and arrow. I didn't call myself Robin Hood and Daniel Boone for nothin' when I was knee-high to a grasshopper!" He drew from a rough cupboard some cold game and put it on the table, with some scones and a pannikin of water. Then he brought out a small jug of whisky and placed it beside his visitor. They began to eat.

"How d'ye cook without fire?" asked Sinnet.

"Fire's all right at nights. He'd never camp 'twixt here an' Juniper Bend at night. The next camp's six miles north from here. He'd only come down the valley daytimes. I studied it all out, and it's a dead-sure thing From daylight till dusk I'm on to him—I got the trail in my eye."

He showed his teeth like a wild dog as his look swept the valley. There was something almost revolting in his concentrated ferocity.

Sinnet's eyes half closed as he watched the mountaineer, and the long, scraggy hands and whipcord neck seemed to interest him greatly. He looked at his own slim, brown hands with a half-smile, and it was almost as cruel as the laugh of the other. Yet it had, too, a knowledge and an understanding which gave it humanity.

"You're sure he did it?" Sinnet asked presently, after drinking a very small portion of liquor and tossing some water from the pannikin after it. "You're sure Greevy killed your boy, Buck?"

"My name's Buckmaster, ain't it—Jim Buckmaster? Don't I know my own name? It's as sure as that. My boy said it was Greevy when he was dying. He told Bill Ricketts so, and Bill told me afore he went East. Bill didn't want to tell, but he said it was fair I should know, for my boy never did nobody any harm—an' Greevy's livin' on! But I'll git him. Right's right."

"Wouldn't it be better for the law to hang him, if you've got the proof, Buck? A year or so in jail an' a long time to think over what's going round his neck on the scaffold—wouldn't that suit you, if you've got the proof?"

A rigid, savage look came into Buckmaster's face.

"I ain't lettin' no judge and jury do my business. I'm for certain sure, not for *p'r'aps!* An' I want to do it myself. Clint was only twenty. Like boys we was together. I was eighteen when I married an' he come when *she* went, jest a *year*—jest a year. An' ever since then we lived together, him an' me, an' shot together, an' trapped together, an' went gold-washin' together on the Cariboo, an' eat out of the same dish, an' slep' under the same blanket, and jawed together nights—ever since he was five, when old Mother Lablache had got him into pants an' he was fit to take the trail."

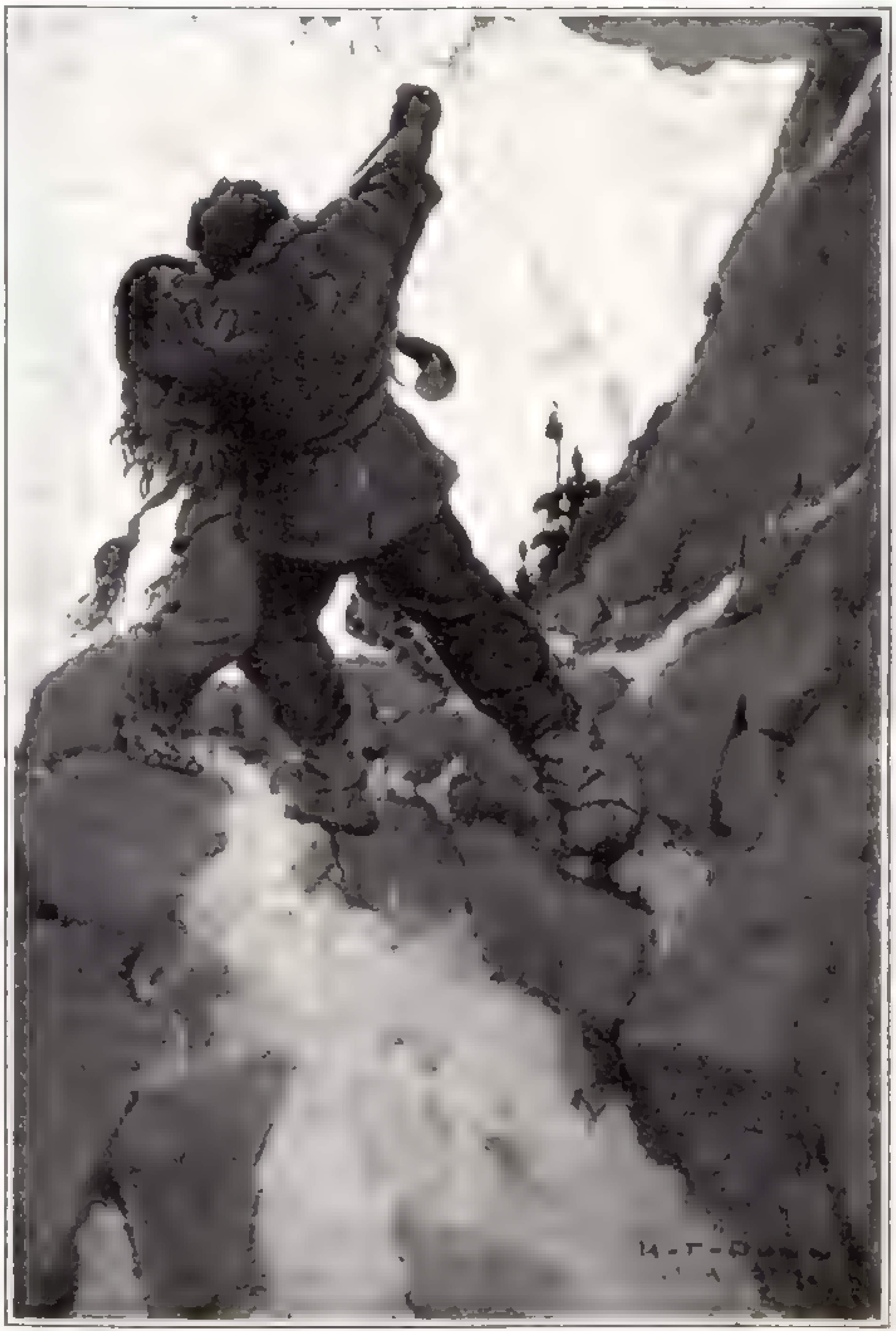
"She was Changeable"

The old man stopped a minute, his whipcord neck swelling, his lips twitching. He brought a fist down on the table with a bang. "The biggest little rip, he was; as full of fun as a squirrel, an' never a smile—jest his eyes dancin', an' more sense than a judge. He laid hold o' me, that cub did—it was like his mother and himself together; an' the years flowin' in an' peterin' out, an' him gittin' older, an' always jest the same. Always on rock-bottom, always bright as a dollar, an' we livin' at Black Nose Bend, layin' up cash ag'in' the time we was to go south an' set up a house along the railway, an' him to git married. I was for his gittin' married same as me, when we had enough cash. I use to think of that when he was ten, and when he was eighteen I spoke to him about it, but he wouldn't listen—jest laughed at me. You remember how Clint used to laugh—sort of low and teasin'-like—you remember that laugh o' Clint's, don't you?"

Sinnet's face was toward the valley and Juniper Bend, but he slowly turned his head and looked at Buckmaster strangely out of his half-shut eyes. He took the pipe from his mouth slowly.

"I can hear it now," he answered slowly. "I hear it often, Buck."

The old man gripped his arm so suddenly that Sinnet was startled—in so far as anything could startle any one who had lived a life of chance and danger and accident—and his face grew a shade paler, but he did not move, and Buckmaster's hand tightened convulsively.



No Sane Man's Strength Could Withstand the Demoniacal Energy that Crushed Him

"You liked him, an' he liked you—he first learnt poker off you, Sinnet. He thought you was a tough, but he didn't mind that no more than I did. It ain't for us to say what we're goin' to be—not always. Things in life git stronger than we are. You was a tough, but who's goin' to judge you? I ain't; for he took to you, Sinnet, an' he never went wrong in his thinkin'. God—he was wife an' child to me—an' he's dead—dead—dead!"

The man's grief was a painful thing to see. His hands gripped the table, while his body shook with sobs, though his eyes gave forth no tears. It was an inward convulsion which gave his face the look of tragedy and suffering. A Laocoön struggling with the serpents of sorrow and hatred which were strangling him.

"Dead an' gone," he repeated as he swayed to and fro, and the table quivered in his grasp. Presently, however, as though arrested by a thought, he peered out of the doorway toward Juniper Bend. "That hawk seen him—it seen him. He's comin'; I know it, an' I'll git him—plumb!" He had the mystery and imagination of the mountain-dweller.

The rifle lay against the wall behind him, and he turned and touched it almost caressingly. "I ain't let go like this since he was killed, Sinnet. It don't do. I got to keep myself stiddy to do the trick when the minute comes. At first I usen't to sleep at nights thinkin' of Clint, an' missin' him, an' I got shaky and no good. So I put a cinch on myself, an' got to sleepin' again—from the full dusk to dawn, for Greevy wouldn't take the trail at night. I've kept stiddy." He held out his hand as though to show that it was firm and steady, but it trembled with the emotion which had conquered him. He saw it, and shook his head angrily.

"It was seein' you, Sinnet. It burst me. I ain't seen no one to speak to in a month, an' with you sittin' there, it was like Clint an' me cuttin' and comin' again off the loaf an' the knuckle-bone of ven'son."

Sinnet ran a long finger slowly across his lips, and seemed meditating what he should say to the mountaineer. At length he spoke, looking into Buckmaster's face: "What was the story Ricketts told you? What did your boy tell Ricketts? I've heard, too, about it, and that's why I asked you if you had proofs that Greevy killed Clint. Of course, Clint should know, and if he told Ricketts, that's pretty straight; but I'd like to know if what I heard tallies with what Ricketts heard from Clint! P'r'aps it'd ease your mind a bit to tell it. I'll watch the Bend—don't you trouble about that. You can't do these two things at one time. I'll watch for Greevy, you give me Clint's story to Ricketts. I guess you know I'm feelin' for you, an' if I was in your place I'd shoot the man that killed Clint, if it took ten years. I'd have his heart's blood—all of it. Whether Greevy was in the right or in the wrong, I'd have him—*plumb!*"

Buckmaster was moved. He gave a fierce exclamation and made a gesture of cruelty. "Clint right or wrong! There ain't no question of that. My boy wasn't the kind to be in the wrong. What did he ever do but what was right? If Clint was in the wrong I'd kill Greevy jest the same, for Greevy robbed him of all the years that was before him—only a sapling he was, an' all his growin' to do, all his branches to widen, an' his roots to spread. But that don't enter in it—his bein' in the wrong. It was a quarrel, and Clint never did Greevy any harm. It was a quarrel over cards, an' Greevy was drunk, an' followed Clint out into the prairie in the night and shot him like a coyote. Clint hadn't no chance, an' he jest lay there on the ground till morning, when Ricketts and Steve Joicey found him. An' Clint told Ricketts who it was."

"Why didn't Ricketts tell it right out at once?" asked Sinnet.

"Greevy was his own cousin—it was in the family, an' he kept thinkin' of Greevy's gal, Em'ly. Her—what'll it matter to her? She'll git married, an' she'll forgit. I know her—a gal that's got no deep feelin' like Clint had for me. But because of her Ricketts didn't speak for a year. Then he couldn't stand it any longer, an' he told me, seein' how I suffered, an' everybody hidin' their suspicions from me, an' me up here out o' the way, an' no account. That was the feelin' among 'em—what was the good of making things worse! They wasn't thinkin' of the boy, or of Jim Buckmaster, his father. They was thinkin' of Greevy's gal—to save her trouble."

Sinnet's face was turned toward Juniper Bend, and the eyes were fixed, as it were, on a still more distant object, a dark, brooding, inscrutable look.

"Was that all Ricketts told you, Buck?" The voice was very quiet; but it had a suggestive note.

"That's all Clint told Bill before he died. That was enough."

There was a moment's pause, and then, puffing out long clouds of smoke, and in a tone of curious detachment, as though he were telling of something that he saw now in the far distance, or as a spectator of a battle from a far vantage-point might report to a blind man standing near, Sinnet said:

"P'r'aps Ricketts didn't know the whole story; p'r'aps Clint didn't know it all to tell him; p'r'aps Clint didn't remember it all. P'r'aps he didn't remember anything except that he and Greevy quarreled, and that Greevy and he shot at each other in the prairie. He'd only be thinking of the thing that mattered most to him—that his life was over, an' that a man had put a bullet in him, an' ——"

Buckmaster tried to interrupt him, but he waved a hand impatiently, and continued: "As I say, maybe he didn't remember everything; he had been drinkin' a bit himself. Clint had. He wasn't used to liquor, and couldn't stand much. Greevy was drunk, too, and gone off his head with rage. He always gets drunk when he first comes south to spend the winter with his girl, Em'ly." He paused a moment, then continued a little more quickly: "Greevy was proud of her—couldn't ever bear her being crossed in any way; and she has a quick temper; and if she quarreled with anybody Greevy quarreled, too."

"I don't want to know anything about her," broke in Buckmaster roughly. "She isn't in this thing. I'm goin' to git Greevy. I bin waitin' for him, an' I'll git him."

"You're going to kill the man that killed your boy, if you can, Buck; but I'm telling my story in my own way. You told Ricketts' story; I'll tell what I've heard. And before you kill Greevy you ought to know all there is that anybody else *knows*—or suspicions about it!"

"I know enough—Greevy done it, an' I'm here."

With no apparent coherence and relevancy, Sinnet continued, but his voice was not so even as before: "Em'ly was a girl that wasn't twice alike. She was changeable. First it was one, then it was another, and she didn't seem to be able to fix her mind. But that didn't prevent her leadin' men on. She wasn't changeable, though, about her father. She was to him what your boy was to you. There she was like you, ready to give everything up for her father."

"I tell ye, I don't want to hear about her," said Buckmaster, getting to his feet and setting his jaws. "You needn't talk to me about her. She'll git over it—I'll never git over what Greevy done to me or to Clint. Jest twenty—jest twenty! I got my work to do."

He took his gun from the wall, slung it into the hollow of his arm, and turned to look up the valley through the open doorway.

The morning was sparkling with life—the life and vigor which a touch of frost gives to the autumn world in a country where the blood tingles to the dry, sweet sting of the air. Beautiful, and spacious, and buoyant, and lonely, the valley and the mountains seemed waiting like a new-born world to be peopled by man. It was as though all had been made ready for him: the birds whistling and singing in the trees; the whisk of the squirrels leaping from bough to bough; the peremptory sound of the woodpecker's beak against the bole of a tree; the rustle of the leaves as a wood-hen ran past—a waiting, virgin world.

Its beauty and its wonderful dignity had no appeal to Buckmaster. His eyes and mind were fixed on a deed which would stain the virgin wild with the ancient crime that sent the first marauder on human life into the wilderness.

As Buckmaster's figure darkened the doorway, Sinnet seemed to waken as from a dream, and he got swiftly to his feet.

"Wait—you wait, Buck. You've got to hear all. You haven't heard my story yet. Wait, I tell you."

His voice was so sharp and insistent, so changed, that Buckmaster turned from the doorway and came back into the room.

"What's the use of my hearin'? You want me not to kill Greevy, because of that gal. What's she to me?"

"Nothing to you, Buck; but Clint was everything to her!"

The mountaineer stood like one petrified. "What's that—what's that you say? It's a darn lie!"

"It wasn't cards—the quarrel, not the real quarrel. Greevy found Clint kissing her. Greevy wanted her to marry Gatineau, the lumber-king. That was the quarrel."

A snarl was on the face of Buckmaster. "Then she'll not be sorry when I git him. It took Clint from her as well as from me." He turned to the door again.

"But wait, Buck; wait one minute and hear ——"

(Continued on Page 30)

THE YOUNG LAWYER

Starting In and Building Up a Practice: What it Means and How it Pays

II

THE great difficulty which the young lawyer experiences in attempting to adjust his fees to his situation does not arise so much from doubt as to whether these fees should agree with the scale of his experience, or be approximately those charged by men of established reputation. The young lawyer who attempts to charge what the big men in his profession get, because of their experience and skill, writes himself down an ass. Ninety-nine clients out of a hundred are not fooled for half a minute by any such nonsense as this, and some of them would flatly refuse to pay a big fee.

But the difficult thing for a young lawyer to determine is the figure at which he should fix the fee in each individual case upon its own merits. Aside from any question of the equity of scaling fees according to the ability of the client to pay, it is but logical from the lawyer's point of view, as well as only businesslike, to ask a larger fee from the man who can pay it, and who has big interests at stake, than from the man whose means are limited and whose interests are comparatively insignificant. In other words, the young lawyer is faced with the problem of sizing up his clients and cases and charging accordingly.

The Mystery of the Lawyer's Fees

WHATEVER his decision, it is my experience that he should insist on fair compensation every time. Nor should he attempt to present an itemized account. To try to explain to the client how an account has been made up is almost impossible, and the client would not understand many of the items if they were explained to him. The fair way to arrive at an estimate is for the young lawyer to consider the work done, the time spent on the case, the amount of money involved or the responsibility assumed, and, finally, the ability of his client to pay. And, once having settled on a fair charge for his services, he should not reduce it unless absolutely compelled to do so, or by considerations other than the interests of the particular case involved.

As a matter of fact, the man who cannot afford to pay a large fee is most likely to be the client who will come to the young lawyer, and consequently large fees are out of the question. But the poor client, if satisfied, is also the one who is most likely to speak to a friend about the work that has been done for him, and so bring further business to his attorney. The young lawyer, however, will frequently encounter men who think they have been overcharged. Every such case must be argued out on its own merits. Occasionally, very occasionally, it is well to make compromises, in order to avoid bad feeling—but, I would repeat, this should be done very rarely.

One man whom I charged thirty dollars took his time to pay me, and then told me I was the first lawyer he had ever dealt with who didn't try to gouge him; on the other hand, only two weeks later, another client, without asking me what was my fee, handed me a one-dollar bill for a case that had taken me the better part of two days to prepare, and said he guessed that would about make us square. Still another man who brought his case to me to defend declared I was no kind of a lawyer because, after looking into it, I advised him to compromise at once, explaining that the bare charges involved by carrying the case into court would certainly be greater than the amount of the damages that would be accepted by the plaintiff.

It seems to be becoming more general for lawyers to send out bills monthly, though a good many still mail statements of account upon the completion of their services, and a few render bills half-yearly. Where a settlement is made immediately upon conclusion of the case the usual plan is to fill out a statement showing the amount of damages collected and to deduct from this the amount of the fee.

In criminal cases, I believe, it is universally acknowledged that, if you want your money from a client, you should see that he puts it into your hands before you undertake the case. Promises to pay by men accused of criminal acts are nearly always idle promises; once the man is free he is almost certain to forget the indebtedness, and it is impossible to collect from him; while, if the case goes against him, for obvious reasons the chances of his paying you are too small to be considered.

But, for all the tenderness with which the young lawyer has to nurse his accounts with clients, his bad debts are not very large. I am disposed to think that they do not run over ten per cent., though one man I know whose practice is supposed to be good declares that he lost as much as forty per cent. of his total charges during his first two years. On the other hand, another man declared to me that his bad debts during the first three years of his practice were not more than five per cent. of the total amount represented by his charges. Perhaps, the bad debts of the lawyer are not greater than those in any other business or profession; the locality in which a man practices, as also the general character of his clients, largely determine the point.

Casting Bread Upon the Waters

AS A RULE, the poorer client pays rather more promptly than the rich one, and there is no class, though it may seem contradictory to an earlier statement of mine, that pays with less bargaining than does the criminal class, provided you ask for the fee at the psychological moment, which is when the case is first brought to you.

Very rich clients often prove the hardest bargainers. I remember writing a will (it came to me through friendly influence) which involved the disposition of nearly a million dollars and which was full of difficult trust clauses and powers of sale. When I secured the case I regarded it as a gold mine, and, when I made out my bill, I charged one hundred dollars with the idea that, by putting a low figure on my services, I would encourage those concerned in the case to give me further work. Instead of pleasing them, I was promptly asked to reduce my fee. I didn't do it, and I got the hundred dollars—after a time—but I was kept on pins and needles meanwhile.

A classmate of mine has arranged his clients according to their ability to pay. Business men, he tells me, pay him promptly. Artists, reporters, inventors and actors—in general, geniuses—overlook such trifling matters, and he has learned not to waste his time on them by bothering them with repeated statements of what they owe him. But also, he says, he has made it a rule in his office never to turn away any one who wants advice and who frankly admits at the start that he hasn't the money in his pocket to pay for it.

"If I believe a person is really in trouble," he said—"that is, is in trouble because of no direct fault of his own, and who is poor—then I take his case gratis, and tell him so at the start. Moreover, as I can show by my records, I have lost nothing, so far as I can estimate, by following this plan. Once upon a time, I won a case for a young medical graduate who was in hard luck all round and who was going downhill at a rapid rate. I never sent him a bill for my services, but last year I earned seven hundred and fifty dollars from another case which he sent to me. On the other hand, I never let up on the suckers, the sneaks and the fellows whom I find trying to get out of paying what they owe me, and *can* pay me.

"One month," he continued, "I tried twenty-two criminal cases. I got ten dollars in all from these cases, and I sent monthly statements to the remaining clients for a year without result. Another month I tried thirty criminal cases which netted me twenty-two dollars in all. From these clients I asked from five to ten dollars apiece. I charged the bad debts to experience; but my advice to those young lawyers who practice criminal law is to do business on a strictly cash basis; if they do not they are likely to get nothing for their work but experience, and experience doesn't line the stomach."

In all frankness, what a man gets from practice of the law during the first few years is not likely to result in overeating. If it were not for a certain amount of outside work connected with the practice of law the young lawyer would have a great deal harder time than he does have. But as certain kinds of law have grown to be more and more of a business, there have sprung up opportunities for making money on the side by work in which legal knowledge is especially useful, and there also are a good many positions which pay small fees or salaries and which a young lawyer may accept without absolutely relinquishing his private practice.

Side-Lines that Bring in Money

THE casualty or bonding companies need representatives, and are nearly always glad to have the services of a young and energetic man. There are also in the large cities a few occasional opportunities to teach or lecture in the law schools. Then there are places in the real-estate business or in building associations which the young lawyer may fill properly and from which he may draw a fair return. Also by aiding in the compilation of digests and lawbooks he may earn something. This last is apt to be a monotonous task and is not very remunerative, but it has the advantage of offering work which can be done after office hours. Law reporting is also done by some young lawyers and, to a very large extent, by men who are preparing themselves for the bar. Also a young lawyer may, if he has the knowledge, do expert accounting. Besides this, there is now, in many of the large cities, a branch of what is known as the Legal Aid Society, an organization which offers to poor people legal advice free or for a nominal fee. Young lawyers do the active legal work of this society.

When all is said and done, every man makes good in the practice of law who has the stuff in him—that is, the qualities which go to make him more efficient than his fellow-workers. And, perhaps, the first and most necessary quality is that of confidence—fighting ability, I like to call it.

The case of the lawyer, in a way, is a peculiar one. In most of the professions—certainly in medicine—almost everybody is the young man's friend and is glad to see him get ahead and, maybe, to help him. In the lawyer's case the very nature of his activities implies an enemy—a mind against which he must pit his own. Consequently, by courage and aggressiveness he must realize upon his opportunities. He must boldly meet contradiction with contradiction, thrust with counter-thrust. The peace-at-any-cost man is seldom a good lawyer—at any rate, not outside of his office.

But this does not mean a man must be quarrelsome. Indeed, next to confidence in himself, a genial, sociable disposition—a friendly attitude toward every one who is not a declared enemy—does most to win and to hold clients. A winning personality is about the best—if, indeed, it be not the only—advertisement the young lawyer can have. And allied with it should be that rare and very valuable quality which we call tact—the ability to make the best of every situation—to placate anger, to secure compromises from an opponent. After tact, perhaps, trustworthiness and promptitude—the last named, I am sorry to say, rare among lawyers—are most important.

Aside from the qualities of temperament and character I am disposed to consider that the gift of oratory is the most valuable single asset a lawyer can possess. I am aware that a great many of those who have to do with the courts will entirely disagree with me on this point, and it is true that, owing to the development of our law and the present method of conducting the courts, there would not now seem to be the same obvious encouragement of oratory as there was once. Indeed, so-called oratorical efforts generally are met with impatience or with an air of resigned boredom or with slumber on the part of the court. Judges, for the most part, will indicate by their manner that what they want in pleading—and want speedily at that—is the page and number of the case cited—in other words, quick, concise presentation of the facts in law as they relate to the cause under judgment. Anything more than this, they are apt to indicate, is a waste of time.

But once let that rare man arise who has the gift of true oratory, and, inside of a few minutes, you will see everything change.

The average jury is made up of men who appreciate good speaking; the timely shaft of wit or a hard jolt which makes the opposing counsel look ridiculous is almost sure to draw a smile or an expression of interest from them, as well as from the witnesses and very probably from the judge. Indeed, I doubt very much whether any great pleader is without forensic ability, while, on the other hand, I am very sure that nine out of ten of those quiet, scholarly gentlemen who are close students of the law, and whose judgment on points of law is constantly being sought by the initiated, are almost unknown to the public at large.

Nor do I believe that a lawyer can afford to neglect the point of view of the layman. Despite the tendency on the part of many lawyers to express indifference, if not contempt, for opinion which is not founded upon a knowledge of the law, public opinion is obviously a very big factor in the success of the lawyer, measured, as that success finally must be measured, by financial rewards. For this reason the young lawyer does well to make friends in plenty. Of course, he can overdo the matter and cultivate the social side to the detriment of his practice and study; but I am inclined to think that the average lawyer in this respect errs on the side of caution. A lawyer must necessarily use every honorable means to become widely known. In common with a winning personality, a wide acquaintance among men is his legitimate method of making himself known. For this reason many believe that there are advantages in belonging to a good club or two as well as to one or more associations which may or may not partake of a legal character.

My own office associate, very much against his inclination, one night, when he was tired out, went to a reception, where he met a judge of one of the city courts. By chance, they were pushed into a corner together for five minutes. As much out of pride as anything else my friend did his best to keep the conversation going. Three days later this same judge appointed him auditor for the accounts of a receiver, and, because of his handling of these accounts, he was brought to the attention of a business man who since has given him a good deal of profitable work.

But I ought to add that the fellow who gets to going to five-o'clock teas, receptions, banquets and the like, and who is satisfied with dressing himself for the part, exchanging a few commonplaces, and withdrawing at the first opportunity—after he has eaten—would do much better to stay at home with his elbows planted astride of a lawbook.

(*Continued on Page 27*)

A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades—By Joel Chandler Harris

From the Reminiscences of Mr. Billy Sanders, of Georgia

III

> Oh, what is the sickening shadow that swings in the field of the sun?
> The wind from the Southland whispers, "His race is surely run!"
> And the west wind sighs in answer, "The days of his years are done!"
>
> —*Herndon's Ballad of the Spy.*

I HADN'T hardly got to Graylands, as folks called the place, before I seed that thar was somethin' wrong somewhar. Some things you kin see, some things you kin feel, an' some things you kin guess at; an' them that know'd me allers said I was a purty good guesser. Fust an' fo'most thar was that Frenchman from somewhar in Canada. He allowed that he didn't keer a continental for the Union, but he had a good chance to make a right smart little pile by j'inin' the army an' gittin' the big bounty they was payin' for recruits. He tried hard for to pull the wool over my eyes, but the plain truth was that he couldn't fool me, an' I know'd by a little grin that hung aroun' the corners of his mouth that I couldn't fool him. To hear him try to talk you'd think he was a simpleton, but I never struck up wi' a much smarter man. He had been put thar for to look arter the place, an' the way he done it would 'a' pleased you. He'd be readin' a little book he had, an' all of a sudden he'd jump up, git his gun, rush around in front of the house and wave away a lot of stragglin' Yankees. It seemed like he could smell 'em a-comin'.

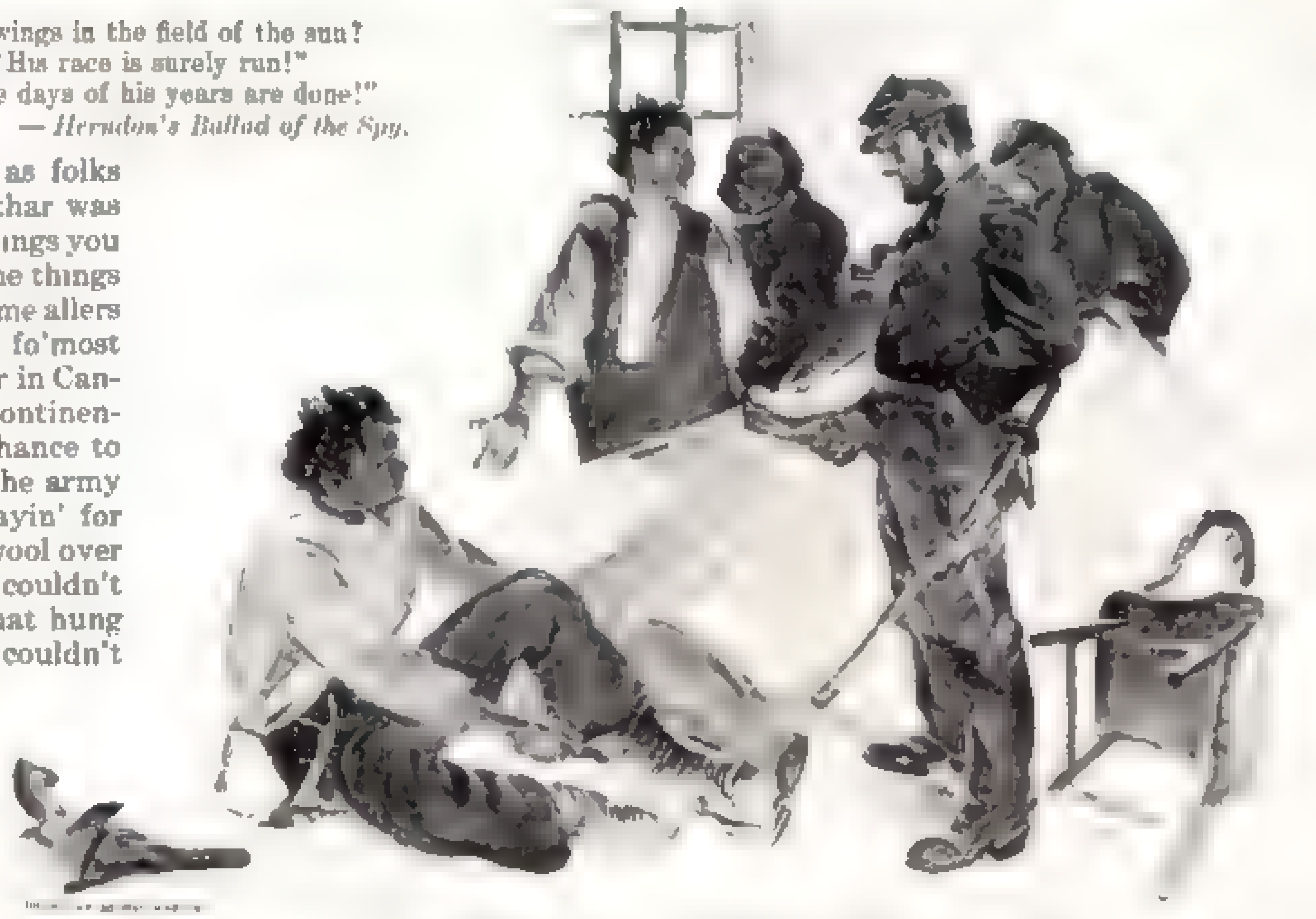
"I hadn't been thar long before I got the lay of the land, but I couldn't git it out'n my head that Frenchy know'd purty well what was in my min'. Maybe I give him too high a ratin', but I'll never believe it. Anyhow, it done me no harm for to think so, bekaze I was keerful not to raise the curtain on any of our plans when he was around. He ax'd me one day why I didn't go to Memphis. Now, me an' Mooneyham had laid off for to go that very day, an' I wonder'd how Frenchy had drapt on the plan. I never let on, but you can take oath that I didn't go nigh Memphis that day, nor the next, an' when me an' Mooneyham did go, it wuz like havin' a spell of sickness.

"But Frenchy wa'n't the only trouble. The other one was love. Jest think on it! Nothin' but plain ever'-day love—the kind you read about in books, whar male an' female look at one another two or three times an' think they are betrothed, an' atter that they've got for to have a twistin'-place! Ain't that the word? I may git it wrong, but it sounds that-a-way. You never seed two lovers that they wa'n't betrothed, an' didn't have a twistin'-place, an' wa'n't gwine roun' moonin' an' swoonin', an' thinkin' ever' minnit was gwine ter be the next. This was the case wi' Wimberly an' Margaret Featherston. She didn't know he was comin', an' arter he come she wouldn't hardly speak to him bekaze he had lost a foot. He sot in the parlor waitin' for her, an' she slipped down to the settin'-room an' peeped in, an' when she seed he had a crutch in place of a foot, she took the studs an' kinder balked; an' Wimberly, knowin' that she had seed him, waited a few minnits, an' when she didn't come, he riz an' was for gwine out'n the house an' never comin' back ag'in, an' then she run an' ketched him by his coat-tails, an' ax'd him ef that was what he come for, jest to let her see him an' then go off wi'out a word? An' how could he, of all men, be so cold an' so cruel?

"When Wimberly confided all this to me, an' sucked in his breath a time or two jest like he'd escaped the gallows, I like to 'a' lost my breakfast, an' I ax'd him for goodness' sake not to tell me any more sech stuff. I reckon he must 'a' been kinder hurt at me, but I couldn't help that. Love that ain't got a stomach for pot-licker an' collards don't go fur wi' me, bekase I never seed a 'oman that I'd sigh arter an' swaller my goozle fer. You kin count on three fingers the diff'unt kind of wimmen thar is in the world, an' when you're done countin' you can't tell t'other from which, they're all so much alike. I ain't never been so young that arry one on 'em or all on 'em could fool me, an' it speaks well for 'em that none on 'em ever tried.

"Now, don't go off an' say that I'm abusin' the seck, bekase I ain't. I like 'em all, but I ain't never had time to play like I was in love wi' 'em, or that I'd go into the gallopin' consumption ef one on 'em showed me the back of her hand. Take Margaret's cousin, Miss Olivia—I never seed a finer 'oman than what she was. Thar wa'n't nothin' in the roun' world that she wa'n't up to date in. In age she must 'a' been hov'rin' roun' twenty-eight or thirty, an' yit she was as purty as Margaret, an' as lively. She hadn't said two words to me before I seed that her two Georgia cousins had got to be a consider'ble burden on her han's. She was not only afear'd on 'em, she was afear'd for 'em; she was afear'd they'd do or say somethin' that'd git 'em in trouble. I judge that both Margaret an' her mammy had been sayin' things they ought not to. I never seed more'n a half a dozen wimmen that could control the'r tongues, an' they was born deaf an' dumb, an' I reckon that, fust an' last, thar had been some right purty quarrels, all in a good humor, but leavin' a little sting here an' thar that rankled an' burnt. One for the Union an' the other two for secession! Don't you know they had a high ol' time, an' all on 'em a-pertendin' they was carryin' off a big joke!

"Ef ever'thing had 'a' been all right betwixt 'em, Wimberly Driscoll would never 'a' got a letter by way of Baylor's mail; an' when Miss Olivia, wi' her black hair an' laughin' eyes, declar'd she hated for to see' em go, an' what a nice, happy time they'd all had together, I put down naught an' added two ciphers for to make it look big. Miss Olivia went about fixin' for to git 'em off'n her han's as quick as she could. She ax'd some of the officers to dinner, an' opened her last bottle of claret for to git 'em in a good humor. What wi' the wine an' her clever tongue, the job was done. The officers said they'd do ever'thing she wanted done, furnish a escort as fur as the'r lines went, an'



"They Didn't have No Trouble in Findin' the Papers that Claiborne had Give Us" pass through any frien's the ladies mought have. This was all she wanted, an' she done like a big load had been lifted from her shoulders.

"Wimberly Driscoll dined wi' 'em, but me an' ol' man Mooneyham kinder kept out'n sight. The background was for us, as you may say. That arternoon I mentioned to Mooneyham that we'd better crack the Memphis hick'ry-nut an' see ef thar was any goody in it for Gener'l Forrest. He had a basket of eggs, an' I had another, an' we slipped off, as we thought, an' started to town. We hadn't gone fur before I got the idee that we wa'n't gwine to git thar. We run right up on the big Frenchy I told you about. He was settin' down by a tree, his gun across his lap, a-readin' his little book. Thar ain't nothin' safer than a bluff, an' I was mighty much a-fear'd that this wouldn't work wi' Frenchy. We wa'n't in no road, the trees had been thinned out so that what had been a thick piece of timberland now looked like a park. I let Mooneyham git a leetle ahead, an' then I holler'd at him.

"'Hey!' I says, talkin' loud like he was deaf, 'maybe we can sell our eggs right here an' save the walk to town!'

"Mooneyham ketched right on like a hongry fish at a butterfly bait; he flung one han' up to his y'ear:

"'What'd you say? Didn't I hear you speak?'

"I holler'd at 'im ag'in, a leetle louder.

"'Them eggs ain't for sale,' he says; 'they've done been paid for by Colonel What's-his-name.' He got the name off all right, but I disremember what it was. The Frenchman give me the cutest look I ever seed on a grown man's face. His smile was fetchin', as he remarked that he'd like mighty well for to see the pullets that laid the eggs. It took me ontell the next day to understand what he said, his lingo was so furrin, but that didn't bother me a bit. I hollers to Mooneyham, says I:

"'He don't want no eggs; he wants to buy some settin' hens ef you got any. He wants 'em good an' ripe. He says he'll give you seven dollars apiece for the kind of hens he wants.'

"Mooneyham looked at Frenchy like he was in a circus cage.

"So I holler'd out ag'in: 'He says he don't keer ef they're bony an' feverish; that's the way he likes 'em.'

"By this time Frenchy was as much in the dark about what I was sayin' as I was about his lingo. He shook his head; he know'd somethin' was wrong, but he didn't know what. He put his little book in his pocket, picked up his gun an' riz to his feet, an' made as ef he was gwine wi' us. When bluff meets bluff, thar's allers fun for the onlooker. I shuck han's wi' Frenchy, an' said I'd be the gladdest in the world ef he'd come along, an' kinder keep his eye on me, bekaze I was a-fear'd of gittin' lost. I know'd mighty well he couldn't go all the way, an' so I took him by the arm an' made believe for to help him along. An' when he come to the bound'ry of his beat, an' stopped, I stopped too, an' tried hard for to persuade him to come on.

"Well, he couldn't come, but he wa'n't fooled; he know'd thar was somethin' up, an' he know'd that I know'd it. It's powerful errytatin' for to be in that kind of fix, but Frenchy never let on. You'd 'a' thought he was in the best humor in the world. My bluff chanced to be the biggest, an' it worked out like I thought it would, but ef he'd 'a' had jest one comrade wi' him, whar would I 'a' been? Ef you kin figger it out, I wish you would; I've tried many a time, but I never could git the right answer.

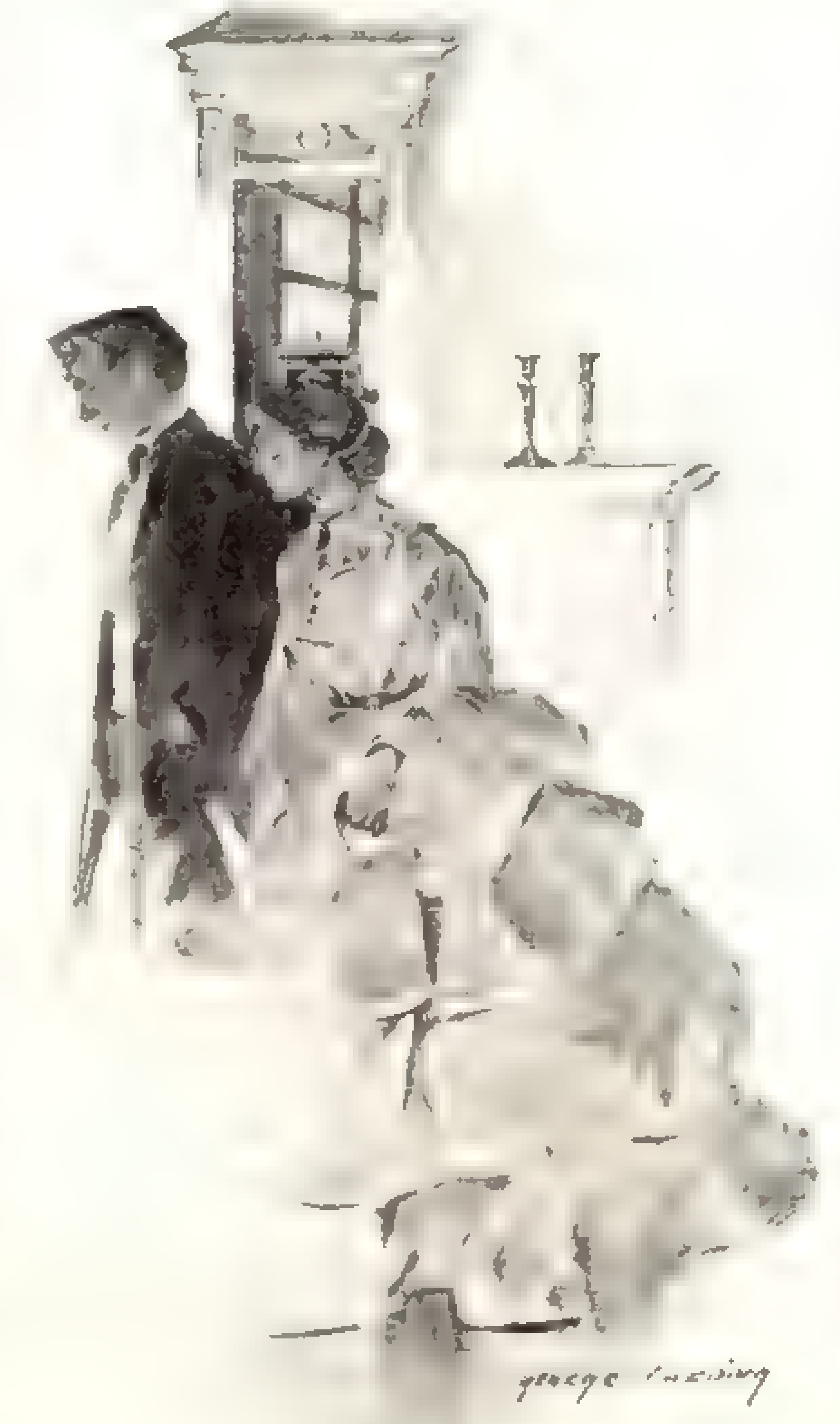
"Well, not to put ten words whar one oughter be, me an' Mooneyham went on to Memphis, an' found ever'thing wide open. Men that ought to 'a' been watchin' out for things was a-playin' sev'n up, an' ever'body looked like they was as happy as a rustyback lizard in the sunshine. I hadn't been in the town ten minnits before I seed all that Gener'l Forrest wanted to know, an' when I come out wi' Mooneyham, I tol' him he'd better start right back an' tell the Gener'l for to come on, an' be quick about it.

"When it come to Cross-an'-Piles, the sign was cross, an' so I jest took a piece of paper, draw'd a circle on it, an' made a cross mark on the inside. Wi' this in his pocket, Mooneyham started south ag'in, an' I know'd he'd make time—'Bekaze,' says I, 'you may ketch Bushrod Claiborne.'

"He fetched a little shiver, wi' 'The Lord send it!' says he.

"Well, arter the dinin' she give the officers, Miss Olivia had things purty much her own way. She tuck a notion, at the last minnit, that she'd go wi' her cousins a part of the way, an' nothin' would do but Frenchy was to go wi' her. The commander at Memphis was to choose a man, she was to choose another, an' from Memphis would come transportation for the ladies. We was to go south for four or five miles, an' then cut across Tennessee ontell we got to Chattanooga, an' arter that we'd have to trust to luck. That's what we was to do. What we done was about as much like what we laid off to do as a cowcumber is like a watermillion.

"Fust an' fo'most come the dilly-dallyin'; the wimmen couldn't hardly make up the'r minds to leave, though this was percisely what they was a-dyin' to do. They cousined an' cousined like a swarm of spring muskeeters. An' when the wimmen got good an' ready the officers that was to furnish the escort would put it off, an' when the officers was ready the wimmen foun' somethin' else to do. An' so it went, bubblin' up one day an' coolin' off the next, like a pot on a porely-fed fire. I tell you I was plum' outdone. I'd as lief tried to skin a hummin'-bird wi'out losin' a feather. On top of that, when we all got ready, Wimberly Driscoll's gray mar' couldn't be found high nor low. Drew had hid her out some'rs, an' when he went for to feed 'em that mornin' the gray mar' was gone. He had sense enough for to run an' git the rackin' roan.


"An' How Could He, of All Men, be So Cold an' So Cruel?"

"When he came for to tell me about it, he fetched the roan, an' Wimberly's houn' come wi' 'im, an' the idee struck me that maybe the dog could find the mar' better than any on us, 'specially as he begun to whine when he seed the roan all saddled an' ready for to go. Thar wa'n't no other chance, so I called to the houn' an' we went to whar Drew had hid 'er. I waved my han' at the dog, wi' a cry of 'Try for 'im, ol' fel'!' an' in less'n no time he was runnin' down the road in full cry. He foller'd the road about a mile, lost the trail, an' then picked it up ag'in at a place whar the bars of a fence was down. We humped along like we was arter a red fox, an' by the time we had gone another mile or more—it mought 'a' been furder—I seed a feller in a uniform of blue comin' my way, ridin' a hoss an' leadin' the gray mar'. I had the funniest feelin' in the world when the man got close enough for me to take a good look at him. The minnit I seed him, I know'd it was Bushrod Claiborne, an' I was warm to his little game. I know'd he had tried to steal the gray mar', an' I know'd the tale he'd tell. I seed that he know'd me, but he didn't let on, an' nuther did I. He had grow'd a big black beard sence I seed him last, but I'd 'a' know'd him ef he'd 'a' had his head in a bag.

"You'll read in books that the meanness of folks allers shows in the'r faces, but don't you nigh believe it. Bushrod Claiborne was as handsome a chap as you'd want to see, tall an' clean-lookin'. Innocence shone in his eyes, an' he had the slick look that you sometimes see in preachers. I says:

"'I thank you kindly, friend; you've saved me considerbul trouble this day, an' I wish I could pay you back as you ought to be paid!'

"He rid right up to me an' tetched me on the arm. Says he:

"'Don't say a word! I've had trouble ketchin' this creetur, but it's in the line of duty. I've got to conduct a party south, an' when I got close to whar they was, I seed this mar' runnin' wild, an' I tried for to ketch her. You see for yourself whar she carried me.'

"'Yes,' says I, 'she's a funny creetur. In some of her ways she's mighty like a 'oman.' But I thought to myself: 'You're the biggest liar outside of Satan's dominions!'

"'Why,' he says, 'I tried for to ride her, but I mought as well tried to ride the nor'west win'.'

"We both ambled back, narry one on us lettin' on that he know'd the other. But somehow I was might'ly holp up; he had tried for to steal the gray mar' an' got ketched, an' I thought it was a good sign, but I tell you right now, it come mighty nigh failin', like weather-signs fail in time of a long drouth. I dunno how Bushrod had come to be our escort. The wimmen all seemed to be happy over it, an' ef Wimberly Driscoll wa'n't happy over it, he didn't show it. The funny part about it was that Miss Olivia know'd that Claiborne was a Union spy, an' Margaret an' her mammy know'd that he was a Confederate spy. They had never mixed the'r knowledge in the same bowl; they was tryin' for to hide from one another what the man reely was, an' none of 'em know'd that he was the blackest rascal on top of the ground.

"I never let on about Claiborne tryin' for to steal Wimberly's hoss; all I said was that we had a mighty hard time tryin' for to ketch the gray mar' arter she got away. When me an' Claiborne got back, it was most too late for to make an early start, an' so we put off gwine ontell the next mornin'. I was sorter glad we did, for late that night, arter ever'body but me an' the Frenchman was in bed, we heern a mighty racket on the big road, an' I know'd then that Mooneyham had took back the news an' that Gener'l Forrest was raidin' the town. Frenchy ax'd me what the fuss was.

"'Well,' says I, 'it can't be a windstorm, bekaze thar ain't a cloud in the sky. Don' you reckon it's about time for Gener'l Forrest for to come up an' see his ol' Memphis friends? Don't you rickerlect the time when he use to live thar an' manage things for the boys?'

"Wi' that Frenchy flung his two han's in the a'r, an' said he had told his captain jest the day before that ef the Confederates wanted to run in on the Memphis garrison, thar wa'n't nothin' in the world for to hender 'em. He seemed to be glad that he was sech a talented prophet, bekaze he laughed so he had to hold his sides. Says he:

"'Doze gener'ls, doze gener'ls! I bet you dey no laugh!'

"Purty soon we heard the muskets a-cracklin', an' men a-hollerin', an' then the fox-hunt yell, an' I know'd that Captain Bill Forrest was havin' the time of his life. The fuss must 'a' woke Bushrod Claiborne, for presently he come a-stumblin' out'n the house, his beard tangled, an' his hat on crossways.

"'Barnum,' he says to the Frenchman, 'what's up in town? What's the row?'

"Frenchy flung up his han's an' shook his head.

"'As nigh as I can guess,' I says, 'Gener'l Forrest has come arter some fresh hosses, an' some cloth for to make his men some britches.'

"Well, sirs, you could 'a' brained him wi' a feather!

"'Gener'l Forrest!' he says. 'Why, shorely not—shorely not!'

"'It's him,' says I, 'an' not only that, but a man named Mooneyham is runnin' up an' down the big road down yander wi' gun an' knife, a-huntin' for a man that ought to be his daughter's husband. I tol' him that all the single men at this hotel was married, an' he went on up the road bellerin' like a town bull. I pity the folks whar he went along, bekaze they won't git no more sleep this night!'

"He sucked in a long breath, an' stood wi' his back to me while you could count ten, an' then he turned round wi' his face all screwed up like he had a mortal big pain in his stomach.

"'We must move,' he says; 'we must git away from here!'

"'What's the hurry?' says I. 'Ef Gener'l Forrest ain't a-fear'd of me, I know mighty well I ain't a-fear'd of him. I've heern so much about him I'd like to see him. Do you reckon he'd stand while I put my han' on him?'

"He didn't say a word about that, but I could see that he was skeer'd mighty nigh to death. You may say what you please, but they ain't no more pitiful sight than to see a grown man reelly skeer'd. Death is purty bad, but it's ca'm: it ain't a marker to a skeer'd grown man.

"'I tell you,' he says, 'we've got to git away from here.' Then he stopped, an' presently, says he: 'It jest can't be Forrest! He couldn't 'a' made the trip! But, all the same, we've got to git out of here.'

"'From the way you talk,' says I, 'you must be mighty well acquainted wi' Forrest.'

"'Why, we use to be partners before the war,' says he, 'an' we went in together. I jest don't want him to ketch me here when he thinks I'm some'rs else.'

"Well, sirs, hosses couldn't 'a' helt him back! He was in a panic ef ever you seed a man in one. He'd 'a' had a chill ef he had 'a' heern a hoss gallopin' in the dark. He rousted out the folks, an', by good daylight, we was on our way south, the wimmen in a carryall which was drug along the road by two brokedown army mules. Miss Olivia was wi' 'em, an' she had fixed things up so that Frenchy went along as the second escort. He was a great big blondy feller, blue-eyed an' baby-lookin'. Miss Olivia was black-haired an' bright-eyed, an' I had the idee that both on 'em had got so use to one another that brighty liked blondy an' blondy liked brighty. That's the way I put it down; the world kin git in a wrangle, an' pull ha'r an' spill blood, but they ain't no way for to keep the sandy-haired man or 'oman from the dark-complected. Think it over, an' ef you find out diffunt, send me a telegraph, freight to be paid at my end of the line. Wimberly was dark, an' Margaret Featherston was light, though in this day an' time they're mostly of a muchness.

"It was quite a whet before we heern tell how Forrest come out, but you all know the tale now—privates on a stampede, gener'ls runnin' about the streets in the'r shirt-tails, an' a kind of a wild skeer blowin' about in the a'r. You may laugh at all this, but ef you was in bed, dreamin' of the nice things that comes to you in your sleep, an' a wild hullabaloo was to break loose under your window, sensible folks would excuse you for losin' your head, an' snaggin' yourself in the tender places tryin' for to git away from thar. I never laugh loud at folks that do percisely what I'd 'a' done.

"The man I'm a-laughin' at these days is about the size an' weight of William H. Sanders, aforesaid. For many a long year I was hot mad at him for bein' anybody's fool, but, as time went on, I got so I could sleep comfertubbly in the same bed wi' 'im. Now, the trouble was that what was done wa'n't done in the dark; I had on my fur-seein' specks; an' I know'd a thing or two that nobody thought I know'd. I know'd that Bushrod Claiborne was the grandest rascal in Tennessee; I know'd that I had ketched him tryin' for to steal Driscoll's gray mar'; I know'd that he was ever'thing that Gener'l Forrest said he was; an' yit, in the face of that, I let him put a blanket over my head an' ride me into the wildwoods. As we went along Frenchy rid by the carriage, ef you could call it a carriage, an' Bushrod Claiborne rid fust by me, an' then by Wimberly Driscoll; an' I'll tell you the honest truth, honey wa'n't sweeter than that man's daily walk an' conversation.

"He had a tale to tell an' he tol' it, an' he ketched me wi' it as slick as stewed okry. Ever'body, he said, was down on him, an' allers had been, an' ef he was mean this was the reason. He'd do a man a good turn, an' it'd turn out to be a bad un; an' somethin' or other or somebody was allers comin' betwixt him an' what he wanted to do. It had been that-a-way ever sence he was a boy; when he'd turn his han' to good, it'd turn out for to be bad; an' when some un else'd come along an' do the very same thing, it'd turn out to be the best thing in the world. Day arter day he'd tell about his misfortunes, an' he'd deal wi' 'em in a way that made him out to be the wust-treated man in the world, sufferin' jest bekaze he was better'n other folks. Talk was jest as easy to him as drawin' molasses from a hogshead on a hot day, an' it was the kinder talk that eats its way into your vitals, like grubs in a plow-hoss. I know'd he was lyin' jest as well as I know'd I was ridin' along wi' him; but he built up in my mind a kind of a Bible pictur' of a lonesome an' long-sufferin' martyr. He had been fed to the lions like a pan of dough to a pen of shanghai chickens, an' he had got away by the skin of his teeth.

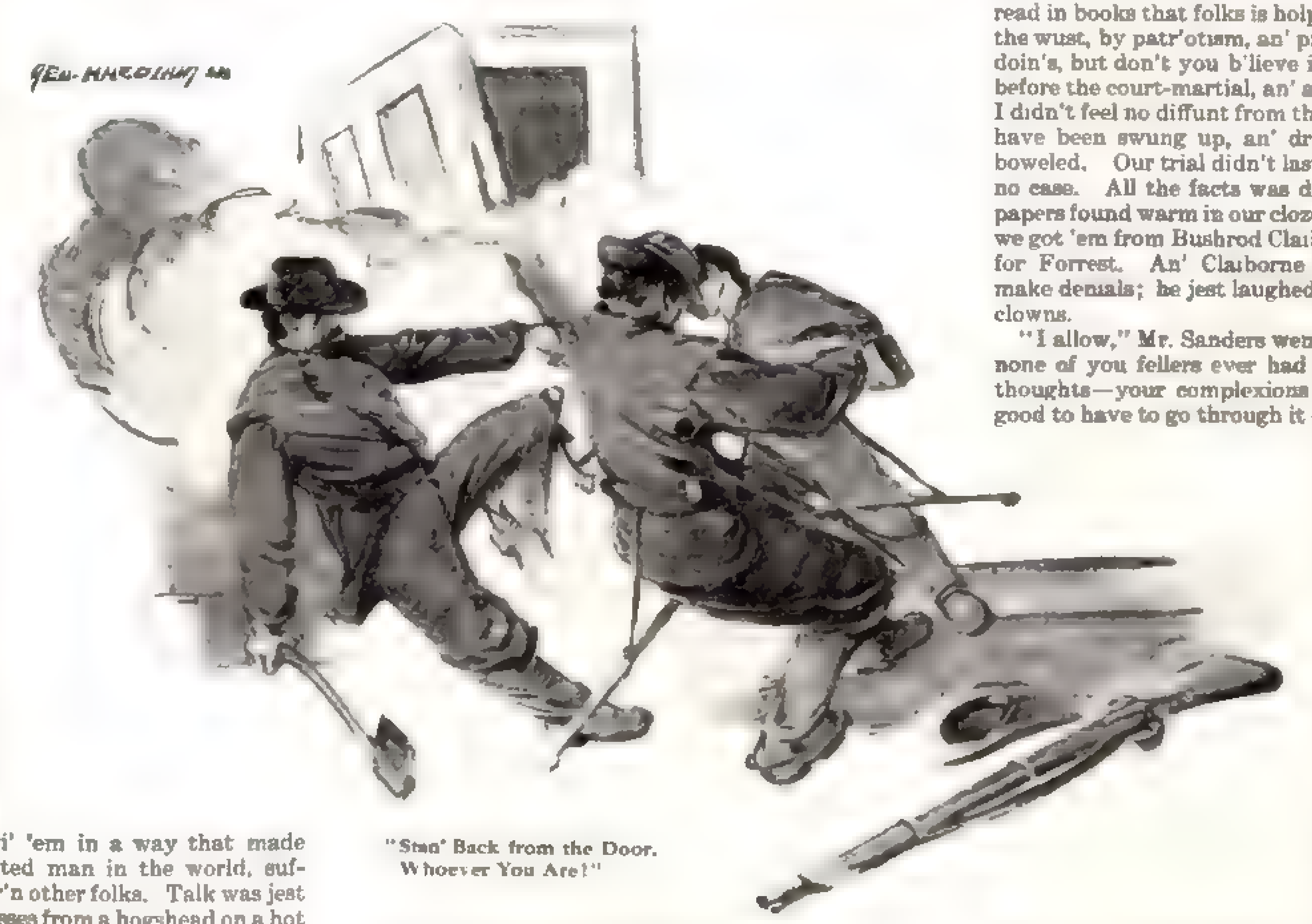
"He'd 'a' made a good preacher ef thar ever was one, an' he'd 'a' made ever' sinner in the bunch march weepin' to the mourners' bench. You may think that ain't so, but I tell you right now, it's as true as the Gospel. The feller had a way about him that you couldn't run away from. He'd seize you by the belief, same as ketchin' a pig by the tail, an' you couldn't git away to save your life. We went along slow, as I tol' you, an' by the time we got to Murfreesboro, me an' him an' Driscoll was as chummy as nine young squirrels in the same holler. Jest about the time we got thar, it was gittin' kinder dark. Frenchy was stickin' close to the wimmen, an' we was ridin' a little ahead of the mules. I noticed that somethin' or 'nother was worryin' Bushrod Claiborne, an' he looked so pale in the twilight, an' so low-spirited, that I kinder felt sorry for him, an' I up an' ax'd him what the trouble was.

"'Nothin' much,' says he; 'the times is sech that we're all bound for to have our sheer of trouble, an' it sometimes happens that a feller has to play a double part. Some on 'em in this garrison knows me, an' they think I'm wi' 'em heart an' soul. Somethin' tells me that I'm likely to be ketched here, an' I want you two to know jest how it is. Ef anything happens to me, an' you should see Gener'l Forrest, jest tell 'im that I done my duty to the last!' I must 'a' made some fuss in my goozle, bekaze he kinder smiled an' shuck his head. 'Oh, I don't doubt you have heern him cuss me out, an' ef you'd 'a' run across his brother Bill you'd 'a' heern cussin' that was still wuss. But I don't mind that; it's a part of the game. I'm actin' for Gener'l Forrest, an' I can go furder an' do more ef ever'body is of the belief that he hates me wuss'n he hates a snake. In a way, I can carry out his wishes an' desires lots better.

"'But I feel like I'm a-gwine to git ketched up wi' right in this town,' he says. 'I've got on the'r cussed uniform, an' I'm a-carryin' in my pockets a lot of papers that'll do the business for me ef they're found on me. Ef I had cloze on like you fellers, wi' passports signed by the commander at Memphis, I'd have some chance, but I've been wi' these Yankees for some months, gatherin' information that Gener'l Forrest would give a purty to git. I reely dunno what to do about 'em; I reckon I better leave 'em in the keer of the ladies,' he says.

"Well, this kinder got my dander up, an' I says, says I: 'You don't want to have the wimmen hung up as spies, do you?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'they'd be safe enough. Ef the wust come to the wust, they could say whar they got 'em. But nobody won't think about papers. I tell you right now,' he says, 'I wouldn't give that'—he snapped his fingers—'for what becomes of me, but I want them papers for to git to Gener'l Forrest, an' ef you fellers will undertake to git 'em to him, no matter what happens to me, he'll be the happiest man you ever seed, an' I think they'll be safest wi' the wimmen.'



"Stan' Back from the Door. Whoever You Are!"

"One of Wimberly Driscoll's auntcestors spoke up at that, usin' Wimberly's mouth an' tongue. He ripped out the wust oath I ever heern him use, an' says he:

"'Gi' me the papers; I'll take 'em. Do you reckon I'd let you git the ladies in trouble?'

"Bushrod Claiborne kinder hung his head at this. Says he:

"'I'll give 'em to you, but they'd be safer wi' the wimmen, an' the wimmen would be safe, too. I give both on you fair warnin' that ef the Yankees find 'em on you they ain't nothin' in the round world kin save you.'

"I took notice, though, that he was in a mighty big hurry for to give Wimberly the papers. To have so much damage in 'em thar was mighty few on 'em. I made Wimberly divide wi' me, an' in ten minnits we had done forgot about 'em

"We rid into Murfreesboro, show'd our passes, found 'em all right, seed that the wimmen was stow'd away all right, an' got a place for the men folks for to sleep. Me an' Wimberly was dead tired, an' we didn't wait for Bushrod Claiborne to come in before we tumbled down on our humble pallets, which was the best accommodation we could git. I fell right to sleep like a log in a mill-pon' an' floated around on dreams of home for quite a considerbul spell. Sometime endurin' of the night—it mought 'a' been day for all I know'd—I woke up kinder sudden like, an' I know'd by that that somethin' or other was gwine on. I didn't move, but lay thar as still as a cat a-watchin' for mice.

"Arter a while I heern feet a-shufflin' jest outside the door, an' then whisperin'. Then a knock on the door, a good-sized bang. Says I, 'Don't knock so loud on a true believer's door, but jest come right in.' The door was flung open, an' thar stood a boy in blue, wi' a file of soldiers—I could see the'r feet behind him. The officer wa'n't none too polite, I can tell you! He ordered me aroun' like he was the boss of sixteen continents.

"'We want you an' your friend,' he says. 'Git right up an' put on your cloze.' He punched Wimberly in the short ribs wi' the scabbard of his sword, an' tol' him the same.

"We flung on our gyarments, sech as we had tuck off, an' then they went through us, fust lookin' under the pallets, an' shakin' out the bedcloze. They didn't have no trouble in findin' the papers that Bushrod Claiborne had give us, bekaze they wa'n't hid, an' when they had read 'em they looked at us like they was sorry.

"Says I: 'Be keerful wi' them papers, bekaze they belong to Bushrod Claiborne, the biggest rascal in the whole divid'd nation.'

"The officer kinder smiled a sad little smile, winked at the ceilin', an' then, says he: 'You'll have to go wi' us.'

"'Ef it's a case of havin' to,' says I, 'we can't put it off ontell Christmas.'

"I tried for to be gay and light-hearted, but I know'd mighty well we was in for it. Bushrod's whole scheme appeared before my eyes like it was writ on the wall, an' ef we was in for it, 'twas our own fault an' nobody else's. He wanted Margaret Featherston, an' he know'd he didn't have no chance while Wimberly Driscoll, crippled as he was, was on top of the ground. He had set a trap for us, an' we had walked right in it wi' our eyes open. You may read in books that folks is holp up, when the wust comes to the wust, by patr'otism, an' princerple, an' all them kinder doin's, but don't you b'lieve it. When we was hauled up before the court-martial, an' ax'd nine thousand questions, I didn't feel no diffunt from the rest of the malefactors that have been swung up, an' draw'd an' quartered an' disboweled. Our trial didn't last long, bekaze we didn't have no case. All the facts was dead ag'in us. Thar was the papers found warm in our cloze. All we could say was that we got 'em from Bushrod Claiborne, who said he was actin' for Forrest. An' Claiborne didn't take the trouble to make denials; he jest laughed at us like he would at circus clowns.

"I allow," Mr. Sanders went on, rubbing his chin, "that none of you fellers ever had occasion to set up wi' your thoughts—your complexions don't look like it. Yit it's good to have to go through it ef you kin come out all right. It'll take all the starch an' stiffenin' out of you, an' never ag'in while the worl' stan's will you take the notion that you're a little better than some un else. Well, we was tried, convicted, an' sentenced for to be hung at half-past seven the second day—we had jest forty-eight hours to set up wi' ourselves. Wimberly had some gold pieces in his cloze, an' I had a few. He wanted me to take 'em an' clear out ef I could. Bein' crippled, he had no chance to git away. I reckon maybe we could 'a' bought the jailer, ef the jailer hadn't 'a' been Bushrod Claiborne. I found that out by rappin' at the door ontell they opened it, an' thar was Claiborne lookin' as pious as a circuit-rider.

"'What do you want?' says he.

"Says I: 'I did want to speak to a white man'—an' then I turned away. He tried hard for to find out what I wanted, but narry one on us would look at 'im, much less speak to him.

"It ain't no use to tell you about our thoughts when we was left by ourselves. Time went by, as time will, an' the mornin' come when we was to walk on air. Considerin' ever'thing, we wa'n't feelin' so bad. I tried, an' found that I could crack a joke jest as well as I kin now, an' Wimberly Driscoll could laugh at it jest as loud as he ever did. A man fetched our breakfust about six, an' put it down mighty solemn-like.

"'Thank you, friend,' says I; 'you're comin' to the funer'l, I hope?' He stood an' stared at us, an' shook his head. 'Ax all the boys,' says I, 'an' give us a good send-off.'

"The man went out like he was skeer'd, the door slammed on us, an', funny as it may sound, that was the last I saw of the man or anybody like him.

"Whilst I was chawin' on my hardtack, I took notice that ever'thing was still as death in the hallway of the jail whar the gyuards was allers playin' seven-up or poker. An' then, about a mile away, come the boom-along of a ten-pounder. Then we could hear folks runnin' aroun' an' about, an' hosses a-gallopin'. Then ever'thing was still ag'in for a right smart whet. I know'd somethin' was

(Continued on Page [illegible])

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¶ "Roosevelt Did It"—
the gamblers that Wall Street
couldn't stand for say so

Wall Street

ON MONDAY, Tuesday and Wednesday (October 21, 22 and 23), call money was readily obtainable in Wall Street at rates averaging about three and a half per cent. The statement of the New York associated banks "made a favorable exhibit"—to quote the Financial Chronicle. The Treasury Department had been steadily increasing its deposits in the banks, the total reaching 164 million dollars. For more than a week the Bank of France had been befriending New York by refusing to advance interest on gold in transit, thus averting exports of the metal from this country. And London bankers, by repurchasing American securities which they had previously sold, checked an advance in sterling exchange which threatened to draw gold from New York to England.

Realizing the strain upon credit, in short, the great fiscal agencies at Washington, Paris and London were extending their power to prevent an acute disturbance. Unquestionably, they realized also that this country itself was sound and immensely prosperous, bulging with marketable products, and well in the way of the liquidation that would relieve the pressure on money.

Such was the story of the first half of the week. But on Thursday the corner in United Copper collapsed. This corner was an operation having no more relation to trade and industry than a faro game has. A few men thought they saw a grand opportunity to squeeze certain brokers who were short. So they made a pool of the stock and put the price up to 60. Then, as usual, one unloaded on the others.

United Copper dropped from 60 to 10. The Stock Exchange suspended one of the operators; and New York awoke to a realization that these manipulators were in control of several banks. Buying the stock of one bank, they borrowed money upon it with which to buy the stock of another, and thus came into guardianship of millions of deposits. The effect upon bank depositors of this realization was naturally alarming. A run was started upon a number of institutions with many millions of deposits, and several soon suspended payment. Call money rose to 125 per cent. and was unobtainable at that. The stock market was in a panic. The reason was that the very heart's blood of business—confidence in the banks—had been impaired by a realization that certain banks were in control of a clique of speculators. And yet there are men in Wall Street who say, and really believe, that the President did it.

The Crime

A CRIME was committed. Stock-market panics do not necessarily mean anything to the country at large. Wall Street had indulged in a number of such fits during the year, with no appreciable effect beyond the Alleghanies. The real United States, busy with vast and rich industry, cared nothing that certain paper-markers were sold at one price rather than another. On the Stock Exchange St. Paul was "off" forty-five points; but out in the Northwest the great railroad was carrying more goods and passengers and employing more men than ever before. What did the people of Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota care about the figure on the tape? It told of nothing they were interested in.

It is common knowledge that the feeling in the country at large was confident, even buoyant. People dealing with the actual facts of industry were not frightened by lower quotations on stocks. But bank failures are a different matter. They touch the fundamentals of all business. The bank credit moves the cotton and corn, the ore and lumber, and is as vital to industry as physical transportation itself. To destroy the credit of the bank is as much a crime against society as to destroy a railroad bodily. The men whose conduct is responsible for impairing bank credit in New York committed a crime.

Too much, we have often thought, has of late been charged to Wall Street. But the more recent developments leave less room for that opinion. Performing many very useful offices, containing many men as honest, able, broad-minded and public-spirited as can be found in business anywhere, the Street is still a place where rogues may and do work deep injury to the public. The sporting bankers should have been thrown out before and not after they had done their harm.

There is virtue in the Street, but it becomes militant only under an irresistible pressure of necessity. The Street must clean house thoroughly; it must purge itself.

A Remedy

WHAT the country most needs, in such a situation as developed in Wall Street the latter part of October, is just a word of unimpeachable authority. Whoever, in that disturbance, withdrew a bank deposit to hoard it, picked at the underpinning of the house in which we all live. Only the people have money. It is their twelve thousand millions on deposit in the banks that carries on the commerce of the country. If wage-earners, salaried men, proprietors of small businesses should concertedly withdraw their bank deposits they would thereby automatically throw themselves out of employment and into bankruptcy. No one deliberately pulls down the roof over his head. There could have been no reasonable doubt of the soundness of practically all the banks. Yet there were some activities in the roof-pulling line because a considerable number of persons were, for the moment, unreasonably frightened. What the country then needed was simply a convincing word of assurance; somebody who would be believed, who could say, "Don't shut off the water supply because a fire alarm has been turned in; let your deposits alone, and you will certainly not be hurt." A Government bank, probably, could say this word convincingly. The Wall Street disturbance strengthens the argument for such an institution.

Art and Democracy

THEY are, after all, to have a season of grand opera in Chicago this winter. The operas are to be given in a large, rude, brick structure, situated in a somewhat untidy neighborhood. The structure was originally occupied by a panorama, then, we believe, by a sort of dime museum, and, later, as a barracks. There were possibilities in its construction and location which suggested that it might finally be converted into a livery stable; but, fortunately, grand opera came along and secured it in the nick of time.

Chicago, as is well known, has one of the largest and most beautiful theatres in the world, named the Auditorium, which was especially built for, and is peculiarly well adapted to, grand opera. The Auditorium, however, is no longer available for that use, being continuously and most prosperously occupied by a fifty-cent vaudeville enterprise.

In the circumstances above stated many good people have found cause for great dejection. But it seems to us that they are all wrong. In no capital of Europe, it is true, would you find fifty-cent variety in a palace and grand opera in a barn; because, broadly speaking, in such capitals the allotment of accommodations is arranged by the comparatively few people who pay three dollars, and not by the much larger number who pay fifty cents. Being incomparably larger and richer, the fifty-cent crowd in Chicago naturally takes the best house. The music will sound just the same in Hubbard Court as in Congress Street. What galls is the thought that the most fashionable entertainment must yield place to the most popular.

Personally we wish that the variety patrons, being overlords of the city, would choose to hear Siegfried rather than Love Me and the World is Mine; but the kernel of the whole matter is that they can choose exactly what they please and have it served just as they like.

As She is Taught

HOW English should be taught in high school is endlessly debated. That results yielded by present methods are deplorably puny when measured against the expenditure of time, energy and money is admitted. The seductive method, as compared with the compulsive, appears to be gaining ground. The tendency is to rely rather more upon a reading of Ivanhoe to prompt literary thirst and rather less upon Burke's speech on Conciliation of the Colonies.

The argument, on one hand, is that the immature pupil must be forced to acquaintance with certain rather formidable masterpieces, and when his taste is thus formed he will naturally acquaint himself with the more entertaining classics. On the other hand, it is urged that if the pupil is led to associate English literature with painful drudgery he will have no zest for volunteer experience of it.

The fact appears to be that whichever method is employed the average result is about the same: that an immense number of youths, whether they have been drilled on Burke or enticed with Scott, quit high school in a regrettably unenthusiastic state as regards English Letters.

Responsibility falls proximately upon the teacher. The right teacher could undoubtedly quicken cultural germs in the adolescent mind even with the use of Burke's immortal speech—or with last year's almanac. But the teacher may justly shift the responsibility to the system. To the eighth grade the public schools are, in general, a growth from the bottom upward. But the high school, intended to take the place of preparatory schools for colleges, is a growth from the top downward. As a forcing-house between grammar school and college—although only a very small percentage of those who enter it enter a collegiate course—the high school hasn't time to do anything very well.

The Second Trust Conference

IF THE speeches at the Civic Federation's two trust conferences may be taken as reflecting public thought upon the subject, about all that the people have discovered concerning the trust in the last seven or eight years is that it has come to stay. And that discovery, we think, is a highly important and valuable one.

At the conference of nearly a decade ago, following the big industrial promotions, the debate was largely between those who wanted the consolidations dissolved by law and those who thought they should be permitted to exist—at least during reasonably good behavior. But at this last conference trust-busting was evidently little in favor, and the speeches that carried most weight practically all began with the premise that the big unit is a permanent fact. While opinion was somewhat vague as to what we can do with the trust, it was tolerably clear upon the proposition that one thing we can't do with it is to destroy it.

This strikes us as hopeful. If the point has been as firmly established as the speeches might be taken to indicate, to have got that far with the problem in seven years is really encouraging. When the trust is recognized as a permanent fact we shall probably begin to find out what to do with it. When the anti-trust clause of the Sherman Act is repealed the way will be open, at least, for useful legislation. If the next seven years develop any major leaning as to just what that legislation should be—as to just how the country may safely and profitably undertake the very intricate problem of dealing with some instances of private monopoly which control a staple article of consumption—we shall say again that encouraging progress has been made.

The Poet Laureate

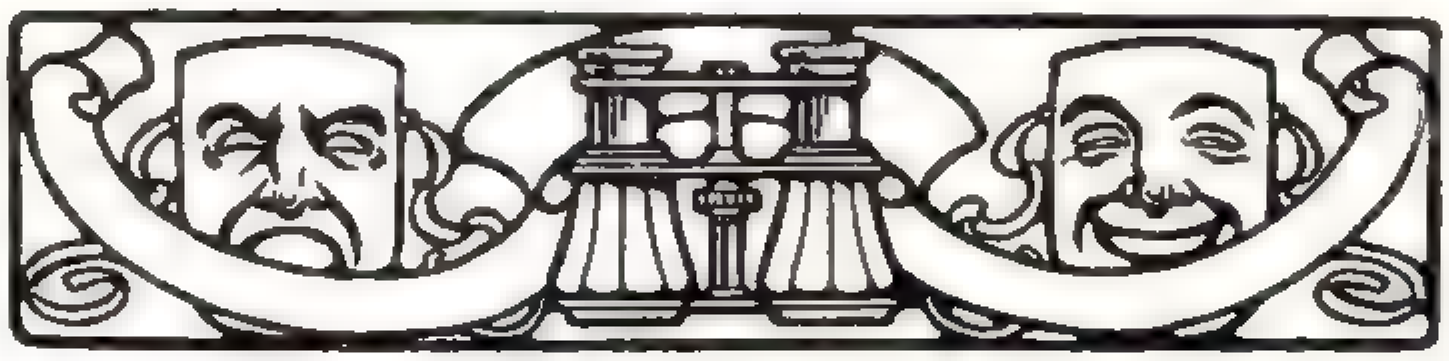
KIPLING spoke in Toronto the other day. What attracted attention was not the substance of his utterance, but the fact that he had made one. A dozen years ago his was, without doubt, the most potent voice in the English-speaking world. Of late it has been heard so little that the Toronto expression came as a sort of reminiscence.

In What is Art? Tolstoy says: "In every period and in every society there exists an understanding of the meaning of life which represents the highest level to which men of that society have attained—an understanding defining the highest good at which that society aims. This understanding is the religious perception of the given time and society. The religious perception of our time, in its widest application, is the consciousness that our well-being, both material and spiritual, lies in the growth of brotherhood among all men—in their loving harmony with one another." And he declares that all art is valued finally according to its consonance with this highest general aspiration of its time.

If that view should be correct, Kipling, the poet of imperialism, force and obedience to constituted authority, could not long be accepted as the uncrowned laureate of this democratic time.

And, while admiring his imperial poetry, no doubt, British subjects in Vancouver wish very much to shut out British subjects from Hindustan, and the latest British tariff law—that of Australia—unfeelingly erects a high stone wall of protection against exports from the poetically-beloved Mother Country.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY



Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Ways of a Genius

OF DAVID BELASCO it has been asserted that he is the genius of the American drama. In support of this claim there are a multitude of eccentricities—those motes that dance in the sunbeams of greatness.

When a fashionable audience called him again and again before the curtain of his new Stuyvesant Theatre on its opening night, October 16 of this year, to clap and shout its approval of the playhouse he had erected, the play he had written, the star he had developed and the production he had made, it saw a small man with the hint of the Orient about him. Dark eyes, shining like jewels, yet with a half-preoccupied expression, peered softly at them from a handsome-featured, olive-complexioned face, framed in a tumbling mass of curling gray hair. He wore the high black coat, waistcoat and high collar of the cleric. About him hung an atmosphere of shyness and abstraction. The soft voice in which he stammered his never-varying curtain speech, the three invariable words—"I thank you," several times repeated—each time with a low bow, had a melancholy accent. His face was melancholy, his postures were melancholy, and he seemed the only sad person in the house.

Around a circle of smiling friends went the remark, "He looks sad." "Of course he looks sad—because he's hungry—you know he can't sleep for three days before a new production, and he forgets the taste of food."

The Dollar Bills on the Doors

CONCENTRATION, the power of detachment from every consideration except the immediate concern, is a power so developed in David Belasco that there is record that before the opening performance of one of his productions he did not sleep for eighty-five hours. For every such waste of vitality there is a corresponding penalty. After one of his openings, which are milestones in the dramatic and fashionable life of New York, he is the most wretched of men for two weeks, for he is tormented by neuralgia as few men are tormented.

Except on those gala nights when the public demands sight of him, David Belasco is practically invisible at his own theatre in the hours when the footlights are burning and the players are trying to body forth his ideas. Yet he is about—silently and unaggressively, almost uncannily, present. For, unobtrusive by nature, he never stands in the aisles, never ostentatiously sits or stands at the rear of the theatre, with notebook in hand, as is the habit of less modest producers. He slips about in the shadows of the playhouse, sits behind half-drawn curtains, peers at the stage from the darkest portion of the gallery. He is as soundless as a spirit. Yet on the stage his actors are always nervous—they never permit themselves for a second to "let down," for that second might be the one in which the "governor" is peering from hand-shaded eyes at their bit in the play. His actors never fear David Belasco. They are always in awe of him, and never so much so as when he looks at them from beneath the hand that shades his eyes for more concentrated vision. Nothing ever escapes him when he "looks like that," they say.

In those moments of gazing at the stage, which is at once his workshop and his playground, David Belasco is himself, intent upon the one sole interest of his curiously concentrated life. But later there stands blinking before the box-office of his theatre a very different personage—one who shrinks visibly from the inquisitive gaze of the loungers about the lobby, a man wrapped in a long overcoat in all but the midsummer seasons, with a square derby hat set negligently upon his thick, gray hair. He receives, with thanks, from the imposing-looking treasurer an accustomed nightly ten-dollar bill. He blinks again, owl-like, as he steps into the street. A waiting cabman indicates himself by a sigh, and David Belasco thanks him, and steps into the cab and is driven slowly to his home on West Seventy-eighth Street.

Arriving there he does something odd. There are three doors opposite the landing on the third floor of his home, at each of these doors he stops, fumbles in the pocket of his huge overcoat, takes out one of the dollar bills that the cabman has graciously returned to him after the fare and tip have been abstracted, and tacks it on the door. The doors are those of the rooms of Mrs. Belasco and his daughters, Misses Augusta and Reina.

To the star at the theatre has also gone a dollar, be that star David Warfield, Blanche Bates or Frances Starr, for "being good." On the nights when the stars do not play well, or when they have been ill-humored, they get no dollar.

When an actor has rehearsed especially well, the playwright-manager shows his delight by walking over to him and presenting him a coin from the loose change in his pocket. Whether it be gold or silver, of small or large denomination, the first coin his fingers have touched in their exploration of his pocket is theirs. Some new actors have been embarrassed by the proffer from the melancholy-eyed man; others have stared haughtily at him while the blood of indignation mounted their cheeks. A whisper from one of the old members of his company is needed: "Take it! It's one of the governor's little ways. We are all children to him and he treats us as such."

Mr. Belasco never scolds his players, never raises his voice from its pleasantly low pitch to adjure them to improve. He talks gently to them—"woos them," he says, "as one would woo a woman." One actor in the new company which is playing The Grand Army Man tried again and again to read a line as the author-producer wished. David Belasco was patient, but at each reading his habitual sadness deepened. He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out all that it contained, a dime, and placed it on the table before him, and said:

"Now, try once more. If you read the line right this time you get that."

Thus adjured, the actor tried. David Belasco said no word, but the dime went back into his pocket.

He always tries to spare the actor's feelings. When he has found it impossible for the actor to read a line as he has written it, he has often said: "Well! Well! How did I come to write such a stupid line! We'll change it! There, now, you read this better—of course; it is a better line."

He works practically without rest and without sleep. Since he came to New York a penniless boy, twenty-five years ago, he has never been out of his studio or his theatres for four days, except when the neuralgia penalty is laid upon him for excessive work.

"People say to me—rest. Rest!" he exclaimed. "I can't rest while there is anything to be done. I promise, but I rest by working—for me work is rest."

Two Slices of Pie Each Day

HIS tastes are simple. Across the street is a dairy lunch-counter where David Belasco goes boldly, striding a stool, and looking with a child's pleased expectancy down the long counter for his favorite edible—pie. Two slices of pie, one of custard, the other of apple, a glass of milk, and the manager, refreshed in body and spirit, runs most undignifiedly back across the street, dodging cars with the pained surprise of a countryman, and reënters his office to conjure more amusement miracles.

In many respects he is like a child. "He would give away everything he has in the world if we didn't restrain him," cry his harassed men of business. He is the ideal Democrat of Jefferson's dreams. He has no conception of the passage of time. His personal representative, who accompanies him home, has sat on the doorstep on midwinter nights, a literally freezing audience, while Mr. Belasco, afire with a new idea of dramatic effect, acted the parts of all the chief scenes of a new drama on the sidewalk.

When the Belascos moved into the neighborhood the policeman threatened arrest for disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. Mr. Belasco's abstracted offer of a dollar made the guardian of the peace snort angrily. A dramatic scene, not in the plans of the manager, was about to ensue when Mrs. Belasco and her daughters arrived from an after-the-opera supper.

At one of the crises of his life, when the great man of the theatre had achieved a personal triumph, having secured the indictment of business enemies for conspiring in the suppression of trade, he by his own confession showed his gratification in the most unexpected manner.

While the enemy writhed under the judge's words, the enemy's eyes wandered to the face of the complainant. The stored-up wrath of many years exhibited itself in no illuminating flash of countenance, no irrepressible eloquence of eye or word. David Belasco stuck out a derisive tongue.

He speaks always in terms of sentiment. He who has discovered and developed many obscure dramatic persons, when asked how he recognizes talent, has no formula as to voice or walk or appearance. He waves beauty away as of no relevance.

"I select the person from whom I can feel something passing across the footlights to me, and something passing from me to him."

This is his formula of discovery of undeveloped talent—of possible genius.

Snapped the Cabman's Whip

HABITUALLY gentle, he was once arrested in Paris for flying into such a passion with a cabman that he broke the man's whip and tossed the pieces into the street. But this rare rage was evoked by the cabman's beating of his horse. Again and again the cabby's distinguished fare had said, "Don't beat the horse. We are going fast enough."

But the *cocher* did not hear him or else he would not heed.

David Belasco leaned over him, snatched the whip from his hand and, breaking it, hurled it into the street.

He paid a heavy fine, but he had the compensation of patting the abused horse's head and feeding him a large apple.

He admits his intense superstition. Reared upon the stage, since the days when he was carried on as a baby by Julia Dean Hayne in East Lynne, he is inoculated with its theories of signs and omens. He carries a pocketful of rusty nails and medals and threadbare amulets. In San Francisco is a black pearl that Adelaide Neilson gave Belasco six weeks before her death, and which he does not carry because he believes the carrying would be portentous.

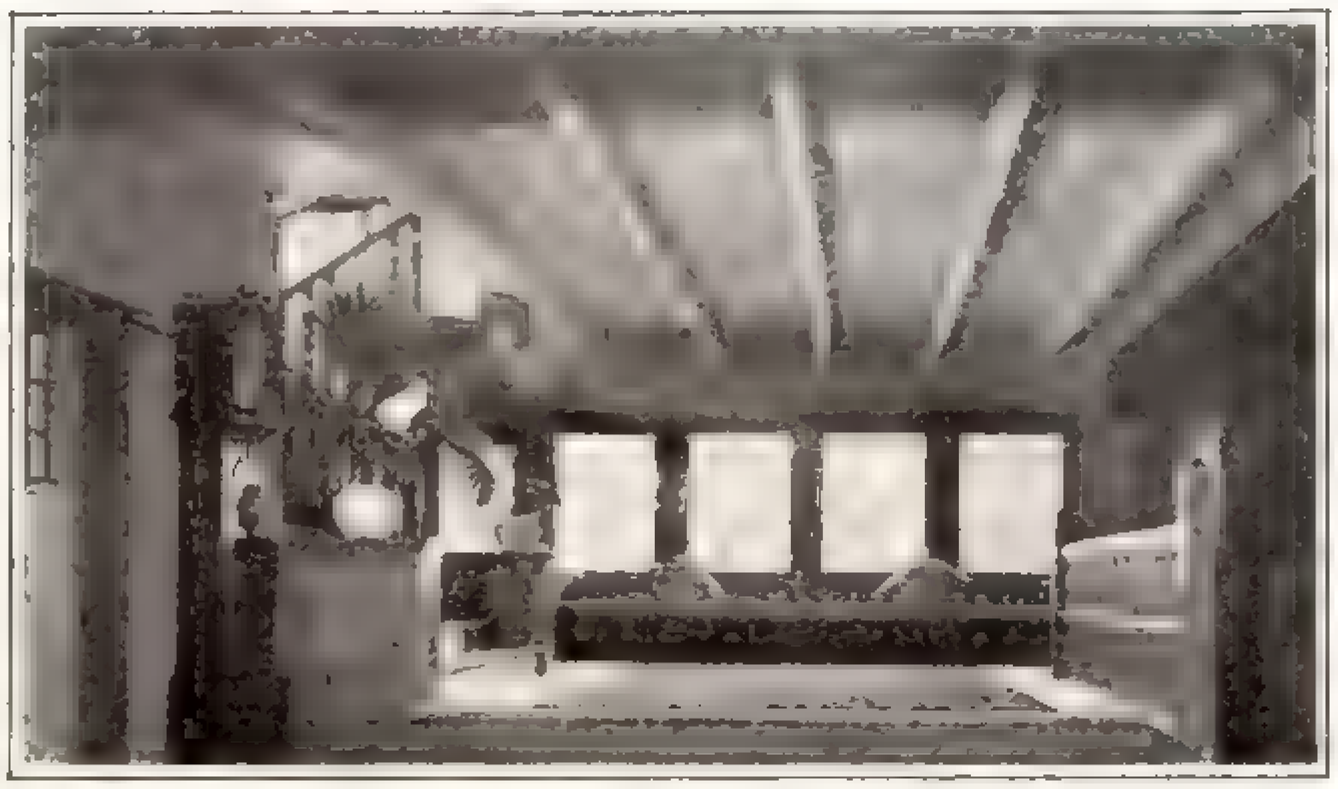
Resourceful at all other times, he is helpless when his two beautiful, fashionable daughters, tired of society, tired of amusing themselves, say: "Papa, what shall we do? We have nothing to do."

He, the tireless toiler, is powerless before this unaccustomed vista of the idle, luxurious life. He reflects. At last he has an inspiration. Into his pocket goes a generous hand.

"Buy a hat!" he cries.

While he is writing a play there is always on his desk a bottle of smelling-salts. In his odd fashion of acting a play and speaking the words of dialogue that occur to him while a watching and listening stenographer takes rapid notes of the half-unconscious words, he becomes intent, absorbed, stirred to the depths by a scene of his imagination. In some of these scenes his stenographer has become alarmed, has called loudly for a physician, for, in the fervor of his intellectual creation, David Belasco has fainted. In his boyhood, his young manhood, he sought, and in his middle life—he is forty-nine—he still seeks, the hospitals and morgues where he sees character in extremes. "I have squeezed my way into the solemn moments of the lives of women and men," he admits, "because I have a profound sympathy with life."

YOUR HOME



A Seat Under Grouped Windows

Making it Comfortable

THERE is probably nothing more difficult of accomplishment than to make a home comfortable. At first thought it is hard to realize this. One is apt to think that, with a home actually secured, it is an easy matter to give comfort to it. But it is really a difficult matter, this of comfort giving, involving not only a knowledge of building and furnishing, but a knowledge of human nature and individual idiosyncrasies as well. What would be comfort for one man or one family might be the very reverse of comfort for another man or another family.

And, too, a home should give comfort without neglecting propriety and beauty. It should give comfort without permitting the comfort to degenerate into an effect of slothfulness, of too great ease, or of too great informality. Nor should it be forgotten that the kind of comfort which involves the loss of propriety and beauty is not comfort to those who love proper standards of good taste. On the contrary, it is to such people a distinct discomfort.

All this is of deep importance, for the effect of home upon character is quite as important as the effect of character upon home. In fact, one's character and the character of one's home are inseparable. A slothful character expresses itself in the home; conversely, a slothful home influences the character of him who dwells in it. And, too, the influence upon the young is of vital importance. So much of success in life depends upon the character and the habits of mind acquired in youth that every effort should be put forth, by the older members of a family, to make the home influences of the best possible kind.

And thus, for a variety of reasons, the aim should be to attain that valuable desideratum, comfort, without the loss of dignity and fineness, of propriety and charm.

The attainment of comfort must not be belittled, for its absence is a serious menace to temper and to happiness. "Bare walls make a gadding housewife," grimly remarked that eminent judge of women, Fielding; and he might well have added that bare walls and a gadding housewife will infallibly make an increase of trouble in geometrical progression.

Comfort does not mean merely the having of easy chairs and easy beds, important though these things are. Coziness is comfort, and homelikeness is comfort, and an air of completeness and serenity is comfort.

As to chairs, there are great differences of taste, dependent not only upon differences in individuals, but upon divergent desires of the same person. There are times when nothing but a rocker or a great fireside chair will give comfort; there are other times when a rigid, rush-bottomed chair is precisely what one desires. And, as to dissimilar individuals, there are some who find comfort in lounging-chairs which are absolute misery for people who have from childhood been accustomed to sit up straight. It is seldom that a chair which a man considers exceptionally comfortable is comfortable for a woman.

This matter of training and custom is far more important than is usually supposed. There was anciently a time when people reclined upon couches when they ate; they would have deemed it impossible to sit comfortably upon the dining-room chairs of the present day. Yet nobody nowadays thinks straight-backed chairs uncomfortable when dining.

In fact, one comes to realize that the appetite for comfort may be directed and controlled; which emphasizes the importance of aiming at what is best and the further importance of influencing the young.

Part of every house—at least one room in addition to the bedrooms—should be especially a room of physical comfort.

After all, the idea was long ago well expressed in the query: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" Shall I not, in other words, at the conclusion of a day's work or a day's journey, take a comfortable seat at a comfortable fireside, in that part of one's home where the innlike quality of physical comfort has been brought into existence?

The American seems to demand a rocking-chair for comfort, and in such a room it is admirably in place. Yet one need not look upon even rocking-chairs as a primal necessity, for they came in only at the time of the Revolution, and before that the generations easily found physical comfort without them; again showing this, how much we are influenced by custom in our ideas of the supposedly necessary. And at this there comes the picture of a dear and gentle friend, the granddaughter of an old-time celebrity, attending a series of country auctions in the quest of an old, wide, easy "Boston Rocker," such as she had known in her girlhood days, so that she should be comfortable when sick. Nor need such a chair have the usual squirmy cushion in the seat!

After allowing exceptions for times of rest and sickness, one should aim toward practically realizing that the highest sense of comfort comes from surroundings of dignity and beauty and grace.

Where Reform Should Begin

Remembering that a great part of comfort is the saving of labor, pay all heed to this. Begin with the kitchen. If you can make life easier for the servant she will give you better service. Have places for things out of the dust. Have a broom closet, a nail for the ironing board, a shelf for the scrubbing buckets, a rack for the scouring soap and the polishes. Have the lighting good at night, both near the cooking range and near the table. Have a bread-mixing machine, and the best laundry appliances. Because your grandmother's clothes were wearily washed by rubbing a rough board with them is no reason why that primitive method should be followed. We might as well go back to the way of the European peasants, who still carry their washing to a river bank and pound them heavily with a stone upon a stone. Nowadays there are washing machines and fine wringers and centrifugal dryers and marvelous soaps and labor-saving mangles—all sorts and conditions of devices—and we should experiment till we find the best.

Be ready to change, instantly, whatever is unfit. We know of two households, each of them extremely well-to-do, who have, one for five years and the other literally for twelve, put up with kitchen sinks of insufferable and unusable height. In each of the houses the sink is so low that it cannot be used in washing dishes; in each of the houses the dishes, day after day, month after month, year after year, have been, and still are, uncomfortably and untidily washed on the kitchen table, on account of a fault that should have been remedied within the first week of occupancy. And this is but typical of many another fault, easily remediable, but never remedied, in many another house.

Plan to save needless steps. In our own case, taking a house a few years ago, we found no communication between china-closet and kitchen except by an inconvenient way through the dining-room. It was extremely disadvantageous; but a carpenter in only two hours' work made a neat, square hole, through the wall, on the level of the lowest shelf, and just occupying the space between that and the shelf above.

Once you have begun to think definitely of time-saving it will surprise you how much you can accomplish. You will no longer permit the necessity of "climbing over the house to unlock the little gate," as Shakespeare expresses it.

Be sure that the arrangement of your rooms is the best possible. If you build, study convenience and intercommunication with greatest care; study stairways and doors and the mutual dependence of rooms, for few things are more vital. And if you take a house already built, enter it with the thought that you are ready, if convenience and comfort are thereby to be gained, to change the dining-room into the kitchen, or the kitchen into the sitting-room, or, in short, to alter the use of any of the rooms.

One of the most admirable and entirely successful changes we ever saw accomplished was the changing of a kitchen into a library, and at the same time the changing of another room into the kitchen. The once-while kitchen made a beautiful and most attractive library, and at the same time the changing of another room into the kitchen made a great increase of convenience, and a great daily saving of needless steps; and in all there was thus an increase of comfort for every member of the household.

But alteration of a house or a room must not be understood to mean mutilation. Martha Washington, in her old age, at Mount Vernon, had a square hole cut in the bottom of her bedroom door so that her favorite cat should always be able to go back and forth. But although this was dictated by her love for a pet, and by her own feebleness and consequent inability to get up easily and open the door, it is scarcely an example to be followed, although for the aged widow of our first President one would not have criticism, even if she had had a smaller hole cut for the kittens as well. For average people it is an example of something to avoid: spoiling the appearance of a house to gain a comfortable end. Fortunately, one can so train himself as to find more discomfort than comfort in a mutilated house.

Among the things which make admirably for comfort is having a room-of-all-work on the second floor; not an extra bedroom, bathroom or sewing-room, but one in which clothes may be brushed and cleaned, and rainy garments hung to dry; perhaps where silver may be cleaned, shoes brushed and other odd jobs done. Many an otherwise well-ordered household has no such room as this, great though are its utility and its comfort-making qualities. In building or buying a house it is always well to get one a little larger than seems really necessary, for extra house room is an excellent thing.

It is important, too, that there be a "scullery"—although the name has disagreeable associations, principally from the universal habit of old-time British authors

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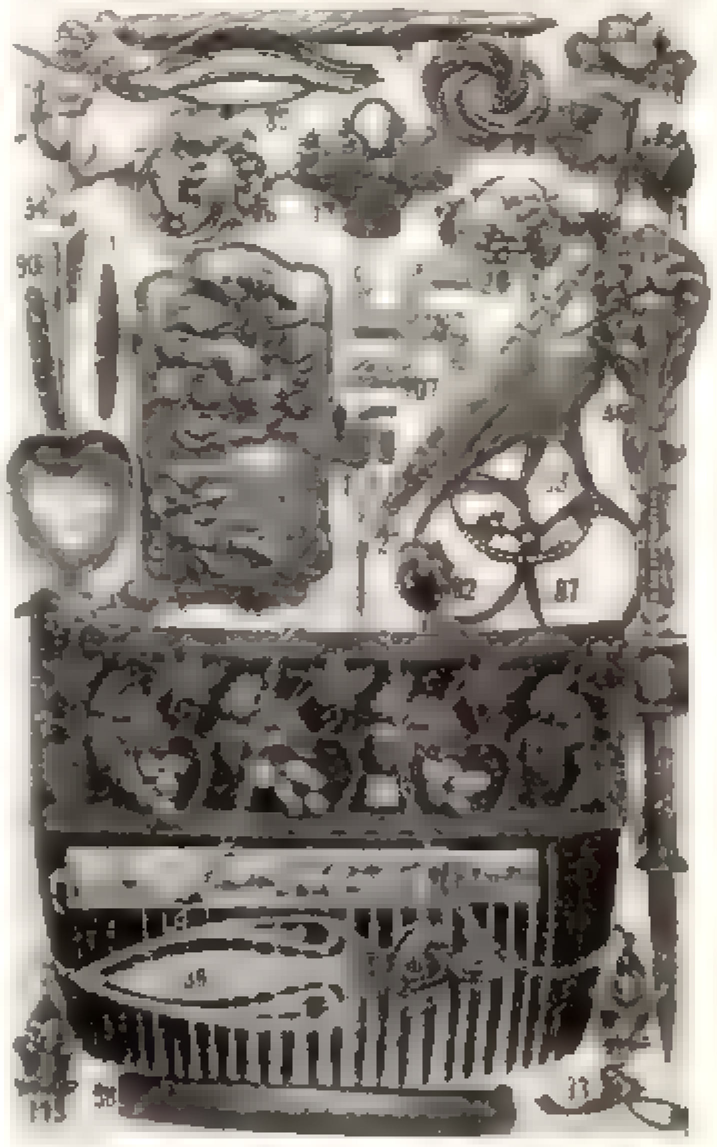

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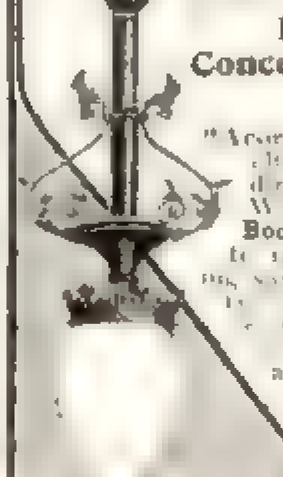

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of describing the "scullery-maid" as a wretched, half-starved creature. However, by whatever name we call it, the "scullery" has important uses. It will relieve the room-of-all-work, and will be a place where all the rougher indoor labor of the household will be done. It will also add greatly to the neatness of the kitchen by the withdrawal of brushes, bottles of cleaning fluid, and other things. Practically every English house, even of what would there be termed the "lower middle class," has such a room, and its place used to be taken in many an American house by what was called the "woodshed," immediately behind the kitchen. But a certain finicalness of aspiration has largely banished this, without at the same time doing away with the necessity for it, and its return, in a better form than that of "woodshed," should be encouraged.

Among clever devices for convenience and comfort, that German one is amusing of stoking a bedroom fire from the hall outside the room—this method disturbing neither the rest nor the privacy of the occupant, and savoring quite as much of the picturesque as the Southern method of having a darky boy come in with a big armful of wood and fix the open fire before you get out of bed. It had never seemed possible to apply that old-fashioned German method to American conditions until, the other day, we were amused to notice a railroad waiting-room heated by a stove stoked from the agent's side of the partition. However, this is only to suggest the limitless possibilities of ease-making devices, rather than to point out something definitely to follow.

A word which, in its pleasantness of association, is in striking contrast with the unfortunate cognomen of the "scullery," is the "ingle-nook." For the ingle and the ingle-nook are honored by a host of charming associations. When Keats adjures you to "let winged Fancy wander," he at the same time directs that you "sit by the ingle, when the sear faggot blazes bright." So delightful is the thought of the ingle-nook, on account of its comfort, its coziness, its sheltered warmth, that it is small wonder that it has retained its attractiveness through the centuries. And yet, there must be a word of warning. Few things are more productive of comfort than this recessed space by the open fireplace, but it must be so built as to harmonize completely with the room, and must not be like the cheap and ineffective designs which certain builders are putting nowadays into contract-made houses.

Window-seats are a comfort of a charming kind. One is constrained to pity the man who deliberately builds so narrowly that a window-seat is impossible. The walls must needs be thick and the windows recessed, except in cases where, at the end of a long room, there is a great broad window or a group of windows, in front of which a splendidly comfortable window-seat may be built without recessing.

The ordinary window-seat is easily made, in a spot adapted to it. It is an idea inherited from the people of old time, who studied well the art of making homes comfortable, in spite of the absence of what we are fain to consider modern necessities, for they not only lived finely and even gorgeously, but adapted devices for making homes comfortable for the women, who often had to stay at home for long periods while the men were away on the business of fighting. We have seen charming recesses for window-seats in the "ladies' bowers" of ruined castles on the Rhine, looking out over delectable and far-spreading views; and who does not remember those delightful window-seats, reached by two or three steps from the floor level, in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence!

Simple, strong, low, a part of the structure of the house, window-seats are eminently things to be desired. And, in some houses where there cannot be ideal window-seats, there may be placed a cushioned box, of low and comfortable proportions, in the color of the room, at each window. The effect of this may be very successful indeed.

In a dining-room, where the windows are about eighteen inches from the floor, the window-sills may very advantageously be made fourteen inches broad, especially if the windows are so grouped as to form a long sill. Then when some gathering of one's friends, as for a tea or supper, makes necessary an extra seating capacity, these long and low-set sills form admirable seats.

Old-time folk, who had so many papers to hide and yet were without such hiding-places as the iron safes of to-day, often constructed secret boxes below the window-sills, and there is a good example of such a box, much whittled and defaced by modern hands, in a window-sill of the old Washington headquarters at Valley Forge. As to those houses whose sills are so narrow that you hear the owner lament that there is not even room for a flower-pot, it is hard to speak without impatience, for window-sills are such natural comfort-makers as temporary receptacles for a work-basket, a flower-pot, a vase of flowers, a dish of fruit.

The obvious comforts—a certain amount of easy chairs and good mattresses, of heat and ventilation and food—need not be greatly elaborated upon.

That there should be easy chairs is obvious. It is just as true, however, as has already been suggested, that one may accustom himself to almost any kind of comfort and then deem it necessity. The brother of Miss Matty, in the ever-delightful Cranford, returned from India so changed that he was comfortable only when sitting crosslegged on the floor.

As to mattresses, it is hard to understand why there should be positively uncomfortable ones, as the very idea of a bed is for needful bodily rest. If a mattress is uncomfortable do not hesitate a day about getting rid of it. The physical rest given in sleep is too important to be jeoparded. And yet, people who will not hesitate when fashion demands a new bonnet or overcoat will often hesitate, for months or years, when vital comfort demands a new mattress!

Closely akin to chairs are benches and desks; and it is well to remember that Hawthorne wrote The Scarlet Letter at a high and narrow standing-desk, and found it easy. Monks have been credited with seeking comfort—yet how straight-backed is the typical "monks' bench"! So, again, one sees that it all depends upon what one accustoms himself to.

Climate has much to do with ideas of comfort, because it so deeply influences habits and ways of life. The Sans Souci had an element of the grotesque when planted in the chill air of Potsdam. *Sans souci* and *dolce far niente* are for the South.

Most important fact of all: the attainment of comfort does not depend upon the possession of wealth. It may almost be said, indeed, that wealth militates against real comfort, so much more often is comfort found in the homes of the fairly well-to-do than of the rich. The wealthy have every opportunity to attain comfort, but they too often fail to use the opportunity. Comfort comes as the result of personal thought and study and care. Let your memory summon a picture of home comfort, and it will almost surely be in a home of simplicity. And this is most encouraging, for we are too liable to consider comfort and wealth as synonymous.

"To be happy at home," writes Doctor Johnson, with that phraseological formality which was never sufficient to conceal the wisdom of his thought—"To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambitions; the end to which every enterprise and labor tend, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution"; and to be happy at home is best achieved by the development of fine and rational comfort.

THE FALSE START

Misfits in Lifework—How They Come About and What They Mean

By George Frederic Stratton

IF STATISTICS of reasons and motives could be obtained as comprehensive and reliable as those of results, the value, both in example and warning, would be inestimable. And not the least valuable of such statistics would be those giving the reasons for so many men being in occupations for which they are noticeably unfitted or those which are uninteresting and distasteful to them.

Although we cannot form any estimate of the extent of this nonsuitability, which is, undoubtedly, very great in every walk of life, we can study many of the causes as well as the results.

"What are you going to make of your boy?" is one of the most common of questions. A similar one referring to a pile of lumber or a load of bricks would be pertinent and rational—referring to a boy on the verge of manhood, with characteristics harking back, it may be, to remote ancestry, with tastes, desires and ambitions peculiar to himself, although possibly diverse from those of his parents, it is an absurd question and often a dangerous one. It presupposes authority or influence to override not only the boy's inclinations but his actual abilities; and, because of a parent's ambition, or the desire for a successor to his own profession, his authority or influence is frequently exercised without a fair and analytical consideration of his boy's individualism.

Samuel Smiles, one of the deepest students of, and a most entertaining writer on, industrial conditions in England, once said that the custom, so prevalent there, of training boys to the trades of their fathers was, in many instances, a woeful detriment to themselves and the country rather than an advantage.

The ambition of the father of A. T. Stewart was to "make" him an Episcopal clergyman. In spite of the young man's desire for a more active life he was educated according to his father's plans, but he finally cut loose and went into commercial life, becoming one of the greatest merchants of his age.

H. B. Claflin, also, was destined by his father for one of the professions, but he was a born trader, and, after his education was completed, he resolutely refused to become either minister, lawyer or doctor. His father bitterly resented this revolt from his authority, but Claflin went into the dry-goods business and built up a trade which amounted to the stupendous total of seventy million dollars annually.

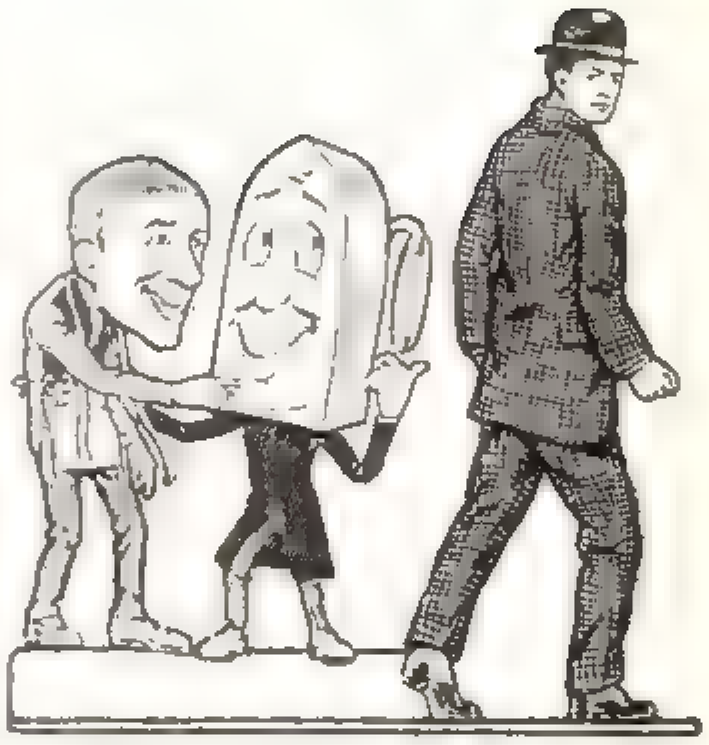
George H. Corliss, an inventor, and the greatest improver of the steam engine since the days of Watt, was devoted to mechanics as a boy, but his parents wished him to be in some "genteel" occupation. They placed him in an office to learn book-keeping—and he would not (or could not) do it. They pushed him into a wholesale grocery, but he utterly failed to make good. They let him alone—and he became the greatest engine-builder in the United States.

Turner, the English landscape painter, worked in his youth as an assistant to his father, a barber, by whom he was frequently thrashed for his persistency in using odd moments for sketching. A customer, after one of these corrective sessions, asked to see the boy's sketches, and, being a man of wealth, offered to furnish the means for developing young Turner's abilities.

George W. Childs was, much against his inclination, put into the Navy by his father, and it was not until he had endured three years of uncongenial employment amounting almost to misery that he gained an opportunity to change off and enter the field of journalism.

Ezra Cornell, the founder of the University which bears his name, was apprenticed to his father, a potter, though all his desires and abilities pointed to mechanics. Before his time was out he ran away from the work he hated and found the work which he loved, and in which he accumulated a fortune and honor.

These instances will naturally call to mind the continually reiterated statement that



Have Style—Fit, and Shape in Your Clothes—Not Just Wear

By A. Frank Taylor.

WHAT is the secret of a Great Painting,—what gives it its power?

It's the Intelligent Work that is in it.

Now it's the same in everything.

Take the Clothes for instance, that have been improperly and carelessly cut and tailored—that have been merely pressed into a temporary shape semblance by Old Doctor Goose, the Hot Flat Iron—

These poorly made Garments will "go to pieces" a very short time after they have been worn—

Whereas the Good Suit—that which has had Intelligent Work put into it, will hold its Style, Shape and Fit for a good long time.

Now, how's one to tell the difference between Poor and Good Clothes—

There's one sure way, so simple a child can do it.

And that's to see that the label "Sincerity Clothes" is in the Garment you buy—

Each "Sincerity" Garment has the maximum amount of Skilled and Intelligent Tailoring put into it—to insure its all-round excellence—

Each "Sincerity" Garment is so cut and tailored that the Shape and Style are sewn permanently into the Cloth—not merely "doped" in temporarily as in ordinary Suits.

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See "Sincerity Clothes" at your high-grade Clothes Shop—Look for the label in the next garment you buy.

Style book sent on request. Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co., Chicago.

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED

a man of any strength of character will force his way upward—that he cannot be suppressed. But it should be remembered that the elements which make for excellence of character are as much subject to development and direction as those which tend to business success. A boy may be exceedingly persistent and determined, and, having a wrong start, may as easily become an unprincipled politician as a great merchant. He may possess both moral and physical courage in a remarkable degree, and yet become a demagogue instead of a patriot. He may be patient, industrious and self-denying, and become a miser and usurer instead of a great banker. He may be resourceful, indomitable and invincible in spirit, and develop into a bully and prize-fighter instead of a great commander. He may be truthful, honest, courteous, painstaking, sober, obliging, and get into (and stay in) the narrow rut of routine clerkship at ten or twelve dollars per week. He may have qualities for an organizer or disciplinarian which, under favorable circumstances, would place him in the first rank as a great industrial captain, and yet you may find him bossing some city ward and fattening on graft. Some of his admirable qualities may be developed and continually exercised in very questionable ways, while others, which would have balanced and rounded out his character, were stifled or dwarfed by his early experience in an occupation which was thoroughly distasteful and unsuited to him.

The Misfits in Life

Smeaton, one of the greatest of English engineers, was, in his youth, placed in a law office. He detested it, and afterward said: "Had I been compelled to remain a year longer I should have been a wreck—physically and morally." Patrick Henry desired to study law, but his father insisted upon "making" him a country storekeeper. Disgusted, and utterly lacking in interest, he got into association with the worst of company and became the terror of the neighborhood. He failed in business and was then given an opportunity to go into law, when his habits and character immediately changed.

Thirty years ago a young Englishman was placed in a medical college, through the insistency of his parents, although he was devoted to mechanical affairs. During the five years' course he spent the larger part of his own fortune, fifty thousand dollars, in riotous dissipation. In his sober hours, however, he frequented a small machine shop in an obscure neighborhood and, paying for the use of lathes and tools, amused himself in making models, etc. His studies were utterly neglected, and, at the termination of the course, he was told that no man had ever before appeared for examination and failed so completely and ignominiously. Having passed his majority he secured the balance of his fortune and immediately formed a partnership with the machinist, to the utter dismay and disgust of his father—a country squire of the old school, who even threatened to disown him for "disgracing" the family. He exhibited not only wonderful engineering capacity, but also business ability. He devoted himself untiringly to his chosen work. To-day the firm is one of the greatest in contracting engineering in England.

While there is a very large number of men who, having been started in unsuitable or uncongenial occupation, thereby losing much valuable time, have finally got into their proper grooves, there is a far larger number who have never found—and never will find—those grooves. They started wrong and they will always be wrong. They plod along faithfully in their respective lines, but they *only* plod. Their ambition and initiative are dwarfed and lethargic. We find them everywhere—these square men in round holes: a lawyer who should have been a soldier; a doctor who should have been an industrial manager; a blacksmith who should have been an engineer; a bookkeeper who should have been a foreman; a grocery clerk who should have been a carpenter.

How do they occur—these misfits? Nine times out of ten because of the blindness of parents to both the strong and the weak points in their boys, and also because of failure to understand the lines by which most occupations are bounded. A certain boy showed almost a mania for converting every box he got hold of into some description of cart or wagon. He built a small shed in which he stored these playthings and two dogs which he had trained to harness. He had rough models of lumber wagons, dump carts, stone trolleys and express wagons. His father, a carpenter, never doubting that he had discovered his boy's true bent, apprenticed him to a wagon builder. Five years afterward an old schoolmate met the young man driving an express wagon.

"One of your own make?" he asked.

"Rats!" was the reply. "I don't want to make express wagons—and never did. I want to handle 'em. I've bought off my time and started teaming." He now owns over twenty teams and is still growing.

The father of a boy who had showed an infatuation for electrical experiments got him in the apprentice course of a great electrical manufacturing company. Because dynamos, motors and other machinery were made there, he ignorantly supposed that his boy would have a chance to learn the principles of such machinery and thus develop his knowledge and ingenuity. As well put a boy into a locomotive-building shop and expect him to become a locomotive engineer! The boy rarely saw a finished machine, and still more rarely saw one running. At the end of his term he could not have assembled and started up a dynamo to save his life. He was a fairly good machinist—could operate a lathe, planer or drill—but he was as far from electrical knowledge as if he had been working in a cotton mill. A repair shop or supply house would have been the proper place.

A boy who displayed a great liking for sketching—outdoor life, animals and landscapes—was placed by his well-meaning father in the drafting-room of a machine shop, where he is still digging along at work he detests. Mechanical drafting!—for a somewhat æsthetic youth who adores landscapes. The father was both able and willing to give the boy an opportunity to become an illustrator, but drawing was drawing to him, and he supposed—and insisted—that the practical work of drawing cog-wheels would lead up to something finer.

A superficial examination of general biography reveals the fact that a very large proportion of men whose lives have been of sufficient note to be written up were started wrong.

Richard Arkwright, who early displayed astonishing mechanical genius, was "made" into a barber. Dissatisfied and unhappy, he took to wandering about the country, spending his trifling earnings in dissipation. He formed the acquaintance of a clockmaker and, again coming in contact with tools and metals, his old genius asserted itself. He devoted himself to the invention of the spinning jenny, one of the most intricate of machines, and after years of astounding self-sacrifice and perseverance succeeded—being finally rewarded with wealth and knighthood.

Noted Instances of False Starts

Jacquard, the inventor of the figured-silk loom, was originally apprenticed to a bookbinder. Sir William Armstrong, the inventor of hydraulic machinery and great guns, was trained for a lawyer. Doctor Livingstone was a weaver. Benjamin Franklin was obliged to work with his father at tallow-chandlering until the persuasions of an elder brother obtained his release from that work and an engagement with a printer. James K. Polk was put into a mercantile counting-room, but fought his way out of it and studied law. Stephen A. Douglas was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker and Nathaniel P. Banks to a machinist.

William H. Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was sent to study medicine, but, against the urgent pleadings of his family, he insisted on a military career and turned to fighting Indians under General Wayne. Phillips Brooks, the great Bishop of Massachusetts, narrowly escaped making a false start. He was strongly advised—by President Walker, of Harvard University, whose advice he had sought—not to go into the ministry. For months he deliberated upon a journalistic career, but finally the call of the Church proved irresistible.

It is very frequently asserted that boys do not know what they want; that their choice is based upon insufficient knowledge and immature judgment. But, although this is often quite true, it is just as true that at sixteen or seventeen years of age every boy is showing characteristics and abilities in some direction. He may not be able to estimate them correctly, himself, but they are there, and riper judgment and experience should be able to direct them into the proper spheres of action.

Misunderstanding Parents

It is undoubtedly an evident fact that, in an exceedingly large number of cases, the special desire, ambition or insufficient knowledge of the parent is the determining factor of a boy's start in life, rather than a careful, analytical study of his personality. Thousands of boys have been forced into the father's line of business or trade without any consideration of the boy's tastes or budding abilities, simply because that father has been reasonably successful. Thousands of boys have, in accordance with the desires of doting mothers, been placed at desks or behind counters, when they were far more inclined for, and adapted to, a rugged life of achievement or exploit. Thousands of boys have been placed by well-meaning parents at trades or businesses which could never develop their particular genius, solely because of an entire misunderstanding as to the diversity of detail in such lines at the present day.

If a boy shows a keen liking for contriving little articles from wood he is put to work with a carpenter, and spends five or six years—perhaps his lifetime—in nailing floors and shingles, when he might have become a first-class pattern maker. He pulls a clock to pieces and puts it together again, and is, in due time, apprenticed to a clock-maker, when a careful consideration of his methods, his talk and his reading would have shown that he should have been put among machinery and machine tools. If he amuses himself by building little dams and bridges across the neighboring brooks and ditches, using brickbats as his most available material, he will very likely be apprenticed to a bricklayer, instead of being put with the construction gang of a railroad.

It is easy to say that, if a young man has strength of character and push, he will force himself into his right position, and that the difficulties which he meets in so doing will strengthen and develop him; but it is by no means necessary to give a boy a false start in order to put him up against difficulties. Those he will meet with in one occupation as well as another, and the five or six years he spends in finding out and retrieving the error his parents and adviser, or perhaps he himself, has made is just so much lost time. And there is always the danger that the error will never be retrieved—that the false start will lead to a permanency in an occupation which is always distasteful and which, instead of developing latent talent, only develops disgust, discouragement and probably indifference and lethargy—if no worse. All men are not endowed with strong determination, self-denial and indomitable perseverance, but the lack of those qualities by no means proves that very many poor workers to-day would not have become very bright and efficient in other occupations if they had at first been given the opportunity to engage in them.

Without attempting, in the slightest degree, to detract from the splendid benefits of a college education, it is, nevertheless, very sure that the remarkable successes in industrial lines achieved by college men, during the past decade, are largely due to the fact that they were not compelled to select a career until they were of an age when they could sanely estimate their own tastes and abilities and select for themselves. They had with them, at the start, not only thorough education and training, but also the eager interest, the enthusiasm and the downright earnestness of men plunging into the work they loved.

Viewing the whole subject purely from the standpoint of the efficiency of men, we cannot lose sight of the fact that discontent, envy, hopelessness and reckless indifference are frequent results of grinding, daily, at uninteresting and uncongenial work. And those feelings are also very frequently relieved by resort to dissipation, or at least to very questionable amusements which strengthen neither mind nor body.

A young man who feels keenly interested in his work is not so likely to go wrong as one who feels nothing but collar and saddle and the load behind; and, while it is customary to attribute evil habits, or even lack of progress, to a want of stamina and principle, the "false start" has no little to do with it all.

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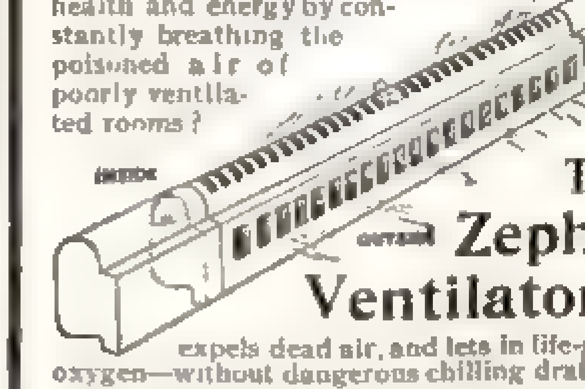

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Loyal to His Own Landscape

HE STOOD on the summit of Mount Prospect, looking upon one of the most magnificent stretches of scenery to be found in the United States—the Continental Range, with its towering mountains and peaks, clad with the everlasting snows, forming the Great Divide—that mighty vertebra of the Western Hemisphere.

Long and earnestly he gazed; then, turning to a brother Philadelphian, he murmured softly, in tones of sincere appreciation:

"Magnificent. This is almost as beautiful as the view of Fairmount Park from Lemon Hill."

The Fairbanks Graft

WHEN Vice-President Fairbanks went to Albion, Michigan, in September, as the guest of the Michigan Methodist Conference, he was greeted by some seven hundred Methodist preachers, several of the highest State officials, and three or four thousand other citizens of the Wolverene State who had come to town especially to get a glimpse of the elongated Presidential possibility. During the forenoon the Vice-President spoke briefly at the Methodist church, and, referring to the unusual composition of his audience, said:

"My friends, in many ways this is a most remarkable gathering. I feel that never have I had such a grasp upon the pulpit and the public as I have here to-day."

A reporter had been sent from Jackson to cover the affair for the Associated Press, and, as soon as Mr. Fairbanks had finished speaking, the young man rushed to a telephone to dictate his story. Among other things he gave the foregoing remark.

The receiver at the Jackson end of the wire, however, understood him to say "graft" instead of "grasp," and accordingly a few minutes later the Associated Press was furnishing the afternoon papers of the Middle West with a story which accused the ever polite Vice-President of making the impossibly vulgar acknowledgment that never had he had such a graft upon the pulpit and the public as he had had that day.

A Saginaw editor wired back calling attention to the evident error, and by getting busy immediately the Jackson operator managed to make the correction at all points before it had gone into print.

The Consoler

The solemn-visaged widower is almost broken-hearted,
And with a melancholy air laments "the dear departed."
His future, darkened and depressed, of every hope deprives him,
Until some pretty girl comes by and pleasantly re-wives him.

A Bench Wit

LORD BRAMPTON, who has just died at the age of ninety, was one of the best known and most respected English judges of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. He was much better known as Mr. Justice Hawkins, as he was elevated to the peerage comparatively recently, after his life's work was practically completed. He was failing for some time before he died, and, on his ninetieth birthday (September 21 last), was too weak to see any visitors, or even to go out for a drive, although the weather was mild.

He was a ready wit and an excellent raconteur, as well as an eminent judge, and innumerable good stories are told about him and the criminals to whom he was a terror. On one occasion, at Old Bailey, a policeman, giving evidence against a prisoner before Lord Brampton (who was then Sir Henry Hawkins), was asked what the prisoner had said when arrested.

Without a smile the officer pulled out his pocketbook and read: "Prisoner said when charged, 'God grant I be not charged before 'Awkins, or he will bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.'" Even the Judge laughed.

Once when on his way to the races the Judge was in a crowded car, and some of the "boys" attempted to hustle him. Thinking he would be known by them he removed his hat, and, looking his sternest, said, "Don't you know who I am?"

The worst of the offenders looked at the square jaw and close-cropped head, and shrank into a corner with the exclamation, "S'elp me, Bob—a bloomin' prize-fighter!"

When on the bench he used to have a pet terrier with him, which was tethered by a long blue ribbon attached to the Judge's wrist. While the dog sat still under the desk all was well, but he would occasionally want to investigate the courtroom, and amusement would be caused by the Judge having to haul him back by the ribbon. On one occasion the dog suddenly barked loudly.

"Turn that dog out of the gallery!" cried the Judge with great promptitude, at the same time administering an admonitory pat to the pet under his desk.

In discussing the probability of an after life for dogs with a chaplain, the latter remarked, "But, my Lord, the great drawback is they cannot understand what is said to them."

"Indeed, Mr. Chaplain," was Judge Hawkins' rejoinder, "don't you think that they may think it a great drawback that *you* will not understand *them* when *they* speak?"

What's the Use?

Said a kittenish girl of "a certain age,"
With a dash of gray on her head,
When her Candid Friend inquired of her,
"How is it you've never wed?"

"I need no man in my little home
To lend it a masculine light:
I own a dog that growls all day
And a parrot that swears all night."

A Reputation in Need

IN MONTANA they tell the following tale on one inveterate spinner of tales. He was out riding, and at the crest of a hill overlooking a little valley which was nothing but a meadow, he met a stranger.

"Could you tell me whose land all that is?" asked the stranger, pointing to the valley.

"That's my land," replied the rancher with evident pride.

"And whose cattle may all those be that I see below us?"

"Those are my cattle, five thousand head, sir," replied the rancher with growing self-importance.

"And those horses?"

"Mine, sir."

"And those sheep on yonder hill?" persisted the stranger.

"All mine," answered the rancher, waving his hand with a grand air.

"How many horses and sheep have you?"

"Ten thousand sheep and two hundred horses," said the rancher in a most grandiose manner.

"I'm so glad to hear it," quickly answered the stranger. "I'm the new assessor."

"Great Heavens, man," cried the rancher, almost jumping from his saddle. "You must have heard of me. I'm Jim Easton, known as the blank blankest liar in the State."

A Master Force

Since the "Old Bay State" did much to help
The colored race unloose its
Enslaving bond, it must be fond
Of its dear old "Massa" Chusetts.

Accessory to the Crime

GEORGE SWAGGART, son of a prominent cattleman of Colorado, is eleven years old. George's older brother, Merwin, had assisted in trapping and killing a huge bear, and George himself was very proud of the performance. A neighbor of the Swaggarts, who used to take some pleasure occasionally in teasing George, sought to bother him a little by asking him about the incident.

"George," he said, "I hear that Merwin has killed the biggest bear ever caught in the county."

"Yes," answered the little fellow; "at least, he helped to kill it."

"But isn't it true," questioned the neighbor, "that Merwin really did not kill it at all, but that John, the hired man, really fired the shot that killed the bear?"

George was silent a moment. "Maybe that's so," he responded truthfully; "but if it had been a man that had been shot they'd have hung Merwin along with John!"

The First Magnitude

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder if you are,
Up above the footlights' sheen,
Forty-nine or seventeen!

The Honor Appreciated

SOME years ago, when Head Consul Boak, of The Western Jurisdiction, Woodmen of the World, was traveling through the South, the train stopped for some time in a small town, and Mr. Boak alighted to make a purchase. The storekeeper could not make the correct change for the bill which was presented, so Mr. Boak started in search of some one who could. Sitting beside the door, whittling a stick, was an old darky.

"Uncle," said Mr. Boak, "can you change a ten-dollar bill?"

The old fellow looked up in surprise; then he touched his cap, and replied: "'Deed, an' ah can't, boss, but ah 'preciates de honor, jest de same."

Depew's Reformation

THE friends of Senator Chauncey M. Depew denounce as grossly exaggerated the report that, as a retail and wholesale dealer in anecdotes of all varieties, he has reformed. In fact, somebody asked the Senator about it not long since, and Mr. Depew replied:

"My reformation is only partial. I used to relate a joke in the face of all protest; now, however, I have learned a little wisdom: when I am telling a man a story I stop short if I see a certain peculiar gleam in his eye."

"The gleam that means he's heard it before?" inquired the curious one.

"No," replied the Senator; "the gleam that means he's busy thinking of one he means to tell me."

Drakes and Ducks

COLONEL FULTON G. BERRY, a California capitalist, has a small farm near Fresno, California, whence vegetables and poultry are sent to him in town for his personal use. A Chinese foreman is in charge of the place. Recently Mr. Berry visited the farm in question and inquired of his Chinese foreman: "Sing, whole lot ducks; what for no catchem eggs?"

"Mister Blelly," explained Sing, "too muchee 'man' duck; sixty-tlee 'man' duck, two 'cow' duck. 'Man' duck him no lay egg."

Every-Day Philanthropy

A SAD and seedy individual found his way into a Baltimore office building, gained admission to the offices of one of the city's best-known legal firms, and, at last, somehow penetrated to the sanctum of the senior partner.

"Well," asked the lawyer, "what do you want?"

The visitor was nothing if not frank.

"A dollar bill," he said; "although," he added, "if you don't happen to have the bill, silver will do."

The man's unusual manner caught the lawyer's curiosity.

"There you are," he said, handing out the money. "And now I should like to have you tell me how you came to fall so low in the world."

The visitor sighed. "All my youth," he explained, "I had counted on inheriting something from my uncle, but, when he died, he left all he had to an orphan asylum."

"A philanthropist," commented the lawyer. "What did his estate consist of?"

"Ten children," said the visitor—and vanished.

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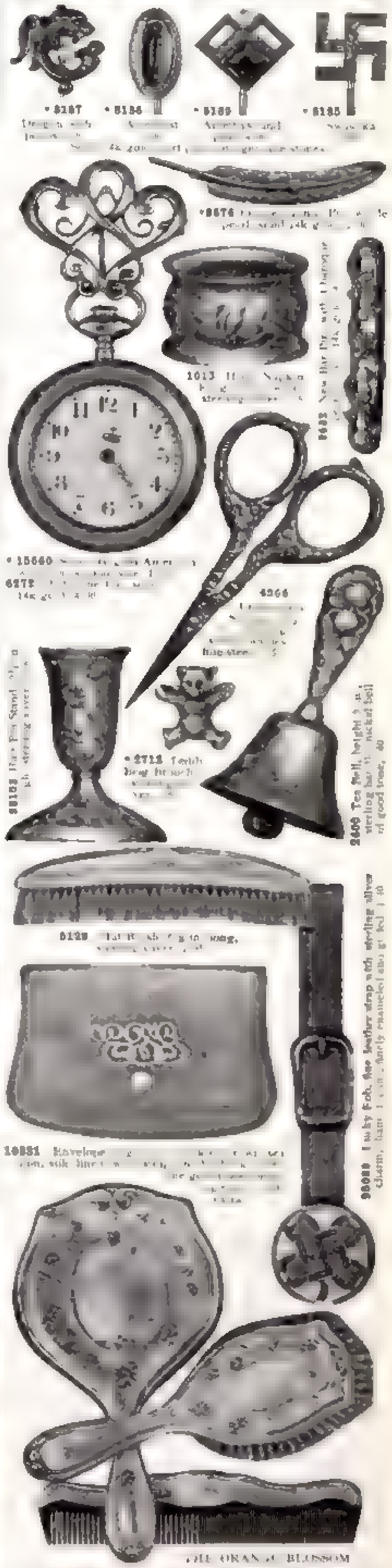

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IN THE OPEN

Checking the Reckless Motorist—Fair Play for Wild Game

IT IS impossible to close our ears to the discussion of ways and means for abating the "automobile nuisance" which rages all about us. The automobile journals and untraveled automobilists themselves pooh-pooh the statement, but it is a fact, none the less, that the feeling against the motor-car among the residents of small towns and in the country is bitter and deep-seated; and any one who will make an investigation on the ground will quickly learn that the existing animosity is not without good and sufficient reason. If city residents and editors would get into touch with the rural sections surrounding them, their present indifference to a really distressing problem would undergo a helpful change.

I write not at all as an enemy, but as a believer in and the owner of an automobile; it is the latest and the best progressive step in transportation, and, of course, has come to stay. It is just as important a means of locomotion as the horse, and its owners and users are entitled to fully as much consideration as the drivers of the horse or as pedestrians. That is just the point—automobilists are entitled to as much, but not to more, privilege; and at present they are guilty of what may be inelegantly described as hogging the country roads. The speed at which they drive through settled communities is an undeniable menace to life, and the dust they raise renders residence along popular routes intolerable. This is not a recent discovery or a statement original with me, and I dare say some of you who read this will do so with impatience, but it will be advisable for you to sit tight and read on to the bitter end, for what I have to say concerns you, and expresses, I think and hope, some common-sense advice to automobile owners, whose numbers already are legion.

The three just grievances against automobilists are:

Reckless scorching.
Dust raising.
Road wearing.

It is a fact, which I have taken the personal pains to establish, that, in regions popular among automobilists, the residents are taxed to make the roads upon which the scorcher endangers their lives, are taxed to oil them that they may be spared the dust-cloud which ruins near-by vegetation and makes life miserable, and are denied, in no inconsiderable numbers, the pleasure of driving upon them, because the womankind of the household are afraid to venture upon the highways even behind the "old family horse."

When Fines are a Farce

The present situation, therefore, is that the automobilist is having all the fun at the expense in actual dollars of the country resident, and to the latter's discomfort and frequent danger. Such a condition of affairs is, of course, unbearable, and when the pendulum swings in the opposite direction, as it is sure to do, legislation will be spread on record that is likely to be as unfair to the automobilists as the latter are now to those whom, without a considerate thought, they leave gasping at the roadside or terror-stricken upon the bank, as they flash past in comfortable security. And that is no fancy picture, but one I have seen over and again on Long Island, in New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; and what is true of these States is no doubt true of the others.

Now, as the larger number of automobilists are not of the reckless, inconsiderate variety, and as all, however, must suffer in reputation for the shameless conduct of the few, my object is an appeal to the powerful Automobile Club of America, to all automobile clubs and respectable users of automobiles, for a united effort to give the country residents a square deal; and treating the country and small town residents fairly now means escaping certain tribulation in the near future.

For the scorcher, who is the real terror of the roadside, the cause of all the hostile feeling against the motor-car, the only adequate punishment is jail; the fine is of no avail and becomes absurd when it is imposed upon the chauffeur, with the owner in the car at the time of the illegal speeding. In a case where the chauffeur is alone responsible—that is, the owner absent from the car—perhaps revoking his license would be most efficacious.

It assuredly is not fair that the country residents should stand all the cost of making roads which, as has been demonstrated repeatedly, the automobile destroys at an incomparably faster rate than do horse-drawn vehicles; it is not fair that those who live along country roads should alone bear the burden of oiling to keep alive their roadside vegetation and save their lungs from the killing dust-clouds created by the automobiles only. And that automobiles are destructive of roads, and that the quantity of dust they raise does kill roadside vegetation, is not merely the expression of my opinion, but demonstrated fact.

Good roads are necessary to the prosperity of every section of country, especially if it is farming land, and it is right that those who live in the country should pay the larger share of the cost of road building, for they profit most by it; but it is also right that those who help to wear out roads should also contribute to their upkeep, when their responsibility is as heavy as the fast running makes it. Therefore I am of the opinion that a special tax should be levied upon all owners of automobiles by the State or States in which their owners hold license, and that this money should be used in oiling and in the upkeep of the main-traveled roads. This would be fair to the country taxpayer and at the same time provide the automobile tourist with better roads and more of them. At the same time it seems to meet what is really a more serious situation than the superficial newspaper reader imagines to exist. Thus with jail for the reckless, persistent scorcher and oil for the country roads, the suffering public would be appeased and the God-fearing, man-respecting automobilists regain their standing in the neighborhood.

Fire Only When You Know

This is the time of year when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of shooting; and I want to beseech him, no matter how hot the trail, no matter if he "knows" no no one else is within ten miles, no matter if it is apparently his last chance—never, under any circumstances or anywhere, to fire unless he *sees and knows* what he is shooting at. Do not pull trigger on a dark form you are "sure" is a bear, or on the brownish-reddish spot you glimpse moving through the brush and class as a "deer"; many a sad and fatal accident has resulted from just such possible freaks of imagination. There is only one safe way in the woods, and that way is to keep both your eyes open all the time and not to send a bullet on its course until the object of your aim is absolutely known; you might better lose a deer than kill a companion, eh?

And next to keeping your eyes open I do exhort you to be a sportsman, which means be merciful to your dogs if you are after quail, and be merciful to your quarry whatever its kind. Do not be a butcher; ten quail, a half-dozen grouse (you will do some good shooting if you get that number in the Northwest), two or three woodcock (fortune will smile upon you, indeed, if you find so many of this luscious bird, becoming now, alas, so rare) and a dozen ducks are enough for any fair-minded man, for any man except that undesirable genus who goes afield to make a killing in order that he may have himself and his slaughter photographed as evidence of his bad taste and utter lack of sportsmanship. It is not the size of the game-bag which is relished by the fair-minded man, but how it was secured. A sportsman, be it remembered, is nothing more or less than a fair-minded man, with some woodcraft and a knowledge of how to handle the implements of the chase.

Do not fire at your deer unless you can place your bullet with a good chance of giving a fatal wound; it is most unworkmanlike, most unworthy of that fair-minded man of whom I have just written, to pump lead into any old spot of the animal's anatomy. There is no fun in being afield if you are not there with the right spirit; and just to kill something is not the right spirit. Moreover, if you do not address yourself to the game in the right spirit you will not win out; you will not be able even to gratify your lust for blood-letting.

The best training any boy can get in the square deal is to go afield with a sportsman, and the best school for those whose early education in the amenities of life has been neglected is in the duck blind, where they will learn a few things they need to know so quickly as to make their heads swim. Any trail in the sportsman's bailiwick leads to a liberal education in manners; therefore, do not discourage the autumnal stirring in youthful pulses. Let me remind him that last year considerably over half a million shooting licenses were taken out in the United States and Canada, for which more than six hundred thousand dollars was paid! And in Maine alone forty thousand deer were killed!

Nor does that take into account those who went afield in their own State and were not consequently required to take out a license; altogether it looks as though it were worth while to say something concerning the ethics of the hunting field, particularly as no influence upon the young or old is more potent or far-reaching when it does lay hold of one.

As a final word on the subject, let me plead with all who go afield to obey the laws which have cost so much of effort and treasure to make, and to back up with all their force and example the game wardens, who are doing their utmost to stop unlawful killing and to bring the game butchers to book—a crusade which has practical value for all Americans, and especially for those who make their living out of the soil.

—"FAIR-PLAY."

Curious Books

THE custom of weaving prayers into cloth is quite common in Oriental countries, and one of the most remarkable of the literary curiosities owned by the Library of Congress is a ribbon which contains, embodied in its warp and weft, the entire Koran.

Another oddity in the Government collection is the Kamewa, or ordination service for the Buddhist priesthood, engraved on thin sheets of a metal composition containing silver, with illustrations. This is a great rarity, such documents of ritual (which are sometimes on ivory or wood, and occasionally on plates of gold) being customarily buried beneath the foundations of temples. Yet another Buddhist handbook of religious ceremonial in the Library is of ivory with a brass binding, the latter being profusely ornamented with precious stones.

The Library possesses a number of Abyssinian religious books which are written on parchment, and one of the most prized curiosities in its collection is an ancient manuscript from Tibet, somewhat fragmentary—which is not surprising, inasmuch as it was dug out of the sand of the desert, and is supposed to be about fifteen hundred years old. It is on paper, and, though the characters are clear and distinct, nobody has yet been found who can read them.

Of course the collection of ancient and curious books owned by the Library of Congress contains a good many volumes—or, more properly speaking, scrolls—of papyrus. This was a sort of paper made from a species of reed common in Egypt, the inner rind of which was cut lengthwise into thin strips. The strips were laid side by side, and upon them were glued others transversely, so as to form a sheet, which presented a fair surface for ink.

So far as durability is concerned, nothing has ever been found superior to the baked clay, inscribed with a stylus, which was used by the ancient Babylonians forty centuries ago. The writing was done on the clay tablets when they were soft, and afterward they were baked in the sun. Such tablets were utilized for every imaginable purpose, including the writing of business letters, and thousands of them, preserved to-day in museums, are as legible now as when new-made.

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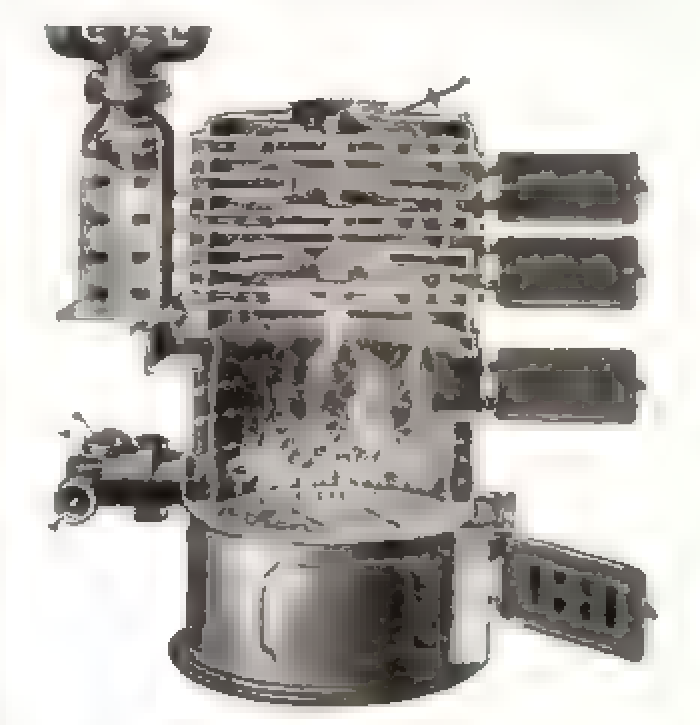

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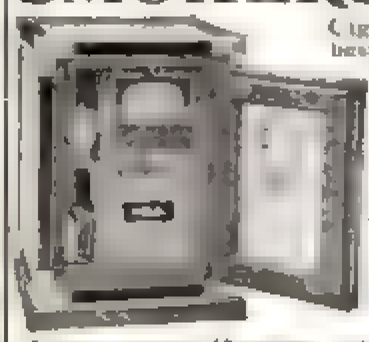

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YOUR SAVINGS

Telephone Securities as Investments

IN LAST week's article on public service corporation bonds, one kind of bond coming under that head was not included because it was reserved for a special explanation. This is the telephone bond, which, with the stock of telephone companies, forms a class of securities, not only held in many parts of the country, but constituting a form of investment which is of interest to nearly everybody.

These stocks and bonds are issued by telephone companies in order to secure money to start or conduct their business. Since telephone companies serve the public they are public service corporations. In fact, not even including street railway bonds, it is safe to say that no securities have a wider interest for the average citizen than those of the telephone companies.

The Two Telephone Forces

The conditions which surround telephone securities are peculiar. In fact, they are entirely unlike those that surround any other kind of investment available for the great mass of the people. This is the reason: originally, there was only one kind of telephone used in this country. This was known as the Bell telephone, named from its inventor and first producer, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Doctor Bell, with his associates, secured exclusive patents for the telephone, and out of this valuable privilege there grew what came to be known as the telephone monopoly. For years the "Bell Companies," as they are still called, operated the telephones. They never sold their instruments but simply leased them, thus retaining their hold on the business. There were Bell companies in all the big cities, and soon they spread to the smaller towns. Soon city was linked with town, and town was joined with town. The long-distance telephone came into being.

There developed what is known to-day as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which owns a majority, or at least part, of the stock of most of the Bell companies scattered throughout the country. Its stocks and bonds went on the market, were listed and have become almost standard securities.

But, at the same time, in many quarters of the country there developed considerable dissatisfaction with the way the Bell companies were conducting their business. It was asserted that, being a monopoly, its possessors became arbitrary and refused to serve whole towns. There was complaint of bad service, too. At any rate, it led to a revolt, and what became known as the Independent Telephone Movement started. In 1893 the first rival telephone company was started at Noblesville, Indiana. Meanwhile, too, the patents on the Bell telephone began to expire, and anybody could make or use the telephone. Independent companies began to spring up everywhere. Some of the first ones failed; others succeeded. But the movement took root and has grown, until to-day there are nearly ten thousand companies operating more than three million telephones in the United States. The Bell companies operate about the same number. Thus one result of the independent crusade was to double the number of telephones.

The telephone securities on the market, therefore, are those of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell companies on the one hand, and those of the Independent companies on the other hand. Between them the investor must choose, and fundamentally the same tests apply to them as to any other kind of security. No matter in what part of the United States you may live, it is quite likely that at some time or other you have been confronted by this telephone security problem, because many of the Independent companies, or "Home" companies as they are often called, are made possible by local capital.

Though extreme care must be exercised in the buying of any kind of security, an extraordinary amount must be employed in the consideration of telephone securities, particularly those of the newer companies. There are many reasons. Some of the Independent companies, for example, were started when the citizens of a certain community were in a state of indignation. This indignation was capitalized, as it were. But they found that it took more than indignation to operate a telephone company.

Some companies, too, have made the mistake of starting in a community where there was no "density of traffic," as it is called. This meant that the business was widely scattered and that it was costly to get it. The establishment of a telephone company is a very expensive matter, and when business is bad it is a constant burden on the stockholders. Equipment is costly and there are often many changes to be made. New switch-boards are being introduced and expensive copper wire must be used. If the overhead system is used there is much damage to poles and wire from storms and snow. Thus one of the vital problems is that of a proper and safe financing.

Another problem which confronts the Independent company more than the Bell is to get long-distance connections. The Independent companies cannot connect with the Bell companies, and, unless they happen to be in a State where there are a great many other Independent companies, they are liable to lose a considerable amount of revenue. However, in many States there are Independent associations, and much long-distance work is now being developed.

Another thing which has worked against the Independent companies in big cities is the problem of having two telephones. The Bell people say that a second 'phone becomes a burden; the Independent companies allege that it reduces the price and eventually gives the user two telephones for the price of one. This is a matter for the companies and the various localities to settle. Sufficient to say, it enters into the whole large telephone subject and as such becomes a factor in the securities.

Despite the difficulties under which they have labored, the Independent companies have made great headway, especially during the past five years. In many parts of the country their telephones outnumber those of the Bell companies. In cities like Philadelphia, Cleveland, St. Louis, Grand Rapids and Johnstown, Pennsylvania, they have made commercial successes and their securities are well distributed. They are particularly strong in the Middle West.

The Ideal Conditions

The ideal conditions surrounding a telephone company whose securities you buy should be these: it should be operated in a populous and prosperous community; it should have as small a bonded debt as possible; it should have extensive connections with other towns; it should be free from political entanglement; the earnings must be steady; the affairs must be honestly administered, and its plant must be kept in a high state of efficiency. And what is just as important as all of these is that ample provision should be made for the maintenance of the plant. In Philadelphia, for example, the Independent company sets aside each year a surplus for this purpose, and some of the Bell companies carry what is called a Maintenance Fund.

One of the features that commend the highest type of Independent telephone securities to the average local investor is that, if he buys them in the company operating in his town or community, he can see what is being done with his money and at the same time keep a sort of check on the company. Another feature is that these securities are, in a way, removed from general market influence. They are not so liable to suffer in a general depression. Almost all of the capital which has financed independent companies has come from the town or State in which the company is located. In Iowa, for instance, where there are 1300 Independent companies, there are about 30,000 stockholders.

On the other hand, the securities of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell companies are not so widely held, but, on account of their being listed on the big exchanges, they have a more ready market under normal conditions.

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THE GREAT PANCAKE RECORD

(Concluded from Page 9)

"No—after that record of *yours*," answered Hickey. "Thirty-two pancakes—we're here to get free pancakes to-day—that's what we're here for."

"So, boys, so," said Conover, smiling pleasantly; "and you want to begin now?"

"Right off the bat."

"Well, where is he?"

Little Smeed, famished to the point of tears, was thrust forward. Conover, who was expecting something on the lines of a buffalo, smiled confidently.

"So, boys, so," he said, leading the way with alacrity. "I guess we're ready too."

"Thirty-two pancakes, Conover—and we get 'em free!"

"That's right," answered Conover, secure in his knowledge of boyish capacity. "If that little boy there can eat thirty-two I'll make them all day free to the school. That's what I said, and what I say now."

Hickey and Doc Macnooder whispered the last instructions in Smeed's ear.

"Cut out the syrup."

"Loosen your belt."

"Eat slowly."

In a low room, with the white rafters impending over his head, beside a basement window flanked with geraniums, little Smeed sat down to battle for the honor of the Dickinson and the record of the school. Directly under his eyes, carved on the wooden table, a name challenged him, standing out of the numerous initials—Guzzler Wilkins.

"Turkey, you keep count," said Hickey. "Macnooder and I'll watch the pancakes."

"Regulation size, Conover," cried the cautious Red Dog; "no doubling now. All fair and aboveboard."

"All right, Hickey, all right," said Conover, leering wickedly from the door; "if that little grasshopper can do it, you'll get the cakes."

"Now, Hungry," said Turkey, clapping Smeed on the shoulder. "Here is where you get your chance. Remember it's for the Dickinson."

Smeed heard in ecstasy; it was just the way Turkey talked to the eleven on the eve of a match. He nodded his head with a grim little shake and smiled nervously at the twenty-odd Dickinsonians who formed around him a pit of expectant and hungry boyhood from the floor to the ceiling.

"All ready," sang out Hickey from the doorway.

"Six pancakes!"

"Six it is," replied Turkey, chalking up a monster 6 on the slate that swung from the rafters. The pancakes placed before the ravenous Smeed vanished like snowflakes on a July lawn.

A cheer went up, mingled with cries of caution.

"Not so fast."

"Take your time."

"Don't let them be too hot."

"Not too hot, Hickey."

Macnooder was instructed to watch carefully over the temperature as well as the dimensions.

"Ready again," came the cry.

"Ready—how many?"

"Six more."

"Six it is," said Turkey, adding a second figure to the score. "Six and six are twelve."

The second batch went the way of the first

"Why, that boy is starving," said Conover, opening his eyes.

"Sure he is," said Hickey. "He's eating way back in last week—he hasn't had a thing for ten days."

"Six more," cried Macnooder.

"Six it is," answered Turkey. "Six and twelve is eighteen."

"Eat them one at a time, Hungry."

"No, let him alone."

"He knows best."

"Not too fast, Hungry, not too fast."

"Eighteen for Hungry, eighteen. Hurrah!"

"Thirty-two is a long ways to go," said Conover, gazing apprehensively at the little David who had come so impudently into his domain; "fourteen pancakes is a lot."

"Shut up, Conover."

"No trying to influence him there."

"Don't listen to him, Hungry."

"He's only trying to get you nervous."

"Fourteen more, Hungry—fourteen more."

"Ready again," sang out Macnooder.

"Ready here."

"Three pancakes."

"Three it is," responded Turkey. "Eighteen and three is twenty-one."

But a storm of protest arose.

"Here, that's not fair!"

"I say, Turkey, don't let them do that."

"I say, Hickey, it's twice as hard that way."

"Oh, go on."

"Sure it is."

"Of course it is."

"Don't you know that you can't drink a glass of beer if you take it with a teaspoon?"

"That's right, Red Dog; right! Six at a time."

"Six at a time!"

A hurried consultation was now held and the reasoning approved. Macnooder was charged with the responsibility of seeing to the number as well as the temperature and dimensions.

Meanwhile Smeed had eaten the pancakes.

"Coming again!"

"All ready here."

"Six pancakes!"

"Six," said Turkey; "twenty-one and six is twenty-seven."

"That'll beat Guzzler Wilkins."

"So it will."

"Five more makes thirty-two."

"Easy, Hungry, easy."

"Hungry's done it; he's done it."

"Twenty-seven and the record!"

"Hurrah!"

At this point Smeed looked about anxiously.

"It's pretty dry," he said, speaking for the first time.

Instantly there was a panic. Smeed was reaching his limit—a groan went up.

"Oh, Hungry."

"Only five more."

"Give him some water."

"Water, you loon; do you want to end him?"

"Why?"

"Water'll swell up the pancakes, crazy."

"No water, no water."

Hickey approached his man with anxiety.

"What is it, Hungry? Anything wrong?" he said tenderly.

"No, only it's a little dry," said Smeed unmoved. "I'm all right, but I'd like just a drop of syrup now."

The syrup was discussed, approved and voted.

"You're sure you're all right," said Hickey.

"Oh, yes."

Conover, in the last ditch, said carefully: "I don't want no fits around here."

A cry of protest greeted him.

"Well, son, that boy can't stand much more. That's just like the Guzzler. He was taken short and we had to work over him for an hour."

"Conover, shut up."

"Conover, you're beaten."

"Conover, that's an old game."

"Get out."

"Shut up."

"Fair play."

"Fair play! Fair play!"

A new interruption came from the kitchen. Macnooder claimed that Mrs. Conover was doubling the size of the cakes. The dish was brought. There was no doubt about it. The cakes were swollen. Pandemonium broke loose. Conover capitulated, the cakes were rejected.

"Don't be feezed by that," said Turkey warningly to Smeed.

"I'm not," said Smeed.

"All ready," came Macnooder's cry.

"Ready here."

"Six pancakes!"

"Regulation size?"

"Regulation."

"Six it is," said Turkey at the slate. "Six and twenty-seven is thirty-three."

"Wait a moment," sang out the Butcher. "He has only to eat thirty-two."

"That's so—take one off."

"Give him five, Hickey—five only."

"If Hungry says he can eat six," said Hickey firmly, "he can. We're out for big things. Can you do it, Hungry?"

"Of course."

A cheer that brought two Davis House boys running in greeted the disappearance of the thirty-third. Then everything was forgotten in the amazement of the deed.

"Please, I'd like to go on," said Smeed.

"Oh, Hungry, can you do it?"

"Really?"

"You're goin' on?"

"Holy cats!"

"How'll you take them?" said Hickey anxiously.

"I'll try another six," said Smeed thoughtfully, "and then we'll see."

Conover, vanquished and convinced, no longer thought to intimidate him with horrid suggestions.

"Mr. Smeed," he said, giving him his hand in admiration, "you go ahead; you make a great record."

"Six more," cried Macnooder.

"Six it is," said Turkey in an awed voice; "six and thirty-three makes thirty-nine!"

Mrs. Conover and Macnooder, no longer antagonists, came in from the kitchen to watch the great spectacle. Little Smeed alone, calm and unconscious, with the light of a great ambition on his forehead, eat steadily, without vacillation.

"Gee, what a stride!"

"By Jiminy, where does he put it?" said Conover, staring helplessly.

"Holy cats!"

"Thirty-nine—thirty-nine pancakes—gee!!!"

"Hungry," said Turkey entreatingly, "do you think you could eat another—make it an even forty?"

"Three more," said Smeed, pounding the table with a new authority. This time no voice rose in remonstrance. They were in the presence of a master.

"Pancakes coming."

"Bring them in!"

"Three more."

"Three it is," said Turkey faintly. "Thirty-nine and three makes forty-two—forty-two. Gee!"

In profound silence the three pancakes passed regularly from the plate down the throat of little Smeed. Forty-two pancakes!

"Three more," said Smeed.

Doc Macnooder rushed in hysterically.

"Hungry, go the limit—the limit! If anything happens I'll bleed you."

"Shut up, Doc!"

"Get out, you wild man!"

Macnooder was sent ignominiously back into the kitchen, with the curses of the Dickinson, and Smeed assured of their unfaltering protection.

"Three more," came the cry from the chastened Macnooder.

"Three it is," said Turkey. "Forty-two and three makes—forty-five."

"Holy cats!"

Still little Smeed, without appreciable abatement of hunger, continued to eat. A sense of impending calamity and alarm began to spread. Forty-five pancakes, and still eating! It might turn into a tragedy.

"Say, bub—say, now," said Turkey, gazing anxiously down into the pointed face, "you've done enough—don't get rash."

"I'll stop when it's time," said Smeed; "bring 'em on now, one at a time."

"Forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine!" Suddenly, at the moment when they expected him to go on forever, little Smeed stopped, gazed at his plate, then at the fiftieth pancake, and said:

"That's all."

Forty-nine pancakes! Then, and only then, did they return to a realization of what had happened. They cheered Smeed, they sang his praises, they cheered again, and then they cried in a mighty chorus: "Pancakes, Conover, pancakes!"

Twenty minutes later, Red Dog and the Egghead, fed to bursting, rolled out of Conover's, spreading the uproarious news.

"Free pancakes! Free pancakes!"

The nearest houses, the Davis and the Rouse, heard and came with a rush.

Red Dog and the Egghead staggered down into the village and over to the circle of houses, throwing out their arms like returning bacchanalians.

"Free pancakes!"

"Hungry Smeed's broken the record!"

"Pancakes at Conover's—free pancakes!"

The word jumped from house to house, the campus was emptied in a trice. The road became choked with the hungry stream that struggled, fought, laughed and shouted as it stormed to Conover's.

"Free pancakes! Free pancakes!"

"Hurrah for Smeed!"

"Hurrah for Hungry Smeed!!"

A New York surgeon of international reputation on his way to the suburbs for a consultation met a friend on the way and agreed to join him in the smoking car, the friend furnishing the cigars.

After smoking about half of a cigar the Doctor spoke of it as being of a very delightful quality, and added: "Do you ever smoke any of ——— cigars, (naming a mutual friend)—those Shivers' Panatelas? I don't care for them."

His friend smilingly told him the joke was on him inasmuch as he was smoking one at that time and had just been commending it.

The Doctor owned up that he was prejudiced simply because he thought a really good cigar could not be bought at $5.00 per hundred.

I repeat, more than ninety per cent. of my cigars go out on repeat orders. Another very respectable percentage goes to new people recommended to me by my customers. Were this not true I could not stay in business one day, as it costs me more to sell a man his first hundred than I make on them—decidedly more.

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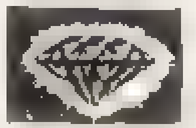

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A Twentieth-Century State Constitution

(Concluded from Page 6)

the people of Oklahoma to become socialistic in all affairs save agriculture:

> The right of the State to engage in any occupation or business for public purposes shall not be denied or prohibited, except that the State shall not engage in agriculture for any other than educational and scientific purposes and for the support of its penal, charitable and educational institutions.

The courts of Kansas prevented that State from erecting and conducting a refinery in competition with the Standard Oil Company. Oklahoma enjoins her courts from any such interference. She can build, own and operate railroads, telegraphs, packing-houses, factories of all kinds, and can go into any mercantile business, wholesale or retail; can own and operate hotels, theatres or perform any function except agriculture. The socialist awakes from his dream and finds Oklahoma armed with the power to carry his fondest visions into effect.

Having decreed that no power shall estop them from trying the experiment of public ownership, the constitution proceeds to make it easy for the majority of the people to carry into effect any scheme which appeals to them. This they may do through the initiative and the referendum, the cherished weapons which all radical reformers have tried to grasp, and which is now in the hands of the people of Oklahoma. This is the innovation which aroused the bitter opposition of the financial interests of Oklahoma, and which led to the rather amusing contention that the power of the people to pass or repeal laws was in conflict with a "republican form of government." The initiative and referendum are in force in Oregon and have long been used for specific purposes in most States, but no part of the world save Switzerland and New Zealand has ever been invested with the stupendous democratic power bequeathed to Oklahoma in these lines copied from her new constitution:

> The legislative authority of the State shall be vested in a legislature, consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives; *but the people reserve to themselves the power to propose laws and amendments to the constitution and to enact or reject the same at the polls independent of the legislature, and also reserve power at their own option to approve or reject at the polls any act of the legislature.*

This is a crushing blow delivered straight at representative government, and most radical reformers agree that all our national woes flow from the fact that the people have had no power over their elected representatives. Their slogan has been: "Representative government is a failure; democracy is possible only with direct legislation through the initiative and the referendum." And at last their turn has come, and I do not hesitate to predict that the fate of representative government in the United States will depend on the result of the experiment which Oklahoma is now certain to make. The details:

> The first power reserved by the people is the initiative, and eight per centum of the legal voters shall have the right to propose any legislative measure, and fifteen per centum of the legal voters shall have the right to propose amendments to the constitution by petition, and every such petition shall include the full text of the measure so proposed.

To illustrate. According to the vote recently cast there were about 270,000 who cared to deposit ballots. There are probably 300,000 citizens who can qualify as voters. If 24,000 of them wish to build an oil pipe-line in competition with the Standard Oil Company they can force a vote on that question and undoubtedly carry it at the subsequent referendum. If 45,000 of them petition for an income tax as a part of the constitution the amendment must be submitted at the subsequent election, and one need not be a prophet to state that it would be incorporated by an overwhelming majority. Here is how they will proceed:

> The second power is the referendum, and it may be ordered either by petition signed by five per centum of the legal voters or by the legislature as other bills are enacted. The ratio and per centum of legal voters shall be based upon the total number of votes cast at the last general election for the State office receiving the highest number of votes at such election.

In other words, 15,000 voters can take any bill out of the jurisdiction of the legislature and demand and be accorded a decision by the majority vote of the people.

> The veto power of the Governor shall not extend to measures voted on by the people. . . . The referendum may be demanded by the people against one or more items of any act of the legislature in the same manner in which such power may be exercised against a complete act. . . . Any measure rejected by the people cannot again be proposed within three years thereafter by less than twenty-five per centum of the legal voters.

The constitution creates a "corporation commission" composed of three persons elected by the people for terms of six years.

> The commission shall have the power and be charged with the duty of supervising, regulating and controlling all transportation and transmission companies doing business in this State, in all matters relating to the performance of their public duties and their charges therefor, and of correcting abuses and preventing unjust discriminations and extortion by such companies; and to that end the commission shall, from time to time, prescribe and enforce against such companies such rates, charges, classifications of traffic, and rules and regulations, and shall require them to establish and maintain such public service, facilities and conveniences as may be reasonable and just.

The corporations thus affected may appeal to the Supreme Court by filing a suitable indemnifying bond, which will enable the State to refund to its citizens all excessive charges, in the event that the action of the corporation commission be affirmed.

> The commission shall ascertain and enter of public record, as early as practical, the amount of money expended in construction and equipment per mile of every railroad and other public service corporation in Oklahoma, and the amount of money it would require to reconstruct the roadbed, tracks, depots and transportation facilities, and to replace all the physical properties belonging to the railroad or other public service corporation.

This purely temporary provision would seem to have no place in a constitution, and the same criticism may be made of scores of other clauses which I have not the space to consider; but there is method and a carefully-matured design back of all this. Detractors of Oklahoma's constitution are fond of declaring that it is nothing more nor less than a compilation of laws, any one of which can be repealed, and to which endless additions and modifications may easily be made, and, to sum it all up, there is nothing organic about it. This may be true, but what of it? The mere stating that it differs from all other State constitutions does not necessarily damn it. There are many who contend that the British constitution gives to that country the finest form of government on earth. That constitution consists solely of the laws passed by Parliament, each one of which repeals all prior conflicting sections. Thus it is an elastic constitution, calculated to meet constantly changing conditions.

The Oklahoma constitution is an attempt to grasp from the judiciary a power which it has either usurped or been permitted to absorb through the combined weakness and venality of the legislative branches. They will tell you in Oklahoma, and in other sections, that the courts are prone to declare unconstitutional any law aimed at the control of corporations. Oklahoma proposes as a remedy that all such laws shall become a part of the constitution, and she is in a fair way to settle the mooted question of whether a constitution is constitutional.

Ask the Fat Man

SOMETHING COMFORTABLE—pleasant—jolly—about a *fat man* that always *gets* me.

And I've got more *fat* man friends today than any man who ever "talked clothes."

"*Pre-Shrunk*" got 'em all for Kaufman "*Pre-Shrunk*" Garments.

They saw the point—right off the bat.

Now you take a *Slim Jim*—a fellow like a post in the back yard that you tie the line to and just *hang* the clothes on to—HE'S EASY to "fit" beside my FAT friend.

I ought to know. *Look* at me. It's a *cinch* for a shadow like me to buy satisfactory *suits* and *overcoats* since I started to wear

Kaufman "Pre=Shrunk" Garments

Other Clothes *used* to get me mad *easy* when I paid *good money*—*liked* 'em—*wore* 'em—got damp or rained on. Then they'd *shrink all out of shape*—so that all the tailors in town couldn't get any style *back into* them again.

Because *no* clothes—except Kaufman Garments—are *Properly "Pre-Shrunk" the Exclusive Kaufman Way*—hard and fast to *stay-style* and *wear-looks* in *spite* of weather and *wearing* them *all* the time or *any* old time.

FAT men know the *horrors* of clothes that *shrink* and *bag*, where they shouldn't, and *bind* and *chafe* where it hurts. FAT men also know *now* that Kaufman Garments *can't, don't* and *won't* "welch" in the fabric—in *shape*—or in *style*.

Because the *Kaufman Exclusive "Pre-Shrinking" Process* shrinks the fabric in the *piece*, before it is *cut into the Garment*, it's dollars in *your pocket* that *Kaufman Garments* will suit YOU—*fat* or *thin*.

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THE POLITEST NATION

(Concluded from Page 7)

and girls he met, before going home to write about Beatrice being a glint of Heaven's radiance. I don't think his biographers mention that peculiarity of his, but it is natural they do not, for they were Italians, and so was Dante; and there would have been nothing unusual in his spending one-half the day insulting womanhood and the remainder in idolizing it. They are soulful people, these Italians, and that's what keeps them so busy doing what every one of them ought to get kicked for."

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" shrieked the Italian. "Is the word of this savage, this man from the plains, this companion of redskins, to be accepted by you as Gospel on a subject he knows nothing about? What can a person like this know of the instincts of the cultured Latin races?"

"That's true," said the Frenchman, coming to the other's support. "He forgets that our Latin valor is of historic record. He forgets ——"

"There is one thing *I* can never forget," interposed a quiet-mannered American of distinguished appearance, "not if I live to be a hundred. I was in the Charity Bazar fire in Paris, and what I saw there of French valor is also a matter of historic record. I saw your countrymen, sir, men of the highest social classes, so overpowered by fear that they struck down with their fists ladies of their own class, some of them aged, who crowded the avenues of escape and imperiled the lives of these male creatures who were a disgrace to the name of man. Most of you remember the horror of those scenes too well to require any detailed descriptions from me. From that time, the world knows what value to attach to French valor or to Latin chivalry."

The Impulsive Latin Temperament

The Frenchman showed no inclination whatever to reply, but the Italian rushed once more impetuously into the breach. "Gentlemen," he appealed, "I ask you, is it just, is it generous to condemn my countrymen on, simply, the external manifestation of a sentiment you cannot understand? If you could bring yourselves to realize how different your race is from mine ——"

"Oh! we realize it all right, don't you fret," put in the Westerner.

"If you would admit that with your marble-like, phlegmatic nature you are incapable of understanding the warm, impulsive, poetic temperament of the Italians you would not stigmatize our people as you have the habit of doing ——"

Once more the American from beyond the Rockies broke into the discourse of the Neapolitan. "I would like to have you explain," he said, "where the warm, impulsive, poetic part comes in. It seems to me I was the hot poet in the tales I told. I was the one who butted in without stopping to think. Your countrymen were the cool and smiling Iagos. They kept grinning, while there was something scorching me under the collar."

"I will explain my words, and you shall see," resumed the Italian. "The men you knocked down in Naples meant no harm. They were simply obeying the impulse of their souls. They saw on the street women who fitted into their poetic reveries. These impulsive Italians recognized their affinities. Why do you laugh, gentlemen? Oh! yes; because you do not understand. I wish you did. I wish you could appreciate what the word '*simpatica*' means to us. It is the concentrated essence of the ideal.

"We are a nation of dreamers, we Italians, and in our visions each of us sees the face and form of a living woman. We believe she is the soul-mate whom Fate creates for us. Some of us go all through life without seeing her in the flesh, but most of us are blessed by meeting her some time or other. We never know where or when this ecstasy may be vouchsafed to us, but when it comes, all the intense, long-restrained and long-accumulating passion of our souls bursts into rhapsody at the sight of her. The spot where Destiny first shows us the living face of our dreams may be the crowded thoroughfare of a city; the ravishing ideal herself may be of foreign birth, and not know a word of our language; or she may be the earthly wife of another. These are little details of no consequence compared to the resistless avalanche of adoration that rushes from the soul to the lips of the beholder. If there is another Italian standing near he understands it all. He realizes that his countryman's life dream is being realized. But if one of you men of the colder, unsusceptible races is a witness to the spectacle, he misinterprets the divine afflatus, and believes the lady is being insulted. That is how this terrible misunderstanding arises between our races."

"Sir," added the Westerner sarcastically, "my erstwhile stony soul is suffused with shame. I would gladly give six dollars if any one of the dreamy gentlemen that I walloped in Italy could kick me now. I humbly confess the error of my ways. The same apology is due to Italy from the police officials, the newspapers and the people of New York, who stirred up all that talk about a crime-wave, which was really only a wholesale awakening of our Italian fellow-citizens from their dreams by the sudden apparition of a bunch of affinities."

"I should like to inquire," said the Bostonian, "whether every Italian is entitled to one single inspired vision of this kind during his life, or if the number of affinities he keeps encountering varies according to the intensity of his soulfulness. It would also be interesting to know whether the psychic chivalry in question hits the bull's-eye every time, or whether Destiny dallies with it now and then by ringing a false alarm."

"Gentlemen," replied the Italian, "I know your language well enough to discover the irony in your remarks. I am sorry, therefore, if I have failed to convince you of what I say, but, nevertheless, I am speaking the absolute truth. I have explained to you the motive that animates an Italian in acts which other races, not understanding him, misjudge. My people are Nature's children. They are swayed entirely by impulse, and being temperamentally poetic and artistic, are incapable of weighing their acts or speech in the scales of hard, practical common-sense.

"This gentleman wants to know if an Italian meets his affinity more than once in a lifetime. No; emphatically, no. But it is true he may sometimes make a mistake. In beholding for the first time some woman or girl, his fervid nature may deceive him into thinking he has at last found the cherished one whose image is stamped on his soul. But any human being is liable to a mistake. Besides, it may be you onlookers who are mistaken. Not understanding his language or the real significance of his gestures, you might imagine he was giving expression to the intense joy of his soul in having found his long-sought ideal, whereas his exuberance might result from quite another feeling."

All a Misunderstanding

"You must not lose sight of the fact that we Italians are by instinct lovers of the beautiful and artistic. When we see anything that is supremely beautiful, whether an object of Nature, or art, or an exquisite woman, our instinct manifests itself in a burst of admiration that cannot be repressed. Watch a poor Italian laborer, for instance, standing before a florist's window. If he sees a rarely beautiful flower his admiration bursts into words. If a beautiful woman or a beautiful child passes him in the street it is as natural as breathing for him to give utterance to his intense admiration. It is his artistic soul that is voicing its emotions.

"Yet the callous American who overhears the words, without knowing what they mean, and sees the impulsive Italian gazing after the object that had evoked his rapture, makes up his little mind that the poor workingman had insulted an American woman or child. He hastily summons a crowd of citizens. They chase the frightened foreigner, overtake him, and being Americans, and therefore unchivalrous, beat him unmercifully until he is rescued by the police and taken to the station-house."

This exposition of the noble principles of Latin chivalry closed the discussion for the evening, and the conference terminated with an all-around fraternization on the part of the delegates, who mutually recognized that their criticism of each other's country had undoubtedly been based upon a misunderstanding.

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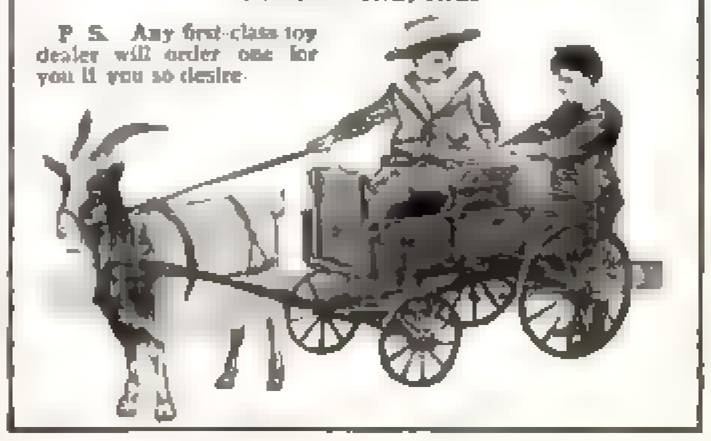

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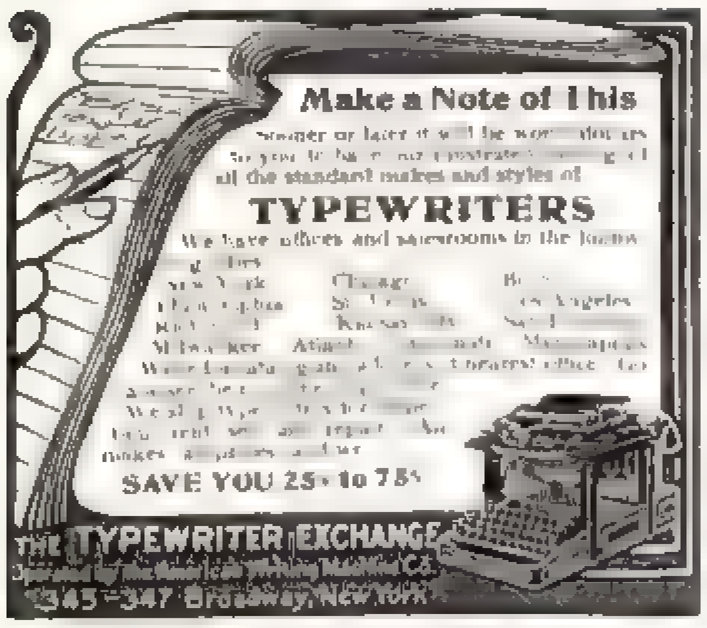

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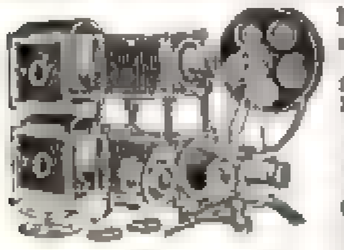

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The Young Lawyer

(Continued from Page 1[illegible])

Acquaintances who may eventually ripen into friends are not made by half-hearted methods; but, again, if a man is not a good "mixer" by inclination he is pretty sure to fail at the job of trying to be one, no matter how much time he gives to it. The qualities which make friends are qualities of the character and temperament, and I venture to say that these qualities are only less important than are actual knowledge of the law and ability to use that knowledge.

Every client is, or should be, a study to the lawyer who needs clients. The lawyer never knows at what moment he may, by some little tactful word or move, draw out from his client what will be most useful when the case comes into court, either in producing or emphasizing evidence or in avoiding a dangerous point. Again, a client may be won or lost by a careless word or by failure to give him all the attention which every client thinks he should have, and which, in most instances, the lawyer can contrive to give with a little good management. It is of the utmost importance also to keep in touch with the client, to inform him of the progress or of the lack of progress being made and the reason for this; otherwise the client is almost certain to become impatient and to believe himself to be neglected.

The impatience and dissatisfaction which the client feels who hears nothing from the attorney when a case is postponed, or for some other reason fails to come promptly to trial, is entirely natural, and is especially common among those clients of the poorer and less intelligent classes who most frequently fall to the young lawyer. It is not impossible, too, that the representatives of the other side, if they are not strictly "on the square," may take advantage of such neglect on the part of the attorney, and help along the dissatisfaction of the latter's client by an adroit suggestion through a third party, and so secure, perhaps, a secret settlement of the case: a settlement which lets the neglectful attorney altogether out. I mention this simply because a case of the kind came within my knowledge only a year ago.

One of the best, and certainly the busiest, of all young lawyers I know has the faculty of making each of his poor clients in turn feel that more interest is being taken in his case than in any other, and he frankly admits that he cultivates this feeling strictly for business reasons.

Keep Your Temper and Wear a Smile

Next to tact, perhaps the most valuable quality to the young lawyer is the ability to keep his temper—to wear a smile no matter how trying the situation. With some clients the patience of Job almost would be exhausted. Women especially never tire of talking over trivial points in their cases. Though they frequently make the best of witnesses on the stand, as clients they take up, as a rule, far more time than do men. Their family history has a fascination for themselves which they seem to feel must be shared by the man who represents them legally. And you have to humor them or lose them.

I repeat: "Study your man!" And, if before a jury trying a case, study also your witnesses and your jury-box. The methods which will win out in one case may utterly fail in the next. For instance, the attorney who attempts in a magistrate's office to quote law at length, and in a solemn, ponderous way, is fairly sure to get the worst of it if his opponent has a sharp tongue, bluff and a ready wit. Few magistrates have any knowledge of the law, all of them have a good many foolish cases to hear, and consequently they do not wish to waste their time in listening to a learned disquisition on the technical points of a case which they would prefer to put up to a court.

When all is said and done it is the individual mistakes of each young lawyer which interfere most with his progress. But there are, besides, certain conditions, inseparable from the attitude of the profession as a whole, which have much to do with making the common lot of young attorneys more difficult than it otherwise would be. The impropriety of hustling or of advertising for business, already referred to, is a decided handicap. There are also certain conditions incidental to court methods and to the very much overcrowded condition of the courts which seem

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to interfere more with the young lawyer than with the experienced practitioner

Often the young lawyer has to work for months, sometimes even for years, before closing up a case and getting paid for his work. Meantime, probably, he has had to advance a good deal of money to pay the cost of the suit, while his client, finding the case postponed again and again or, for some other reason, coming very slowly to trial, blames the attorney for this, of course with no benefit to the latter's reputation.

Yet the very red tape and machinery of the law which put it beyond the power of the average attorney to hustle or promote his individual interest at the expense of others, in the end, I am inclined to think, are helpful to him. The usefulness of the etiquette of the profession has long been a debatable point among the younger men of the bar; but, all in all, we are benefited by its existence, in my opinion. The relation of the client and the attorney is, by the very nature of things, so entirely personal that it is very doubtful whether efforts which the attorney might put forth to emulate the methods of business men would have happy results for either party.

There seems to be no middle road for the young lawyer in this matter; either he must break with convention entirely and become what amounts to a professional outcast, or else he must abide by the so-called rules of etiquette and retain respect for whatever he succeeds in accomplishing. To me the situation is epitomized by the statement that, as professional etiquette is a set of rules made by gentlemen for gentlemen, it is therefore worthy of strict observance by gentlemen.

On the other hand, some of the young men who are fighting for a place beside me are skeptical of this sort of thing. One of them said to me not long ago:

"The average young man goes to the bar with high ideals, but, when he has been bumped a few times by the old codgers who are graceful in turning sharp corners, he is apt to wake up and take notice of things he turned his eyes away from before. This etiquette business makes me sick. The fellows who talk of the solemnity of the courtroom and the dignity of the law are of the same sort as those who talk of religion every time you run across them. If a man is honest he doesn't have to talk about it all the time to prove it. If a man is honest at heart he is not going to convince other people of that fact by reminding other people of it all the time. What becomes of the dignity of the law, I'd like to know, when some twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year attorney, who has been held up to me as a pattern of success and square dealing, slides into the judge's private office before a trial? Etiquette? It is a farce."

This, however, I repeat, isn't my own view. And perhaps I feel that way because it has never seemed to me that, among attorneys, it was necessarily a case of dog eat dog—as many seem to think it is. I have found that the successful practitioner generally is a man who has gone ahead because he had it in him to go ahead, and because he was honest in his actions as well as in the views he expressed. Also I have found that such a practitioner was usually ready to give me a helping hand when the chance came.

Lawyers Lend a Hand

It is my experience that the attitude of the legal profession throughout is one of good-will, and that there is less jealousy among its members than in most of the other professions.

It is very much the same way with the attitude of the courts toward the young lawyer. In the main, the judges are considerate and courteous—though a great deal depends upon both the attorney and the judge in each instance. In every case that I have noted personally the treatment of the attorney by the court has been just about what the former deserved. That is to say, if the judge was told the exact truth, and the attorney did what he promised to do or was instructed he must do, he was treated as would have been any older man, and occasionally received, besides, such kindly advice as made his work a good deal easier for him.

But no judge—that is, no self-respecting judge—will stand equivocation or bad faith on the part of an attorney, young or old, and judicial confidence once destroyed, the lawyer—young or old—is likely to have a thorny path ahead of him. Young men often make the fatal mistake of trying to

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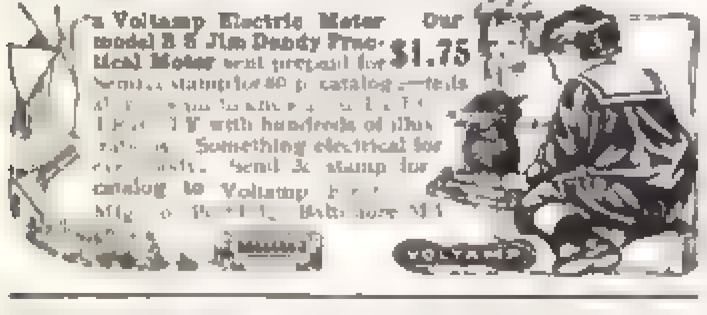

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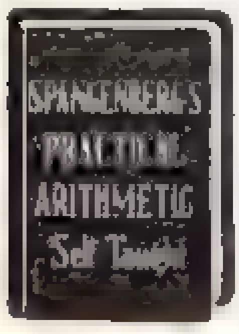

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side-step with the judge or of excusing their failure to live up to promises in order to gain for themselves a temporary advantage. My way of looking at this is that, their deceit once discovered, they would be much better off if thereafter they took no case into the court in which they had offended.

The young man probably gets more than a majority of the small cases to handle, both because he is willing to give attention and time to these which the busy practitioner could not well afford to give, and because he charges less for the work than would an older practitioner. A good many business men, too, turn over small cases to young lawyers of their acquaintance for the sake of "doing the boy a good turn."

On the other hand, it is only fair to say that some of our biggest lawyers would rather handle a little case which chanced to involve a nice point of law than to accept a very large piece of litigation whose legal course would take them over well-trodden ground.

Not long ago I was told that the biggest corporation lawyer in my city had declined to associate himself professionally with another distinguished corporation lawyer according to a plan by which they were to become consultants rather than actual pleaders, because, as he said, "I would rather go down into a magistrate's court and fight out a case which interested me, and get twenty-five dollars or nothing for the job, than sit in my chair and do a day's work for some big corporation which paid me five hundred dollars for the work."

He is not so rare a type as one might suppose. The law has always attracted two kinds of men: the one who sees the chance to make money out of it, and who often makes that money by means which, to put it politely, are not worthy of entire respect; the other who takes joy in pitting his knowledge of the law and his skill in using that knowledge against an equally strong opponent, and to whom the money-making end is a secondary consideration.

The profession itself, like the men who are engaged in it, has changed but little since it became a profession, except in certain outward forms. In some ways it may have become rather more of a business than it used to be.

Perhaps the most conspicuous illustration of the tendency to introduce business methods into law is offered by the development of the trust companies which have a legal department that does work formerly done by the lawyer. The trust company will draw a will, act as administrator or guardian or give a bond; it will search a record and give a policy and title insurance indemnifying the prospective buyer against an inaccurate search. Thereby it has been enabled to acquire a large amount of that legal "business" which comes to the Orphans' Court and which was formerly handled by an attorney.

Of specialization in the law, strictly speaking, there is very little to-day outside of the city of New York. There lawyers do, to a certain extent, associate themselves professionally, each devoting his personal attention to some particular phase of the law, the resulting fee in each instance usually being divided according to previous agreement. Outside of New York this plan has found no great favor in the United States.

In any event, it has but little bearing upon the young lawyer. He has as much as he can do to get along by taking any and all cases provided they are of proper kind.

Corporation law, as a matter of fact, owing to its large rewards, is drawing to it more and more strongly the best men throughout the country, and many young men undoubtedly look to giving all their time to practicing it. But during the early years such a wish can be little more than an ambition. Big corporations select for their counsel experienced and skillful practitioners, and whenever a young man represents a corporation it may almost certainly be put down as the result of personal influence. For instance, a traction company in one of our large cities has on its legal staff some fifteen young men, every one of them, I believe, appointed because of a pull with some official of the road. Of the man with a pull, by the way, I have always had my suspicions, perhaps because I have never enjoyed the sensation of being "pulled," and, in consequence, am sure that it would, on the whole, be a very shameful sensation.

Editor's Note — This is the second of two papers on the Law as a field for young men.

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A CORRECTION

In the advertisement of the Edwin Cigar Co. of New York, which appeared on page [illegible] of the October [illegible] issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, an error was made. The date on which our extraordinary cigar offer expires was given as November [illegible], although we desired to make the offer hold good up to and including December 20th, in order to give those readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who wish to secure cigars for Christmas gifts the opportunity to avail themselves of our offer. The offer is based on 100 Key West Havana Seconds for $1.90 and FREE with every hundred, a box of old-fashioned Havana Smokers, to introduce a new method of cigar selling — from factory direct to smoker.

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Buckmaster's Boy

(Continued from Page 11)

He was interrupted by a low, exultant growl, and he saw Buckmaster's rifle clutched as a hunter, stooping, clutches his gun to fire on his prey.

"Quick, the spyglass!" he flung back at Sinnet. "It's him; but I'll make sure."

Sinnet caught the telescope from the nails where it hung, and looked out to Juniper Bend. "It's Greevy—and his girl, and the half-breeds," he said, with a note in his voice that almost seemed agitation, and yet few had ever seen Sinnet agitated. Cold deliberation was his chief characteristic. "Em'ly must have gone up the trail in the night."

"It's my turn now," the mountaineer said hoarsely, and, stooping, he slid away quickly into the undergrowth.

Sinnet followed, keeping near him, neither speaking. For half a mile they hastened on, and now and then Buckmaster drew aside the bushes and looked up the valley to keep Greevy and his *bois brulés* in his eye.

At last Buckmaster stopped at a ledge of rock just above the trail. Greevy would pass below, within three hundred yards of his rifle. He turned to Sinnet with cold and savage eyes. "You go back," he said. "It's my business. I don't want you to see. You don't want to see, then you won't know, and you won't need to lie. You said that the man that killed Clint ought to die. He's going to die, but it's none o' your business. I want to be alone. In a minute he'll be where I kin git him—plumb. You go, Sinnet—right off! It's my business."

There was a strange, desperate look in Sinnet's face; it was as hard as stone, but his eyes had a light of battle in them.

"It's my business, right enough, Buck," he said, "and you're not going to kill Greevy. That girl of his has lost her lover—your boy. It's broke her heart almost, and there's no use making her an orphan, too. She can't stand it. She's had enough. You leave her father alone—you hear me—let up!" He stepped between Buckmaster and the ledge of rock from which the mountaineer would aim.

There was a terrible look in Buckmaster's face. He raised his single-barreled rifle as though he would shoot Sinnet, but at the moment he remembered that one shot would warn Greevy, and that he might not have time to reload. He laid his rifle against a tree swiftly.

"Git away from there," he said, a strange rattle in his throat. "Git away, quick—he'll be there in a minute."

Sinnet pulled himself together as he saw Buckmaster snatch at a great clasp-knife in his belt and open it. He jumped and caught Buckmaster's wrist in a grip like a vise.

"Greevy didn't kill him, Buck," he said; but the mountaineer was gone mad, and did not grasp the meaning of the words. He twined his left arm around the neck of Sinnet, and the struggle began, he fighting to free Sinnet's hand from his wrist, to break Sinnet's neck. He did not realize what he was doing. He only knew that this man stood between him and the murderer of his boy, and all the ancient forces of barbarism were alive in him. Little by little they drew to the edge of the rock from which there was a sheer drop of two hundred feet. Sinnet fought like a panther for safety, but no sane man's strength could withstand the demoniacal energy that bent and crushed him. Sinnet felt his strength giving. Then he said in a hoarse whisper, "Greevy didn't kill him. I killed him, and ——"

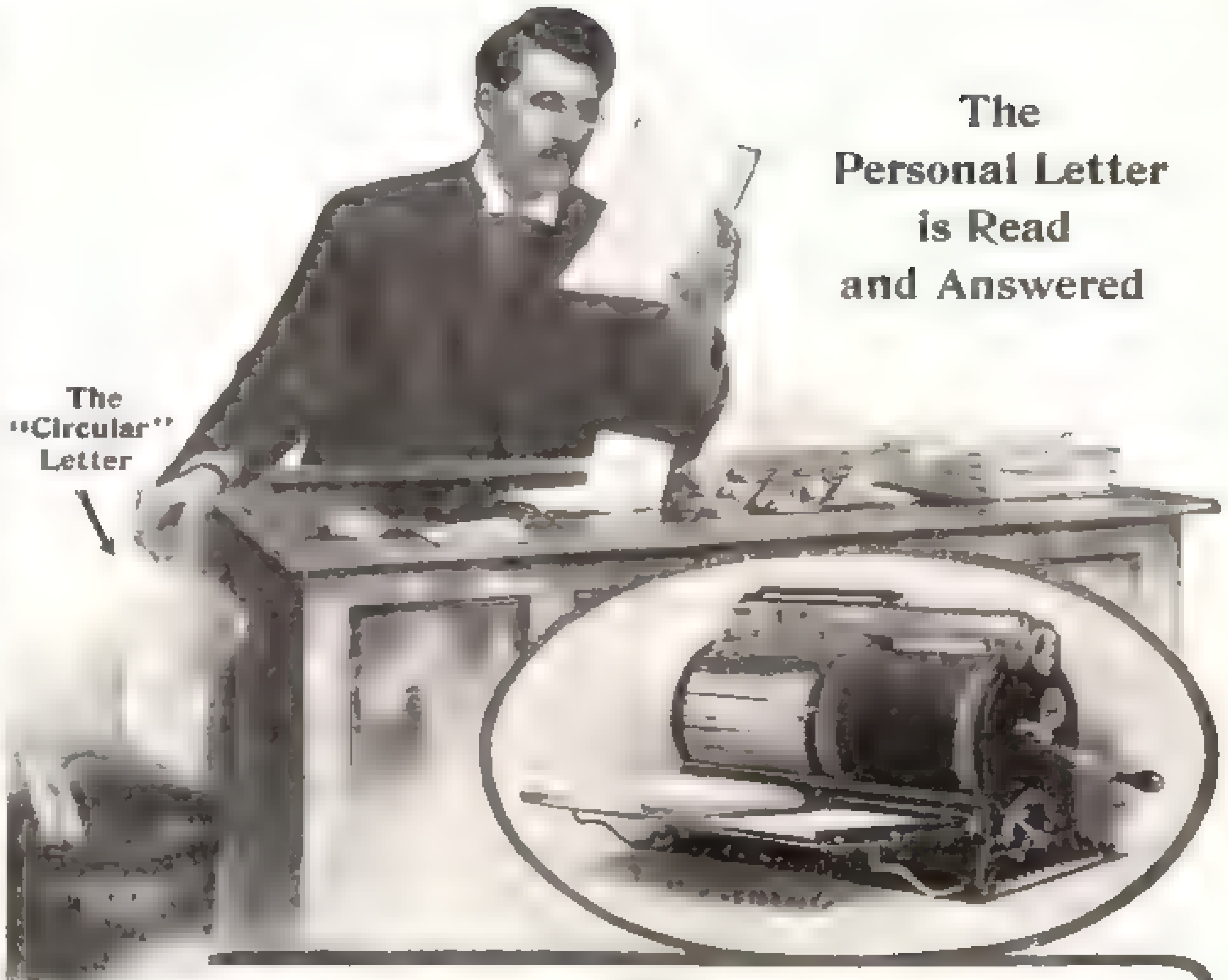
At that moment he was borne to the ground with a hand on his throat, and an instant after the knife went home.

Buckmaster got to his feet, and looked at his victim for an instant, dazed and wild; then he sprang for his gun. As he did so the words that Sinnet had said as they struggled rang in his ears—*"Greevy didn't kill him. I killed him!"*

He gave a low cry, and turned back toward Sinnet, who lay in a pool of blood.

Sinnet was speaking. He went and stooped over him.

"Em'ly threw me over for Clint," the voice said huskily, "and I followed to have it out with Clint. So did Greevy, but Greevy was drunk. I saw them meet. I was hid. I saw that Clint would kill Greevy, and I fired. I was off my head—I'd never cared for any woman before, and



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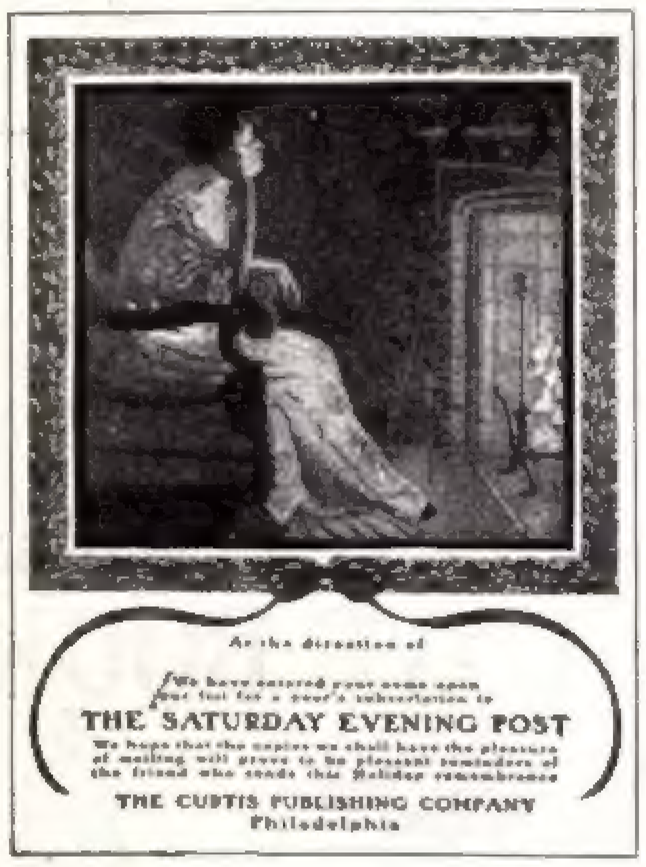

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Greevy was her father. Clint had called me names that day—a card-sharp, and a liar, and a thief, and a skunk, he called me, and I hated him just then. Greevy fired twice—wide. He didn't know but what he killed Clint, but he didn't. So I tried to stop you, Buck ——"

Life was going fast, and speech failed him; but he opened his eyes again and whispered: "I didn't want to die, Buck—I'm only thirty-five, and it's too soon, but it had to be. Don't look that way, Buck. You got the man that killed him—plumb. But Em'ly didn't play fair with me—made a fool of me, the only time in my life I ever cared for a woman. You leave Greevy alone, Buck, and tell Em'ly for me I wouldn't let you kill her father."

"You—Sinnet—you—you done it! Why, he'd have fought for you! You—done it—to him—to Clint!"

Now that the blood-feud had been satisfied a great change came over the mountaineer. He had done his work, and the thirst for vengeance was gone. Greevy he had hated, but this man had been with him in many a winter's hunt. His brain could hardly grasp the tragedy. Suddenly he stooped down. "Sinnet," he said, "ef there was a woman in it, that makes all the difference. Sinnet, ef ——"

But Sinnet was gone upon a long trail that led into an illimitable wilderness. With a moan the old man ran to the ledge of rock. Greevy and his girl were below.

"When there's a woman in it ——!" he said in a voice of helplessness and misery, and watched her till she disappeared from view. Then he turned, and, lifting up in his arms the man he had killed, carried him into the deeper woods.

A Shadow Between His Shoulder-Blades

(Continued from Page 15)

gwine on, an' so did Wimberly; we know'd it so well that what little appetite we had left us, an' we sot thar starin' at one another like two boys kept in arter school. Then we heern a trumpet sing, an' though I never heern it but twice before in my life, I'd 'a' know'd it ef I'd 'a' heern it in the next worl'.

"'Wimberly,' says I, 'that's Gaus! Nobody else kin blow a brass horn that-a-way, an' I'll bet you Gener'l Forrest ain't ten feet away from him!'

"Well, thar we was, locked up in jail. The windows was too high for us to see what was gwine on, but we know'd thar was some kind of hullabaloo a-brewin'. Presently we heern some un rushin' up the steps—we was in the second story of the jail building—an' then some un holler'd out:

"'Better git away whilst you can! That devil Forrest is takin' the town, an' ef he finds you here, nothin' will save you!'

"The voice belonged to Bushrod Claiborne, an' I'd 'a' know'd it ef I'd 'a' heern it in the northermost part of Rooshy wi' a South American harrycane blowin' the snow a mile high! Wimberly Driscoll know'd him, too, an' holler'd at him, darin' him to open the door, an' callin' him all the names calcalated to make a man fight.

"Claiborne never answered a word ontell all the gyuards had run off, an' then he laughed an' says:

"'I'm a-gwine for to give you two fellers a taste of hell before you git thar!'

"Wi' that we heern him a-rattlin' paper, an' presently we seed smoke a-comin' under the door, an' then we know'd that he was fixin' for to give us a purty warm time. The jail wa'n't nothin' but a barn as to age; one of the sills had rotted away clean across the middle an' the floor was a-saggin'. Bushrod Claiborne lit his paper an' shoved it in between the een's of the planks an' under them. I says to Wimberly:

"'Thar ain't nothin' that kin save us this time, ol' feller, short of Providence, an' I reckon we might as well make up our minds that our time's come.'

"He laughed, an' says he: 'It's all right, ol' friend; you've been mighty good to me, fust an' last, an' I hate to see you caged up in this hole on my account. Ef you do git out, an' I don't, you know whar to go an' who to take keer on.'

"We heern some un run up the steps, then another, an' atter a while two or three. Then some un belched out an oath that would 'a' blistered ef it had 'a' hit anybody, an' I know'd that Gener'l Forrest was right out thar at the door.

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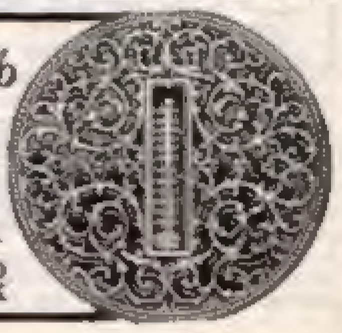

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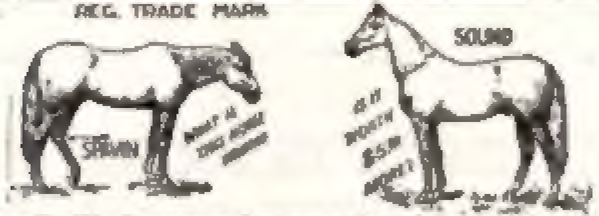

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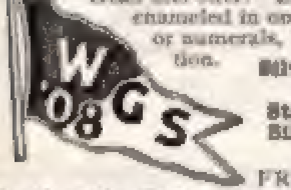

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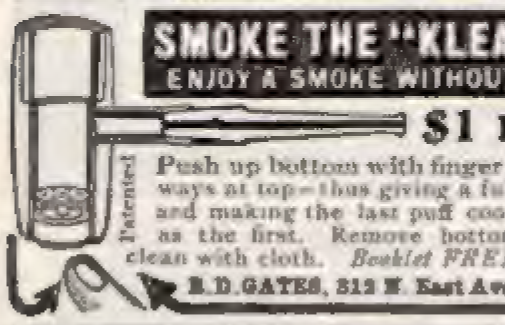

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"'Some of you lousy scounderls run an' git me an ax, an' be quick about it!'

"He growled an' growled an' cussed ontell the ax come, then he beller'd out:

"'Stan' back from the door, whoever you are!' Well, we stood back, an' then he hit the door a whack that shuck the whole buildin', an' he kep' on a-hittin' ontell the lock flew off an' the door come open.

"I wish you could 'a' seed Gener'l Forrest as I seed him then. His face was right purple, an' the veins in the side of his neck stood out like they was swelled, an' his eyes was red as blood. I know'd then why ever'body was a-fear'd of him; ef ever a man looked like a demon he did. I believe ef he'd 'a' blow'd out a long breath you could 'a' seed it smoke! He ripped out a big oath, wi' 'Ef I'd 'a' been a minnit later they'd 'a' had you whar they wanted you! I'll make 'em pay for this! Ever' man concerned in this will wish he'd never been born!' Nuther before nor sence have I ever seed a man so stirred up!

"Says I: ''Twa'n't the Yankees, Gener'l. They had fixed up for to hang us as spies all right, but Bushrod Claiborne was at the bottom of it, an' when he found out that you had took the town he was keen for to roast us alive.'

"Well, all the pris'ners that had been took in the garrison was lined up before you could use your han'kcher an' put it back in your pocket ag'in. All the'r names was took down in a little book, an' when ever'thing was ready Gener'l Forrest, foller'd by five men on foot, rid down the line.

"'Whar is the men that had charge of the jail?' he axed. 'Let 'em step out'n the line!'

"Bushrod Claiborne didn't move, but two men stepped out.

"'Who set fire to the jail?' says he.

"'Not me!' 'Not me!' says the two.

"'Who did you leave gyuardin' the jail?' says he. 'P'int him out to me!'

"They went along the line ontell they got to whar Bushrod Claiborne was standin' pertendin' to laugh an' talk to the man on his left, an' thar they stopped.

"'Show 'im to me!' says the Gener'l; 'put your hand on 'im!'

"An' when they did, Bushrod Claiborne flinched like some un had slapped his face.

"'What is it?' he says to the man. 'Did you speak to me?'

"Then the Gener'l turned to me.

"'Mr. Sanders,' says he, 'who sot the jail a-fire?'

"'Bushrod Claiborne,' says I.

"'Mooneyham!' says the Gener'l, jest as ef he was callin' the roll. 'Mooneyham!' Wi' that Mooneyham come out of the crowd aroun' the Gener'l like a mole out'n the ground. 'Ef you know a man named Bushrod Claiborne, an' he's in that line thar, p'int him out!'

"'Thar he is!' says Mr. Mooneyham.

"The five men that had foller'd Gener'l Forrest along the line was standin' right by his hoss. He jest nodded his head at 'em, an' turned away. This was what they was waitin' for, an' they jest walked to Bushrod Claiborne, ketched holt on him, an' pulled him along wi' 'em. An' then for the fust time he got an idee of what wuz up. He holler'd for the Gener'l.

"'Gener'l Forrest,' he says, 'this is an outrage! Won't you hear what I've got to say? One word for the sake of ol' times?'

"The Gener'l paid no more attention to him than ef he'd 'a' been a tom-cat on a back fence a mile away.

"When we rid out'n that town, wi' Forrest an' his men," continued Mr. Sanders, lookin' as solemn as he could, "Wimberly Driscoll was wi' Margaret an' her mammy. I says to the Gener'l, says I: 'Gener'l, what was done wi' Bushrod Claiborne?'

"'Don't you know?' he says. 'Then come here. A tender-hearted man like you oughter see all that's to be seed.' Wi' that he pulled his hoss to one side. 'Do you see that black thing a-swingin' in the wind?'

"The Gener'l looked at me hard a minnit an' then he says: 'Mr. Sanders, go home wi' Driscoll an' his friends, an' git in a good big cradle, an' let some nice 'oman rock you to sleep. What you need is rest.'

"I said no more, but for miles an' miles—yes, an' for days an' days—I could feel the shadder of that black, swingin' thing right betwixt my shoulder-blades; an' when I'm off in my feed I can feel it yit; sometimes it's cold, sometimes it's hot."

Mr. Sanders rose, wiped his rosy face with a red handkerchief, and went toddling across the public square.

(THE END)

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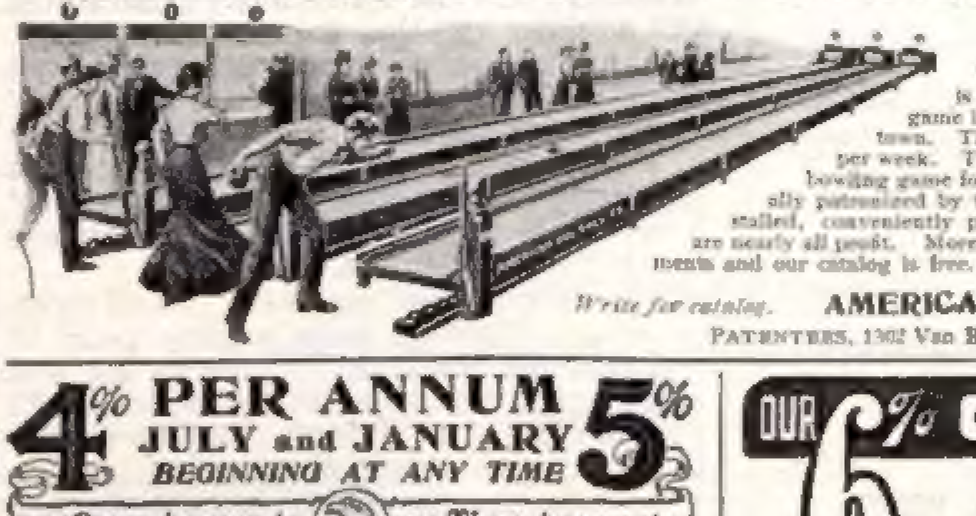

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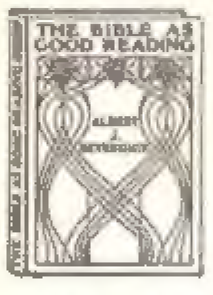
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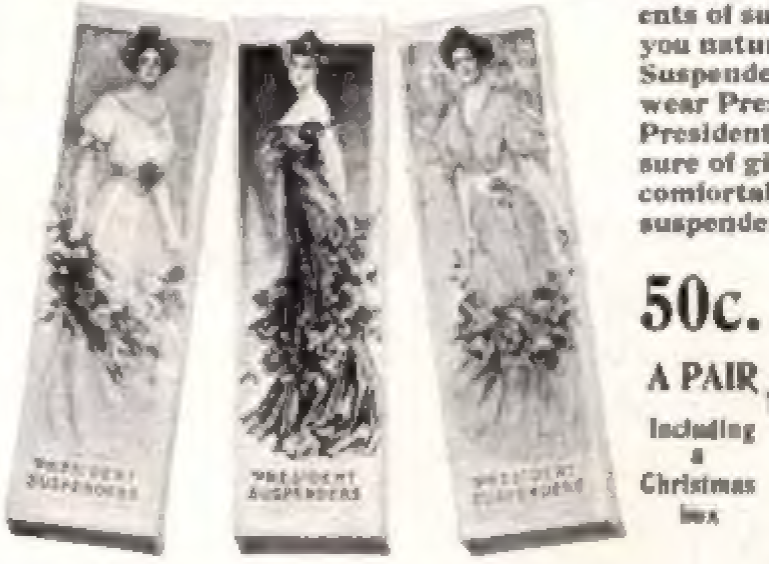

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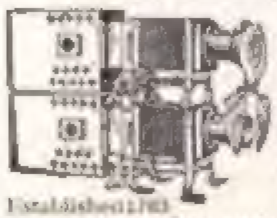
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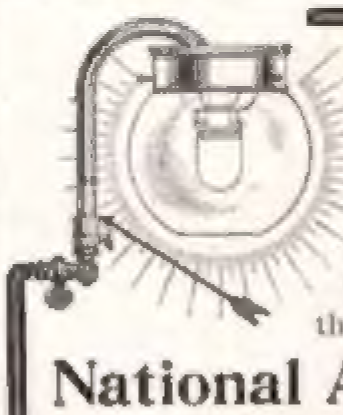

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